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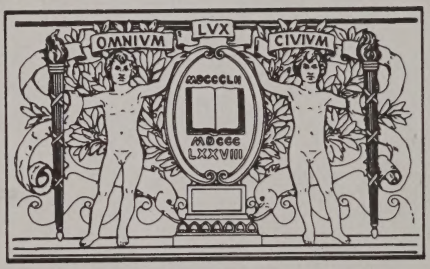

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXVII.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLX.

JULY, 1853.

ART. I. — *Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. London: Bogue. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1853.

2. *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems.* By A. London: Fellowes. 1852.

3. *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems.* By A. London: Fellowes. 1849.

4. *The Poetical Remains of* WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the REV. J. MOULTRIE, Rector of Rugby. London: J. W. Parker. 1852.

5. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

POEMS by Alexander Smith, a volume recently published in London, and by this time reprinted in Boston, deserve attention. They have obtained in England a good deal more notice than is usually accorded there to first volumes of verse; nor is this by any means to be ascribed to the mere fact that the writer is, as we are told, a mechanic; though undoubtedly that does add to their external interest, and perhaps also enhances their intrinsic merit. It is to this, perhaps, that they owe a force of purpose and character which makes them a grateful contrast to the ordinary languid collectanea published by young men of literary habits; and which, on the whole, may be accepted as more than compensation for many imperfections of style and taste.

The models, whom this young poet has followed, have been, it would appear, predominantly, if not exclusively, the writers of his own immediate time, *plus* Shakspeare. The antecedents of the Life-Drama, the one long poem which occupies almost the whole of his volume, are to be found in the Princess, in parts of Mrs. Browning, in the love of Keats, and the *habit* of Shakspeare. There is no Pope, or Dryden,* or even Milton; no Wordsworth, Scott, or even Byron to speak of. We have before us, we may say, the latest disciple of the school of Keats, who was indeed no well of English undefiled, though doubtless the fountain-head of a true poetic stream. Alexander Smith is young enough to free himself from his present manner, which does not seem his simple and natural own. He has given us, so to say, his Endymion; it is certainly as imperfect, and as mere a promise of something wholly different as was that of the master he has followed.

We are not sorry, in the mean time, that this Endymion is not upon Mount Latmos. The natural man does pant within us after *flumina silvasque;* yet really, and truth to tell, is it not, upon the whole, an easy matter to sit under a green tree by a purling brook, and indite pleasing stanzas on the beauties of Nature and fresh air? Or is it, we incline to ask, so very great an exploit to wander out into the pleasant field of Greek or Latin mythology, and reproduce, with more or less of modern adaptation,—

> the shadows
> Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs, and the Graces?

Studies of the literature of any distant age, or country; all the imitations and *quasi*-translations which help to bring together into a single focus, the scattered rays of human intelligence; poems after classical models, poems from Oriental sources, and the like, have undoubtedly a great literary value. Yet there is no question, it is plain and patent enough, that people much prefer Vanity Fair and Bleak House. Why so? Is it simply because we have grown prudent and prosaic, and should not welcome, as our fathers did, the

* The word *spoom*, which Dryden uses as the verb of the substantive *spume*, occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher. Has Keats employed it? It seems hardly to deserve re-impatriation.

Marmions and the Rokebys, the Childe Harolds, and the Corsairs? Or is it, that to be widely popular, to gain the ear of multitudes, to shake the hearts of men, poetry should deal more than at present it usually does, with general wants, ordinary feelings, the obvious rather than the rare facts of human nature? Could it not attempt to convert into beauty and thankfulness, or at least into some form and shape, some feeling, at any rate, of content — the actual, palpable things with which our every-day life is concerned; introduce into business and weary task-work a character and a soul of purpose and reality; intimate to us relations which, in our unchosen, peremptorily-appointed posts, in our grievously narrow and limited spheres of action, we still, in and through all, retain to some central, celestial fact? Could it not console us with a sense of significance, if not of dignity, in that often dirty, or at least dingy, work which it is the lot of so many of us to have to do, and which some one or other, after all, must do? Might it not divinely condescend to all infirmities; be in all points tempted as we are; exclude nothing, least of all guilt and distress, from its wide fraternization; not content itself merely with talking of what may be better elsewhere, but seek also to deal with what *is* here? We could each one of us, alas, be so much that somehow we find we are not; we have all of us fallen away from so much that we still long to call ours. Cannot the Divine Song in some way indicate to us our unity, though from a great way off, with those happier things; inform us, and prove to us, that though we are what we are, we may yet, in some way, even in our abasement, even by and through our daily work, be related to the purer existence.

The modern novel is preferred to the modern poem, because we do here feel an attempt to include these indispensable latest addenda — these phenomena which, if we forget on Sunday, we must remember on Monday — these positive matters of fact, which people, who are not verse-writers, are obliged to have to do with.

> Et fortasse cupressum
> Scis simulare; quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes
> Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur?

The novelist does try to build us a real house to be lived in;

and this common builder, with no notion of the orders, is more to our purpose than the student of ancient art who proposes to lodge us under an Ionic portico. We are, unhappily, not gods, nor even marble statues. While the poets, like the architects, are — a good thing enough in its way — studying ancient art, comparing, thinking, theorizing, the common novelist tells a plain tale, often trivial enough, about this, that, and the other, and obtains one reading at any rate; is thrown away indeed to-morrow, but is devoured to-day.

We do not at all mean to prepare the reader for finding the great poetic desideratum in this present Life-Drama. But it has at least the advantage, such as it is, of not showing much of the *litterateur* or connoisseur, or indeed the student; nor is it, as we have said, mere pastoral sweet piping from the country. These poems were not written among books and busts, nor yet

> By shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.

They have something substantive and lifelike, immediate and first-hand, about them. There is a charm, for example, in finding, as we do, continual images drawn from the busy seats of industry; it seems to satisfy a want that we have long been conscious of, when we see the black streams that welter out of factories, the dreary lengths of urban and suburban dustiness,

> the squares and streets,
> And the faces that one meets,

irradiated with a gleam of divine purity. There are moods when one is prone to believe that, in these last days, no longer by "clear spring or shady grove," no more upon any Pindus or Parnassus, or by the side of any Castaly, are the true and lawful haunts of the poetic powers: but, we could believe it, if anywhere, in the blank and desolate streets, and upon the solitary bridges of the midnight city, where Guilt is, and wild Temptation, and the dire Compulsion of what has once been done — there, with these tragic sisters around him, and with Pity also, and pure Compassion, and pale Hope, that looks like Despair, and Faith in the garb of Doubt, there walks the discrowned Apollo, with unstrung lyre; nay, and

could he sound it, those mournful Muses would scarcely be able as of old, to respond and "sing in turn with their beautiful voices."

To such moods, and in such states of feeling, this Life-Drama will be an acceptable poem. Under the guise of a different story, a story unskilful enough in its construction, we have seemed continually to recognize the ingenuous, yet passionate, youthful spirit, struggling after something like right and purity amidst the unnumbered difficulties, contradictions, and corruptions of the heated and crowded, busy, vicious, and inhuman town. Eager for action, incapable of action without some support, yet knowing not on what arm to dare to lean; not untainted; hard-pressed; in some sort, at times, overcome, — still we seem to see the young combatant, half combatant, half martyr, resolute to fight it out, and not to quit this for some easier field of battle, — one way or other to make something of it.

The story, such as we have it, is inartificial enough. Walter, a boy of poetic temperament and endowment, has, it appears, in the society of a poet friend now deceased, grown up with the ambition of achieving something great in the highest form of human speech. Unable to find or make a way, he is diverted from his lofty purposes by a romantic love-adventure, obscurely told, with a "Lady" who finds him asleep, Endymion-like, under a tree. The fervor and force of youth wastes itself here in vain; a quick disappointment, — for the lady is betrothed to another, — sends him back enfeebled, exhausted, and embittered, to essay once again his task. Disappointed affections, and baffled ambition, contending henceforward in unequal strife with the temptations of scepticism, indifference, apathetic submission, base indulgence, and the like; — the sickened, and defeated, yet only too strong, too powerful man, turning desperately off, and recklessly at last plunging in mid-unbelief into joys to which only belief and moral purpose can give reality; — out of horror-stricken guilt, the new birth of clearer and surer, though humbler, conviction, trust, resolution; — these happy changes met, perhaps a little prematurely and almost more than half-way, by success in the aims of a purified ambition, and

crowned too, at last, by the blessings of a regenerate affection, — such is the argument of the latter half of the poem; and there is something of a current and tide, so to say, of poetic intention in it, which carries on the reader, (after the first few scenes,) perforce, in spite of criticism and himself, through faulty imagery, turgid periods, occasional bad versification and even grammar, to the close. Certainly, there is something of a real flesh-and-blood heart and soul in the case, or this could not be so.

Of the first four or five scenes, perhaps the less said the better. There are frequent fine lines, occasional beautiful passages; but the tenor of the narrative is impeded and obstructed to the last degree, not only by accumulations of imagery, but by episode, and episode within episode, of the most embarrassing form. It is really discouraging to turn page upon page, while Walter is quoting the poems of his lost friend, and wooing the unknown lady of the wood with a story of another lady and an Indian page. We could almost recommend the reader to begin with the close of scene IV., where the hero's first love-disappointment is decided, and the lady quits her young poet.

> "I must go,
> Nay, nay, I go alone! Yet one word more.
> Strive for the Poet's crown, but ne'er forget,
> How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits:
> That gold and crimson mornings, though more bright
> Than soft blue days, are scarcely half their worth.
> Walter 'farewell,' the world shall hear of thee.
> [*She still lingers.*
> "I have a strange sweet thought. I do believe
> I shall be dead in spring, and that the soul
> Which animates and doth inform these limbs,
> Will pass into the daisies of my grave:
> If memory shall ever lead thee there,
> Through daisies I'll look up into thy face,
> And feel a dim sweet joy; and if they move
> As in a little wind, thou 'lt know 'tis I."

The ensuing scene, between Walter and a Peasant, is also obscurely and indecisively given; and before Part VI., it would

have been well, we think, to place some mark of the lapse of time. The second division of the poem here commences. We are reintroduced to the hero in a room in London, reading a poetical manuscript. Edward, a friend, enters and interrupts. We quote from a speech of Walter's.

> "Thou mock'st at much;
> And he who sneers at any living hope,
> Or aspiration of a human heart,
> Is just so many stages less than God,
> That universal and all-sided Love.
> I'm wretched, Edward, to the very heart:
> I see an unreached heaven of young desire
> Shine through my hopeless tears. My drooping sails
> Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
> I rot upon the waters, when my prow
> Should grate the golden isles.
> *Edward.* What wouldst thou do?
> Thy train did teem with vapors wild and vast.
> *Walter.* But since my younger and my hotter days,
> (As nebula condenses to an orb,)
> These vapors gathered to one shining hope
> Sole hanging in my sky.
> *Edward.* What hope is that?
> *Walter.* To set this age to music — the great work
> Before the poet now — I do believe
> When it is fully sung, its great complaint,
> Its hope, its yearning, told to earth and heaven,
> Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
> That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
> Of the diviner morrow, which even then
> Is hurrying up the great world's side with light."

Two scenes of conversation are given between Walter and this friend, Edward, cold, clear-sighted, a little cynical, but patient, calm, resigned, and moral. He, as it happens, is going on the morrow to Bedfordshire, to visit

> "Old Mr. Wilmott, nothing in himself,
> But rich as ocean. He has in his hand
> Sea-marge and moor, and miles of stream and grove,

Dull flats, scream-startled, as the exulting train
Streams like a meteor through the frighted night,
Wind-billowed plains of wheat, and marshy fens,
Unto whose reeds on midnights blue and cold,
Long strings of geese come clanging from the stars,
Yet wealthier in one child than all of these."

Thither Walter accompanies him. We subjoin part of a dialogue between him and the "one child," in whom, more than in all his land, old Mr. Wilmott was blest. Walter had been describing his own story under the name of another person.

"*Violet.* Did you know well that youth of whom you spake?
Walter. Know him! Oh yes; I knew him as myself, —
Two passions dwelt at once within his soul,
. . . . . .
The dead was Love, the living, Poetry.
Violet. Alas! if Love rose never from the dead.
Walter. Between him and the lady of his love
There stood a wrinkled worldling.
. . . . . .
And when she died,
The rivers of his heart ran all to waste;
They found no ocean; dry sands sucked them up.
Lady! he was a fool, a pitiful fool!
She said she loved him, would be dead in spring —
She asked him but to stand beside her grave —
She said she would be daisies — and she thought
'T would give her joy to feel that he was near.
She died, like music; and would you believe it?
He kept her foolish words within his heart,
As ceremonious as a chapel keeps
A relic of a saint. And in the spring
The doting idiot went.
Violet. What found he there?
Walter. Laugh till your sides ache! oh, he went, poor fool,
But he found nothing, save red-trampled clay,
And a dull, sobbing rain. Do you not laugh?
Amid the comfortless rain he stood and wept;
Bareheaded in the mocking, pelting rain.
He might have known 't was ever so on earth.
Violet. You cannot laugh yourself, sir, nor can I.
Her unpolluted corse doth sleep in earth

Like a pure thought within a sinful soul.
Dearer is Earth to God for her sweet sake.

The issue and catastrophe of a new love-adventure here, in this unhappy and distempered period of baffled and disappointed ambition, and power struggling vainly for a vent, may be conjectured from the commencement of a scene, which perhaps might be more distinctly marked as the opening of the third part.

[*A bridge in a City. Midnight. Walter alone.*]

"Adam lost Paradise — eternal tale,
Repeated in the lives of all his sons.
I had a shining orb of happiness, —
God gave it me, but sin passed over it
As smallpox passes o'er a lovely face,
Leaving it hideous. I have lost for ever
The paradise of young and happy thoughts,
And now stand in the middle of my life
Looking back through my tears, ne'er to return.
I've a stern tryst with death, and must go on,
Though with slow steps and oft-reverted eyes.
'T is a thick, rich-hazed, sumptuous autumn night;
The moon grows like a white flower in the sky;
The stars are dim. The tired year rests content
Among her sheaves, as a fond mother rests
Among her children — all her work is done,
There is a weight of peace upon the world;
It sleeps; God's blessing on it. Not on me.
. . . . .
Good men have said,
That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin, —
He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me!
My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms, —
They swarm and feed upon me.

Three years appear to have gone by, when Walter, like a stag sore-hunted, returns to the home of his childhood.

"'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes and fears of man,

As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high,
Barely from off the desert of my life
I gather patience and severe content.
God is a worker. He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur. God is Love;
He yet shall wipe away creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in his smile.
Why work I not. The veriest mote that sports
Its one-day life within the sunny beam,
Has its stern duties. Wherefore have I none?
I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As ghostlike from the dim and trembling sea
Starts the completed moon.

Here, in this determination, he writes his poem, — attains in this spirit the object which had formerly been his ambition. And here, in the last scene, we find him happy, or peaceful at least, with Violet.

"*Violet.* I always pictured you in such a place
Writing your book, and hurrying on, as if
You had a long and wondrous tale to tell,
And felt Death's cold hand closing round your heart.
Walter. Have you read my book?
Violet. I have.
Walter. It is enough.
The book was only written for two souls,
And they are thine and mine.
Violet. For many weeks,
When I was dwelling by the moaning sea,
Your name was blown to me on every wind,
And I was glad; for by that sign I knew
You had fulfilled your heart, and hoped you would
Put off the robes of sorrow, and put on
The singing crown of Fame." . . .

Again, below, she resumes, —

"Walter! dost thou believe
Love will redeem all errors? Oh, my friend,
This gospel saves you! doubt it, you are lost.
Deep in the mists of sorrow long I lay,
Hopeless and still, when suddenly this truth
Like a slant sunbeam quivered through the mist,
And turned it into radiance. In the light
I wrote these words, while you were far away,
Fighting with shadows. Oh, Walter, in one boat
We floated o'er the smooth, moon-silvered sea;
The sky was smiling with its orbs of bliss;
And while we lived within each other's eyes,
We struck and split, and all the world was lost
In one wild whirl of horror darkening down.
At last I gained a deep and silent isle,
Moaned on by a dim sea, and wandered round,
Week after week, the happy-mournful shore,
Wondering if you had 'scaped.
Walter. Thou noble soul,
Teach me, if thou art nearer God than I!
My life was one long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
We stand in precious sunrise; and beyond,
A long day stretches to the very end."

So be it, O young Poet; Poet, perhaps it is early to affirm; but so be it, at any rate, O young man. While you go forth in that "armor of pure intent," the hearts of some readers, be assured, will go with you.

Empedocles on Etna and other Poems, with its earlier companion volume, The Strayed Reveller and other Poems, are, it would seem, the productions (as is, or was, the English phrase) of a scholar and a gentleman; a man who has received a refined education, seen refined "society," and been more, we dare say, in the world, which is called the world, than in all likelihood has a Glasgow mechanic. More refined, therefore, and more highly educated sensibilities, — too delicate, are they, for common service? — a calmer judgment also, a more poised and steady intellect, the *siccum lumen* of the soul; a finer and rarer aim perhaps, and certainly a keener sense of difficulty, in life; — these are the characteristics of him whom we are to call "A." Empedocles, the sublime Sicilian philosopher, the fragments of whose moral and philosophic poems testify to his genius and character, — Empedocles, in the Poem before us, weary of misdirected effort, weary of imperfect thought, impatient of a life which appears to him a miserable failure, and incapable, as he conceives, of doing any thing that shall be true to that proper interior self,

"Being one with which we are one with the whole world,"

wandering forth, with no determined purpose, into the mountain solitudes, followed for a while by Pausanias, the eager and laborious physician, and at a distance by Callicles, the boy-musician, flings himself at last, upon a sudden impulse and apparent inspiration of the intellect, into the boiling crater of Etna; rejoins there the elements. "Slave of sense," he was saying, pondering near the verge,

"Slave of sense
I have in no wise been: but slave of thought?
And who can say, he has been always free,
Lived ever in the light of his own soul?
I cannot: —
. . . . .
But I have not grown easy in these bonds,
But I have not denied what bonds these were.
Yea, I take myself to witness
That I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear.

And therefore, O ye Elements, I know —
Ye know it too — it hath been granted me,
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslaved.
I feel it in this hour. The numbing cloud
Mounts off my soul: I feel it, I breathe free.

Is it but for a moment?
Ah, boil up, ye vapors!
Leap and roar, thou sea of Fire!
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me! save me!
[*He plunges into the crater.*]

The music of the boy Callicles, to which he chants his happy mythic stories, somewhat frigidly perhaps, relieves, as it sounds in the distance, the gloomy catastrophe.

Tristram and Iseult (these names form the title of the next and only other considerable poem) are, in the old romantic cycle of North-France and Germany, the hero and the heroine of a mournful tale. Tristram of Lyonness, the famed companion of King Arthur, received in youth a commission to bring from across the sea the Princess Iseult of Ireland, the destined bride of the King of Cornwall. The mother of the beautiful princess gave her, as a parting gift, a cup of a magic wine, which she and her royal husband should drink together on their marriage-day in their palace at Tyntagil; so they should love each other perfectly and forever. But on the voyage it befell —

The calm sea shines, loose hang the vessel's sails,
Before us are the sweet green fields of Wales,
And overhead the cloudless sky of May.
'Ah, would I were' —

(saith Iseult)

'Ah, would I were in those green fields at play,
Not pent on shipboard this delicious day.
Tristram, I pray thee of thy courtesy,
Reach me my golden cup that stands by thee,
And pledge me in it first for courtesy.'

On the dreamy seas it so befell, that Iseult and Tristram drank together of the golden cup. Tristram, therefore, and Iseult should love each other perfectly and for ever. Yet nothing the less for this must Iseult be wedded to the King of Cornwall; and Tristram, vainly lingering, fly and go forth upon his way.

But it so chanced that, after long and weary years of passion vainly contended with, years of travel and hard fighting, Tristram, lying wounded in Brittany, was tended by another, a youthful, innocent Iseult, in whose face he seemed to see the look of that Iseult of the past, that was, and yet could not be, his. Weary, and in his sad despondency, Tristram wedded Iseult of Brittany, whose heart, in his stately deep distress, he had moved to a sweet and tender affection. The modern poem opens with the wedded knight come home again, after other long years, and other wars, in which he had fought at King Arthur's side with the Roman emperor, and subdued the heathen Saxons on the Rhine, lying once more sick and sad at heart, upon what ere long he feels shall be his death-bed. Ere he die, he would see, once yet again, her with whom in his youth he drank of that fatal cup.

> *Tristram.* Is she not come? the messenger was sure.
> Prop me upon the pillows once again —
> Raise me, my page: this cannot long endure.
> Christ! what a night! how the sleet whips the pane!
> What lights will those out to the northward be?
> *The Page.* The lanterns of the fishing-boats at sea.

And so through the whole Part I. of our poem, lies the sick and weary knight upon his bed, reviewing sadly, while sadly near him stands his timid and loving younger Iseult, reviewing, half sleeping, half awake, those old times, that hapless voyage, and all that thence ensued; and still in all his thought recurring to the proud Cornish Queen, who, it seems, will let him die unsolaced. He speaks again, now broad awake.

> Is my page here? Come turn me to the fire.
> Upon the window panes the moon shines bright;
> The wind is down; but she 'll not come to-night.

Ah no, — she is asleep in Tyntagil ——

. . . . .

My princess, art thou there? Sweet, 't is too late.
To bed and sleep; my fever is gone by;
To-night my page shall keep me company.
Where do the children sleep? kiss them for me.
Poor child, thou art almost as pale as I;
This comes of nursing long and watching late.
To bed — good night.

And so, (our poet passing without notice from Tristram's semi-dramatic musings and talkings, to his own not more coherent narrative) —

She left the gleam-lit fireplace,
She came to the bed-side;
She took his hands in hers; her tears
Down on her slender fingers rained.
She raised her eyes upon his face —
Not with a look of wounded pride —
A look as if the heart complained; —
Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathize.
Sweet flower, thy children's eyes
Are not more innocent than thine.

Sleeping with her little ones, and, it may be, dreaming too, though less happily than they, lies Iseult of Brittany. And now —

What voices are those on the clear night air?
What lights in the courts? what steps on the stair?

PART II.

Tristram. Raise the light, my page, that I may see her.
— Thou art come at last, then, haughty Queen!
Long I 've waited, long have fought my fever,
Late thou comest, cruel thou hast been.
Iseult. Blame me not, poor sufferer, that I tarried.
I was bound; I could not break the band,
Chide not with the past, but feel the present;
I am here — we meet — I hold thy hand.

Yes, the Queen Iseult of Cornwall, Iseult that was of Ireland, Iseult of the ship upon the dreamy seas long since, has crossed these stormy seas to-night, is here, holds his hand. And so proceeds, through some six or seven pages of Part II., the fine colloquy of the two sad, world-worn, late-reunited lovers. When we open upon Part III.,

> A year had flown, and in the chapel old
> Lay Tristram and Queen Iseult dead and cold.

Beautiful, simple, old mediæval story! We have followed it, led on as much by its own intrinsic charm as by the form and coloring — beautiful too, but indistinct — which our modern poet has given it. He is obscure at times, and hesitates and falters in it; the knights and dames, we fear, of old North-France and Western Germany would have been grievously put to it to make him out. Only upon a fourth re-reading, and by the grace of a happy moment, did we satisfy our critical conscience that, when the two lovers have sunk together in death, the knight on his pillows, and Queen Iseult kneeling at his side, the poet, after passing to the Cornish court where she was yesternight, returns to address himself to a hunter with his dogs, worked in the tapestry of the chamber here, whom he conceives to be pausing in the pictured chase, and staring, with eyes of wonder, on the real scene of the pale knight on the pillows and the kneeling lady fair. But

> Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
> O hunter! and without a fear
> Thy golden-tasselled bugle blow,
> And through the glade thy pastime take!
> For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here,
> For these thou seest are unmoved;
> Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
> A thousand years ago."

Fortunately, indeed, with the commencement of Part III., the most matter-of-fact quarterly conscience may feel itself pretty well set at ease by the unusually explicit statements that

> A year had fled; and in the chapel old
> Lay Tristram and Queen Iseult dead and cold.

> The young surviving Iseult, one bright day
> Had wandered forth; her children were at play
> In a green circular hollow in the heath
> Which borders the sea shore; a country path
> Creeps over it from the tilled fields behind.

Yet anon, again and thicker now perhaps than ever, the mist of more than poetic dubiousness closes over and around us. And as he sings to us about the widowed lady Iseult, sitting upon the sea-banks of Brittany, watching her bright-eyed children, talking with them and telling them old Breton stories, while still, in all her talk and her story, her own dreamy memories of the past, and perplexed thought of the present, mournfully mingle, it is really all but impossible to ascertain her, or rather his, real meanings. We listen, indeed, not quite unpleased, to a sort of faint musical mumble, conveying at times a kind of subdued half-sense, or intimating, perhaps, a three-quarters-implied question; Is any thing real? — is love any thing? — what is any thing? — is there substance enough even in sorrow to mark the lapse of time? — is not passion a diseased unrest? — did not the fairy Vivian, when the wise Merlin forgot his craft to fall in love with her, wave her wimple over her sleeping adorer?

> Nine times she waved the fluttering wimple round,
> And made a little plot of magic ground;
> And in that daisied circle, as men say,
> Is Merlin prisoner to the judgment day,
> But she herself whither she will can rove,
> For she was passing weary of his love.

Why or wherefore, or with what purport, who will venture exactly to say? — but such, however, was the tale which, while Tristram and his first Iseult lay in their graves, the second Iseult, on the sea-banks of Brittany, told her little ones.

And yet, dim and faint as is the sound of it, we still prefer this dreamy patience, the soft submissive endurance of the Breton lady, and the human passions and sorrows of the Knight and the Queen, to the high, and shall we say, pseudo-Greek inflation of the philosopher musing above the crater, and the boy Callicles, singing myths upon the mountain.

Does the reader require morals and meanings to these stories? What shall they be, then? — the deceitfulness of knowledge, and the illusiveness of the affections, the hardness and roughness and contrariousness of the world, the difficulty of living at all, the impossibility of doing any thing, — *voilà tout?* A charitable and patient reader, we believe, (such as is the present reviewer,) will find in the minor poems that accompany these pieces, intimations — what more can reader or reviewer ask? — of some better and further thing than these; some approximations to a kind of confidence, some incipiences of a degree of hope, some roots, retaining some vitality, of conviction and moral purpose.

> And though we wear out life, alas,
> Distracted as a homeless wind,
> In beating where we must not pass,
> And seeking what we shall not find,
>
> Yet shall we one day gain, life past,
> Clear prospect o'er our being's whole,
> Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
> Our true affinities of soul.
>
> We shall not then deny a course
> To every thought the mass ignore,
> We shall not then call hardness force,
> Nor lightness wisdom any more.

In the future, it seems, there is something for us; and for the present also, which is more germane to our matter, we have discovered some precepts about "hope, light, and *persistence*," which we intend to make the most of. Meantime, it is one promising point in our author of the initial, that his second is certainly on the whole an improvement upon his first volume. There is less obvious study of effect; upon the whole, a plainer and simpler and less factitious manner and method of treatment. This, he may be sure, is the only safe course. Not by turning and twisting his eyes, in the hope of seeing things as Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, or Milton saw them; but by seeing them, by accepting them as he sees them, and faithfully depicting accordingly, will he attain the object he desires.

In the earlier volume, one of the most generally admired pieces was "The Forsaken Merman."

> Come, dear children, let us away
> Down, and away below,

says the Merman, standing upon the sea-shore, whither he and his children came up to call back the human Margaret, their mother, who had left them to go, for one day — for Easter-day — to say her prayers with her kinsfolk in the little gray church on the shore:

> 'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah me,
> And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'

And when she staid, and staid on, and it seemed a long while, and the little ones began to moan, at last, up went the Merman with the little ones to the shore, and so on into the town, and to the little gray church, and there looked in through the small leaded panes of the window. There she sits in the aisle; but she does not look up, her eyes are fixed upon the holy page; it is in vain we try to catch her attention.

> Come away, children, call no more,
> Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down to the depths of the sea. She will live up there and be happy, among the things she had known before. Yet sometimes a thought will come across her; there will be times when she will

> Steal to the window and look at the sand;
> And over the sand at the sea;
> And anon there breaks a sigh,
> And anon there drops a tear,
> From a sorrow-clouded eye,
> And a heart sorrow-laden,
> A long, long sigh,
> For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
> And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, children, come down. We will be happy in our bright home under the sea — happy, though the cruel one

leaves us lonely for ever. Yet we too, sometimes at midnight, when winds blow softly, and the moonlight falls clear,

> Up the still glistening beaches,
> Up the creeks we will hie,
> Over banks of bright sea-weed
> The ebb-tide leaves dry.
> We will gaze from the sand hills
> At the white sleeping town,
> At the church on the hill side;
> And then come back down, —
> Singing, 'there dwells a loved one,
> But cruel is she,
> She left lonely for ever
> The Kings of the Sea.'

It is a beautiful poem, certainly; and deserves to have been given at full length. "The Strayed Reveller" itself is more ambitious, perhaps a little strained. It is a pleasing and significant imagination, however, to present to us Circe and Ulysses in colloquy with a stray youth from the train of Bacchus, who drinks eagerly the cup of the enchantress, not as did the sailors of the Ithacan king, for gross pleasure, but for the sake of the glorious and superhuman vision and knowledge it imparts.

> 'But I, Ulysses,
> Sitting on the warm steps,
> Looking over the valley,
> All day long have seen,
> Without pain, without labor,
> Sometimes a wild-haired mænad,
> Sometimes a Faun with torches.'

But now, we are fain to ask, where are we, and whither are we unconsciously come? Were we not going forth to battle in the armor of a righteous purpose, with our first friend, with Alexander Smith? How is it we find ourselves here, reflecting, pondering, hesitating, musing, complaining, with "A." As the wanderer at night, standing under a stormy sky, listening to the wild harmonies of winds, and watching the wild movements of the clouds, the tree-tops, or possibly the waves, may,

with a few steps, very likely, pass into a lighted sitting-room, and a family circle, with pictures and books, and literary leisure, and ornaments, and elegant small employments,— a scene how dissimilar to that other, and yet how entirely natural also;— so it often happens too with books. You have been reading Burns, and you take up Cowper. You feel at home, how strangely! in both of them. Can both be the true thing? and if so, in what new form can we express the relation, the harmony, between them? Such a discrepancy there certainly does exist between the two books that have been before us here. We close the one and open the other, and feel ourselves moving to and fro between two totally different, repugnant, and hostile theories of life. Are we to try and reconcile them, or judge between them?

May we escape from all the difficulty by a mere quotation, and pronounce with the shepherd of Virgil,

> "Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites
> Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic."

Or will the reader be content to bow down with us in this place, and acknowledge the presence of that highest object of worship among the modern Germans, an *antinomy*. (That is, O unlearned reader, ignorant, not impossibly, of Kant and the modern German religion, — in brief, a contradiction in terms, the ordinary *phenomenal* form of a *noumenal* Verity; as, for example, *the world must have had a beginning*, and, *the world cannot have had a beginning*, in the transcendental fusion or confusion of which consists the Intelligible or unintelligible truth.) Will you be content, O reader, to plod in German manner over miles of a straight road, that seems to lead somewhere, with the prospect of arriving at last at some point where it will divide at equal angles, and lead equally in two opposite directions, where you may therefore safely pause, and thankfully set up your rest, and adore in sacred doubt the Supreme Bifurcation? Or do you hold, with Voltaire, who said (*apropos* of the question then debated among the French wits, whether there were or were not a God) that "after all, one must take a side"?

With all respect for the Antinomies and Germans, and "most distinguished consideration" for Voltaire and Parisian persiflage, still, it may not be quite necessary for us, on the pre-

sent occasion, either to stand still in transcendental doubt, or toss up, as it were, for our side. Individuals differ in character, capacity, and positions; and, according to their circumstances, will combine, in every possible variety of degree, the two elements of thoughtful discriminating selection and rejection, and frank and bold acceptance of what lies around them. Between the extremes of ascetic and timid self-culture, and of unquestioning, unhesitating confidence, we may consent to see and tolerate every kind and gradation of intermixture. Nevertheless, upon the whole, for the present age, the lessons of reflectiveness and the maxims of caution do not appear to be more needful or more appropriate than exhortations to steady courage and calls to action. There is something certainly of an over-educated weakness of purpose in Western Europe — not in Germany only, or France, but also in more busy England. There is a disposition to press too far the finer and subtler intellectual and moral susceptibilities; to insist upon following out, as they say, to their logical consequences, the notices of some single organ of the spiritual nature; a proceeding which perhaps is hardly more sensible in the grown man than it would be in the infant to refuse to correct the sensations of sight by those of the touch. Upon the whole, we are disposed to follow out, if we must follow out at all, the analogy of the bodily senses; we are inclined to accept rather than investigate; and to put our confidence less in arithmetic and antinomies, than in

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.

Let us remark also in the minor Poems, which accompany Empedocles, a disposition, perhaps, to assign too high a place to what is called Nature. It may indeed be true, as the astronomers say, though after all it is no very great piece of knowledge, that the heavenly bodies describe ellipses; and go on, from and to all the ages, performing that self-repeating, unattaining curve. But does it, therefore, of necessity follow that human souls do something analogous in the spiritual spaces? Number is a wonderful thing, and the laws of nature sublime; nevertheless, have we not a sort of intuition of the existence, even in our own poor human selves, of something akin to a Power superior to, and transcending, all manifestations of Nature, all intelligible forms

of Number and Law. We quote one set of verses, in which our author does appear to have escaped for once from the dismal cycle of his rehabilitated Hindoo-Greek theosophy —

MORALITY.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides; —
  But tasks, in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
  Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost look in Nature's eye,
Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling tasked morality —
  Nature whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wert afraid to seek, —
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek.
  'Ah child,' she cries, 'that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

'There is no effort on my brow —
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep, —
  Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once, but where?

'I knew not yet the gauge of Time,
Nor wore the manacles of space, —

I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'T was when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.'

It is wonderful what stores of really valuable thought may lie neglected in a book, simply because they are not put in that form which serves our present occasions. But if we have been inclined to yield to a preference for the picture of simple, strong, and certain, rather than of subtle, shifting, and dubious feelings, and in point of tone and matter to go along with the young mechanic, in point of diction and manner, we must certainly assign the palm to "A," in spite of a straining after the rounded Greek form, such as, to some extent, vitiates even the style of Milton. Alexander Smith lies open to much graver critical carping. He writes, it would almost seem, under the impression that the one business of the poet is to coin metaphors and similes. He tells them out as a clerk might sovereigns at the Bank of England. So many comparisons, so much poetry; it is the sterling currency of the realm. Yet he is most pleased, perhaps, when he can double or treble a similitude; speaking of A, he will call it a B, which is, as it were, the C of a D. By some maturer effort we may expect to be thus conducted even to Z. But simile within simile, after the manner of Chinese boxes, are more curious than beautiful; nor is it the true aim of the poet, as of the Italian boy in the street, to poise upon his head, for public exhibition, a board crowded as thick as they can stand with images, big and little, black and white, of anybody and everybody, in any possible order of disorder, as they happen to pack. *Tanquam scopulum, insolens verbum*, says the precept of ancient taste, which our author seems to accept freely, with the modern comment of —

In youth from rock to rock I went
With pleasure high and turbulent, —
Most pleased, when most uneasy.

The movement of his poem is indeed rapid enough; there is a sufficient impetus to carry us over a good deal of rough and "rocky" ground; there is a real continuity of poetic purpose; — but it is so perpetually presumed upon; the attention,

which the reader desires to devote to the pursuit of the main drift of what calls itself a single poem, *simplex et unum*, is so incessantly called off to look at this and look at that; when, for example, we would fain follow the thought and feeling of Violet and of Walter, we are with such peremptory and frequent eagerness summoned to observe how like the sky is to x and the stars are to y, that on the whole, though there *is* a real continuity of purpose, we cannot be surprised that the critic of the London Examiner failed to detect it. Keats and Shelley, and Coleridge, perhaps, before them, with their extravagant love for Elizabethan phraseology, have led to this mischief. Has not Tennyson followed a little too much in their train? Coleridge, we suppose, would have maintained it to be an excellence in the "myriad-minded" dramatist, that he so often diverts us from the natural course of thought, feeling, and narrative, to see how curiously two trifles resemble each other, or that, in a passage of deep pathos, he still finds time to apprise us of a paronomasia. But faults which disfigure Shakspeare are not beauties in a modern volume.

> I rot upon the waters when my prow
> Should *grate* the golden isles

may be a very Elizabethan, but is certainly rather a vicious expression. Force and condensation are good, but it is possible to combine them with purity of phrase. One of the most successful delineations in the whole poem is contained in the following passage, which introduces scene VII.

> [*A balcony overlooking the sea.*]
> The lark is singing in the blinding sky,—
> Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
> Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
> And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
> He decorates her tawny front with shells—
> Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
> Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair,—
> All glad, from grass to sun. Yet more I love
> Than this, the shrinking day that sometimes comes
> In winter's front, so fair 'mongst its dark peers,
> It seems a straggler from the files of June,

Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty, and when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears —
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers; — I love and pity it.

It may be the fault of our point of view; but certainly we do not find even here that happy, unimpeded sequence which is the charm of really good writers. Is there not something incongruous in the effect of the immediate juxtaposition of these two images? We have lost, it may be, that impetuosity, that *élan*, which lifts the young reader over hedge and ditch at flying leaps, across country, — or we should not perhaps entertain any offence, or even surprise, at being transferred *per saltum* from the one field to the other. But we could almost ask, was the passage, so beautiful, though perhaps a little prolonged, about the June day in November, written consecutively, and in one flow, with the previous, and also beautiful one about ocean and his bride. We dare say it was; but it does not read, somehow, in the same straight line with it, —

Tantum series juncturaque pollet.

We venture, too, to record a perhaps hypercritical objection to "the *blinding* sky" in this particular collocation. Perhaps in the first line of a scene, while the reader has not yet warmed to his duty, simplicity should be especially observed; — a single image, without any repeated reflection, so to speak, in a second mirror, should suffice. The following, which open scene XI., are better.

"Summer hath murmured with her leafy lips
Around my home, and I have heard her not;
I've missed the process of three several years
From shaking wind flowers to the tarnished gold
That rustles sere on Autumn's aged limbs."

Except the two last lines. Our author will not keep his eye steady upon the thing before him; he goes off, and distracts us, and breaks the impression he had begun to succeed in giving, by bidding us look now at something else. Some

simpler epithets than *shaking*, and some plainer language than *tarnished gold* or *aged limbs*, would have done the work better. We are quite prepared to believe that these faults and these *disagreeables* have personally been necessities to the writer, are awkwardnesses of growth, of which the full stature may show no trace. He should be assured, however, that though the rude vigor of the style of his Life-Drama may attract upon the first reading, yet in any case, it is not the sort of writing which people recur to with pleasure and fall back upon with satisfaction. It may be a groundless fancy, yet we do fancy, that there is a whole hemisphere, so to say, of the English language which he has left unvisited. His diction feels to us, as if between Milton and Burns he had not read, and between Shakspeare and Keats had seldom admired. Certainly there is but little inspiration in the compositions of the last century; yet English was really best and most naturally written, when there was, perhaps, least to write about. To obtain a real command of the language, some familiarity with the prose writers, at any rate, of that period, is almost essential; and to write out, as a mere daily task, passages, for example, of Goldsmith, would do a verse-composer of the nineteenth century as much good, we believe, as the study of Beaumont and Fletcher.

If our readers wish to view real timidity, real shrinking from actual things, real fear of living, let them open the little volume of Sidney Walker's Poetical Remains. The school-fellow and college friend of Praed, marked from his earliest youth by his poetic temper and faculty, he passed fifty-one years, mostly in isolation and poverty, shivering upon the brink, trembling and hesitating upon the threshold of life. Fearful to affirm any thing, lest it haply might be false; to do any thing, because so probably it might be sin; to speak, lest he should lie; almost, we might say, to feel, lest it should be a deception, — so he sat, crouching and cowering, in the dismal London back-street lodging, over the embers of a wasting and dying fire, the true image of his own vitality. "I am vext," is his weak complaining cry,

> With many thoughts, the kindly spirit of hope
> Is sick within me; fretting care and strife

With my own heart, have ta'en from solitude
Its natural calm, while in the intercourse
Of daily life, and by the household hearth,
The silence of the unapproving eye
Falls on my heart; censure and disbelief,
And pitying smiles, and prophecies of ill
From friendly lips, like ever dropping dews,
Chilling the inward spirit of resolve,
Weigh me to earth.
Come, therefore! like the Moon,
When she, with white and silent steps, doth climb
O'er the vext sea; shine on me once again,
Serene remembrance!

. . . . . .

They go, and I remain. Their steps are free
To tread the halls and groves, in thought alone
To me accessible, my home erewhile
Heart-loved, and in their summer quiet still
As beautiful, as when of old, returned
From London's never-ebbing multitude
And everlasting cataract of sound,
Midst the broad silent courts of Trinity
I stood and paused; so strange, and strangely sweet
The night-like stillness of that noontide scene
Sank on my startled ear.
Those days are past;
And like a homeless school-boy left behind,
When all his mates are free to sport their fill,
Through the long midsummer, I sit and strive
To cheat my hope-sick heart with memory.

. . . . . .

'T is utter night; over all Nature's works
Silence and rest are spread; yet still the tramp
Of busy feet, the roll of wheels, the hum
Of passing tongues — one endless din confused
Of sounds that have no meaning for the heart,
Marring the beauty of the tranquil hour,
Press on my sleepless ear. Sole genial voice,
The restless flame that flickers on the hearth,
Heard indistinctly through the tumult, soothes
My soul with its companionable sound,
And tales of other days. Thither I turn

My weary sense for refuge; as a child
In a strange home, with unaccustomed sights
Perplexed, and unknown voices, if it spy
Some well-remembered face, with eager joy
Flies to the sure protection, and clings close
Round the beloved knees.

Except some translations, — of which one from the Persæ of Æschylus, describing the morning of Salamis, and three of the three finest fragments of Ennius, may be recommended, — there is hardly any thing that is not of this sad personal kind: —

Ah, woe is me, that I am forced to wrong
With my vain griefs and moans importunate
The beauty of fair silence! all too long
Has this sad strife endured, this wild debate
'Twixt feeble will and adamantine fate:
When will it end? what new and vital power
Forth walking midst the spirit's desolate
And ruined places, there shall plant the flower
Of hope and natural joy, and build for peace a bower.

Vagitus et ingens, Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. Amongst these it is not well to linger long. The flowers of hope and natural joy and simple feeling, the reader will find growing abundantly in the pages of William Allingham, a young Irish poet, whose vein of poetic thought and pure felicitous diction has won him the praise of good judges in England. We have already, we believe, overstepped the limits which can be allowed to the levities of verse; otherwise we would gladly quote from his charming tale of "The Music Master." The volume, however, is already not unknown in America. It would have been better, certainly, for more perfect elaboration of several of the minor pieces, and perhaps for the entire omission of a considerable number.

The "Serenade" begins well,

Oh! hearing sleep, and sleeping hear,
The while we dare to call thee dear,

So may thy dreams be good, although
The loving power thou canst not know; —

but it is not sustained. We will quote the following description.

By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round
Buttressed with a grassy mound;
  Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze,
  Day and night and day go by
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
  And day and night and day go by,
Here the silence is most deep.

The chapel-ruins lapsed again
Into nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
  As day and night and day go by,
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed,
And now, the graves themselves are dead,
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
  While day and night and day go by,
And stars move calmly overhead.

ART. II. — *Political Philosophy.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London. 1846. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was intended to effect a revolution in the moral and social condition of Great Britain. It was composed of men of spirit and ability, and we believe they might claim the originality, or at least the original application, of the idea that knowledge, if rendered easy, attractive, and general, would prove a panacea for the evils of society. That they have not succeeded entirely according to their expectations, is owing to a difficulty which they did not take sufficiently into account, but which has troubled others in the execution of the same project, and was never more pithily stated than in a criticism of their proceedings. When, in the commencement of this enterprise, with all its glories thick upon it, Lord Brougham expressed a belief that, through the agency of this Society, the day would come when every peasant in England would read and enjoy Bacon,— Cobbett replied, that the time must first come when every peasant could *eat bacon*, and that it would be well if his Lordship should set himself toward bringing it about. Though we admit the correctness of the criticism, there are few to whom the application of it would not be more pertinent than to Lord Brougham; the good time would be far nearer, if each one of us were half as ardent and faithful a laborer in *one* sphere of action as he has been in *many*.

As political science is not only one of the most important and serviceable branches of knowledge, but also one which those who get an opportunity have always shown the greatest alacrity in dispensing, it was clearly within the Society's province to provide for its diffusion, and Lord Brougham was naturally selected to prepare the means. Of course, he was ready. The work before us is in three large volumes, and claims not only to be "the only work now in existence, in which the principles of government are systematically expounded," but also "to comprehend a full account of all the

constitutions in ancient and modern times." We are also told that "the discussion is kept quite free from all party and all national bias." These are bold words to be spoken of a book which bears on its face the evidence that the only part of it which possesses any vitality, that which treats of the modern, mixed and democratic governments, was written by an Englishman and a Whig, and could have been written by nobody else, — not to say, only by Lord Brougham. The general correctness and faithfulness of the historical portion are beyond question; and we would particularly commend the practical and business-like character of the account of the Roman constitution, which is made to appear like a system that might really go into operation at the present time, and is evidently the work of an experienced statesman.

But to be truthful and correct in regard to the structure of the Roman or Athenian commonwealth, although extremely desirable, is no surprising merit, when the means of information exist, together with the ability to use them; because, in this case, there is little temptation to be otherwise. Exactness is purchased by indifference. On the other hand, for a partisan and an actor in questions yet undecided, instantly and at will to stop the current of fifty years' feeling, and out of an eager combatant to make himself at once an impartial observer, is an undertaking so difficult that it may as well be set down as impossible. In that part of the work which relates to English affairs there are, certainly, no remarkable signs of its accomplishment. A green and vigorous old age has not yet so cooled the fire of Lord Brougham's blood; and we are not desirous that it should. We do not know that anybody would be the gainer by the change, and we are sure that something would be lost which is well worth the having. For the rest, as the work goes over all the ground, from the earliest history to the latest births of time, and from Eastern despotisms to Western republics, it certainly contains the result of a vast amount of reading and reflection, and many wholesome truths and materials valuable for reference. But they are, in general, too vague to satisfy a genuine spirit of inquiry, for which the minutiæ and practical workings of political systems are indispensable aids to their comprehension.

An eager and patient seeker of knowledge might think that the matter is prepared too exclusively with an eye to its diffusion. For, after all the explanations that can be made, there are some things which refuse to be made plain, and others to which some difficulty of access gives a peculiar zest. Books written for one purpose are not likely to be very serviceable for another. Lawyers' briefs are poor materials for Judges' decisions; and authors who are writing specially for the diffusion of knowledge are quite as much interested in making their productions attractive and pleasant, as serious and valuable.

But the germ of the work, and in many respects the best of its fruit, is the Preliminary Discourse, in which the object and design are set forth in the style of those essays for which Lord Brougham is so famous, and which he has written so well, — elegant, copious, and plausible, even when not convincing, — distinguished for an easy handling of the subject, and for variety of remark and illustration. It is on the advantage of political science, and is devoted to the proof and illustration of the importance of knowledge as a political element in society, setting forth the benefit of some sort of provision for its extension among the great body of the people who are to profit by it, and exposing the evils which they are said to suffer on account of their ignorance of affairs of state. The pleasant picture which it presents of the future, when the miseries of war, the folly of bad measures, the violence of party, the injustice of prejudice, and even the narrowness of patriotism, are all to be cured by the prevalence of political knowledge and by the habit of political action, it would be impossible to exhibit so effectively as it appears in this discourse. As we hardly feel called upon to reproduce the whole essay, we will only refer to it as containing the brightest and best stored magazine of implements for those who have occasion for that line of argument. One part, however, we cannot bear to pass over, in which the common propensity to indulge in political speculation is considered, and a multitude of advantages deduced from the practice. In the first place, the science of politics is represented as capable of being one of the most certain of sciences, — which is contrary, we confess,

to the prevalent opinion, — and, as a natural consequence, the conclusions of the philosophers may be expected to be of the greatest use in the construction and working of governments. Various objections, such as that of the danger of weakening the attachment of the people for existing institutions, arising out of the contemplation of conflicting forms of polity, and of thus unsettling the foundations of government, are gently, but decidedly, put aside; and knowledge, particularly political knowledge, is exalted as the palladium of the State. An extraordinary and particular enjoyment is attributed to the pursuit of political speculations, quite sufficient to satisfy any of those practical utilitarian American skeptics, who might be inclined to push their inquiries too far as to the value of such lucubrations, even including those with which we propose to edify our readers. We only hope that the pleasure extends to the reading, as well as to the making, of such reflections; in that case, the advantage on which Lord Brougham dwells will not fail to be recognized.

In one respect, the importance of knowledge as a political element is not only not exaggerated, but not even fully appreciated; we mean that knowledge of the opinions of others, and that general and mutual action and reaction of one mind upon another, which results in and accompanies the formation of Public Opinion. The division of governments into aristocracies, monarchies, and republics was well enough once; but in modern times, the only classification of any consequence is that relating to the nature, the existence, or the possibility of a Public Opinion in communities, and its means of making itself known. Differences in this respect are those which appear to travellers and spectators as practically the most vital and important in the condition of different countries. They shape the policy of governments, and determine the means by which political action is carried on; for these means, when Public Opinion exists and is free to manifest itself, are substantially the same. Whatever the form of the government, this is its essence. Whether it is a government of the few or the many, depends upon the extent to which a Public Opinion is established in any community, and known to exist by those who entertain it. Ideas always become more intense

by being shared by many minds; and especially in politics, it is all important that it be known that ideas are backed by numbers. Oppression is easily exercised over multitudes, so long as the resistance it excites is confined to the individual; but as soon as the feeling of each one is known to all, it becomes impossible. That a Public Opinion, worthy of the name, exists at all in a nation, that is, that the whole or a large portion are disciplined into harmony of feeling, is a sure sign of a high state of civilization; and it proves the existence of good government. Such a union, and the knowledge of it, are the most powerful of all political instruments in the hands of government or people. But the union which is predominant in politics is a union of interests, and of interests alone; for the nature of political association represents nothing more. Very little instruction is needed to give men a knowledge of their own interests. Whether this union of opinion is wise or foolish, based on knowledge or ignorance, truth or falsehood, whether its objects are just or unjust, provided it exists and is known to exist, it must prevail in politics, for there is nothing but itself to control or to reform it.

To judge correctly belongs to other departments of education and action. But farther than the mere knowledge, we think it very doubtful whether that information which can be acquired by any process of education is, or ever can be made, an element of such first-rate importance in politics as it is very generally supposed to be. The love of knowledge is indeed one of the most ardent and generous feelings that takes possession of individual minds. It is ordinarily favorable to the growth of virtue, and prompts occasionally to great sacrifices. But it is not a general passion, or one which stimulates enthusiasm and union in action; and without one or the other of these, political consequence is impossible. Then, again, education and the possession of knowledge are usually distributed upon a certain scale, as it were, through the ranks of society. If one part is advanced, the rest are apt to be advanced likewise, so that much the same proportion of power is preserved between the different parts. If greater skill, greater information, greater wisdom, are demanded in the government of a well-informed people, there are also better means of obtaining

them, and we see no reason why they should not be supplied. We do not see that there is, in fact, any insufficiency in the statesmen of modern times in relation to the people. The Websters, Peels, Guizots of our time, are as much in advance of the Walpoles and Cobbetts, as we are of the people whom they governed. To represent knowledge as the only source of political power, is to take it for granted that it is only necessary for men to know their best interests in order to induce them to pursue these interests. How far this is from the truth, those who have had most experience of mankind can best determine. Knowledge is a power which is capable of being turned to the worst, as well as the best, uses; and the roused passions of governments or people care little for the instruction that is offered to them, except as it adds fuel to their flame, or furnishes the means of their gratification. It is no denial of the doctrine of progress to suggest that the progress takes place principally outside of the operation of government, which, within its own sphere, remains always substantially the same. That sphere may be enlarged or narrowed by external causes. The means of applying principles, and the modes of exercising power, change with the course of time and increase of knowledge. Special measures pursued in our age are outgrown in the next; and in this way, great improvements are made in government. But the new measures were not neglected so long because nobody knew of them before; nor are they introduced solely because they have been found out by a great number. When interest is opposed to knowledge, the latter finds no better foothold now than formerly. We do not hear that the moralists are grown better satisfied with the doings of politicians; their standing quarrel still remains.

There has been an evident advance in general knowledge among civilized nations during the last century. Has there been any corresponding moral change in the nature and objects of their governments? This is a question which we hardly dare ask, because we are aware how prevalent the opinion is, that a great change has come over the spirit of power, and a new era of peace and good-will commenced on earth. It is indeed a time of peace and dearly bought exhaustion; a time in which all kinds of moralists, philosophers,

and reformers are at liberty to occupy the public stage, while it is vacant of other performers. As against them, the daring, active, and worldly spirits who touch the springs and hold the traditional authority of government keep their own secret because they are confident of their strength. They know that whenever they please, whenever the time of that success arrives which justifies crime and silences remorse, they can blow away these public delusions at a breath. In every society, as in every heart of man, there is a hell that can be unloosed. The time of little wars and aimless battles is past; but great systems of war and empire, in harmony with the enlarged scale of moral enterprises, and vast enough to bewilder the imagination and affect the interests of the world, are possible still. Is not Europe a camp of hostile armies? Does England attach less importance than formerly to her empire of the seas? Is France kept down by moral suasion? Are not the United States plainly striding towards the dominion of this continent? And what hand can save us from the fate of greatness and power? After more than half a century of the largest political education, under the most favorable constitution that was ever enjoyed by any nation; after having our political life developed and intensified certainly to an extraordinary preponderance among our social interests, and, in the opinion of many, so as to threaten to absorb and extinguish every other liberal inclination; after having produced so many great men, and placed them in situations of influence and honor, from which their spirit and instructions have descended upon the whole body of the people by means of the widest circulating press which the most unlimited freedom and universal popular education that ever existed together have been able to create, — how much nearer are we to that happy condition which is presented in this Discourse as the natural result of the diffusion of useful knowledge? And although our knowledge and cultivation increase daily, it is by no means the general impression that our politics are improving, either in the details of practice, or in the scope and character of their objects.

The effect of such arguments as those of this Discourse, when applied to real life, is the same as when one undertakes

to convince us of the beauty of virtue and the desirability of perfection. It is better that men should be virtuous and nations just; but when we have learned this, we have not learned how to make them so. No philosophy has yet invented the method to prevent force from governing, or to establish government on any other foundation than force. It is called by many other names, and attempted to be disguised, both by governors and governed; but they all amount to the same thing in the end. Whether known as paternal authority, or as existing by consent of the people, government without power is nothing; and power, whether recognized or not, is the government. This does not refer to brute force alone, or to the mere visible machinery of government; for these are only a part of the means by which those governments which are most dependent on them are supported; but we include all those tendencies and elements of combination and influence existing in every society. These, although they do not always affect its political complexion, are still its moral and intellectual law, and determine its spiritual condition and direction. The more unconscious they are in their operation, the more effective they frequently are; and although this is only another way of saying that, in politics also, persuasion is better than force, we venture to repeat the lesson, because, under any form of government, however often repeated, it is still oftener forgotten. The forces upon which the march of communities depends have their own life, and subsist by their own strength, and are amenable to no judgment but that of reality. How they succeed and supplant each other, how one is developed from obscurity and another falls from power, is the problem of society and the secret of history. As they do not originate in human calculation, they continually stretch beyond its reach. For politics is not philosophy, and although Mr. Burke is against us, we believe politicians have something else to do than to reduce philosophy to practice. Among these political elements, we are afraid that ignorance holds as high a place as knowledge, and that it is as capable of maintaining its ancient rank, and as much disposed to do it. It is far too important a power to be suffered to die out of politics. Rather than that such a fate should befall them, ignorance and dul-

ness may call in aid from the highest quarters of intelligence. For so far as knowledge is a political instrument, it is taken hold of and employed, like other such instruments, for political purposes. It is not strong enough to defend itself, nor can any thing else protect it, as long as courage, will, and energy bear sway in human affairs. These are the qualities which finally determine the position of individuals and nations. Power is their birthright, and it is the burden of history, that neither private knowledge nor public opinion has been able to extend or allowed to flourish, when opposed to their domination. If not able to prevent the spread of knowledge and the existence of public opinion, these are inevitably moulded to their purposes.

The political education of a people is always in the interest of its most powerful element — always tends to the strengthening of the strongest. Emancipation is impossible. The well of political truth is never undefiled. No despotism is so hopeless and unrelenting as the despotism of intelligence; and it is only through the operation of secret and unfathomable instincts of humanity, leading mysteriously towards freedom and light, that mankind are ever able to break loose from this formidable oppression. There are periods when the destiny of nations seems to hang in suspense, and the wheels of their progress to stop. Lord Bolingbroke quotes from Davila the maxim that, in order to insure the duration of governments, it is necessary for them, from time to time, to return to the original principles of their constitution. He does not, indeed, tell us how it is to be done; and although this is an omission, we should not think of finding fault with Lord Bolingbroke for so small a matter. But we refer to it to show that it has been observed that, at intervals, the fate of nations seems to be deliberately submitted to their own choice. The present seems to be one of those occasions with us. The dogs of party are hushed for the moment, apparently because they are so completely at fault that none dare open the mouth for fear they will be found baying at the wrong quarry; and the time is favorable to the expression of some ideas which, we hope, are applicable to the present state of our affairs, and which, at least, have been excited by them.

In the region where we expect to maintain ourselves, we have no fear that the first one of our flights will be impeded by party network or popular breezes. The study of politics, which Lord Brougham represents as so attractive, is, in this country deprived of half its legitimate interest, and even of its natural field of inquiry, because there is among us no question of the fundamental principles of government. We are so imbued with the liberty of republicanism, and so much accustomed to its operation, that it has come to be regarded as an element of human nature, like liberty of thought or conscience. Our institutions are so firmly fixed in the traditions, habits, and opinions of the whole nation, that any other form of government seems like a violation of our social instincts, and as the necessary accompaniment of force and fear.

Because these institutions exhibit only one fundamental political idea in operation, we are in haste to conclude that there is no foundation in reason for any other, and no field for its exercise. In this our happy condition, not only our annals are likely to be tiresome, but our politics are certainly so. There is neither temptation nor opportunity to diversify them by the study of different forms or principles of government, when only one is possible. The most important measures are considered in regard to their consequences, more or less immediate, and hardly at all in relation to the principles of government which they indicate, or in which they originated. In Europe it is all different; there, all political principles are in conflict; there is as much variety in their development and application, and the question of superiority between them is still as vital and undecided, as among the towns of Greece, when Aristotle described their hundred constitutions. It is impossible to withhold the imagination from the contemplation of remote and original principles of society and government, when they are constantly appealed to in support or attack of political measures, and when they are sufficiently alive to preside over the composition of parties.

All the necessary elements of any of the principal forms of government exist in society, and a favorable chance may, at any moment, set either of them in operation. There is none of them which is not particularly adapted to make head

against some of the evils that oppress European society. Aristocracy is insolent and defiant; but it is energetic and compact, and is still a power over the people. Democracy is encroaching and dangerous; but it is strong in numbers, and it has abuses to assail which deserve no quarter; while despotism is a still harbor of retreat, which offers a shelter not unacceptable to many from the storms of life. When all these elements are fermenting, political speculation becomes interesting, vigorous, and profound; but its most devoted admirer would hardly think it worth paying such a price. It is vain to suppose that our country is to be forever out of the reach of vicissitude, and the experience of the rest of the world without any application to ourselves. When the impending alteration of our foreign policy has brought us into close connection with other nations, it will be necessary for us to know something about their condition, and upon what elements their governments repose, and what sort of opposition they have to contend with; as we act upon them, they will be sure to react upon us. The human heart, which has been hitherto so variable, has not exhausted all its variety. As long as government, at the best, is so imperfect an instrument for the establishment of the *right*, which is the ultimate object of human effort, it is to be expected that changes will be made in it and experiments tried. The business of government, however carried on, does not satisfy our best impulses and affections, or fulfil the destiny of the highest order of minds. These desire neither to govern nor to be governed. Their spirit demands unlimited expansion; and although the field which government opens to the exercise of their powers is wide, it cannot fill the place in the soul of God, duty, or art. They are never entirely at peace with government, because they continually struggle and rebel against its limitations; nor can the society in which they are disquieted, be ever at peace. On the other hand, the first desire of the people is for justice between man and man. While this is secured to them, they are satisfied with the form of government through which it is administrated; as justice is a gift of that character which can be accepted from any hand. Popular caprice or oppression is not a whit more palatable than royal. It is proper for us to

remember, that, as long as the Institutes and the Code remain not only monuments of imperial power, but also the highest expression of practical morality which mankind has been found capable of producing, there is an argument in favor of that constitution of government and society out of which they arose, and evidence of its adaptation to indestructible elements of human nature. And the establishment, among a population taken from our own bosom, of the oldest forgotten form of absolutism — the sacerdotal — as among the Mormons at the Salt Lake, and its eminent success in promoting at least their material prosperity, and in a situation which promises the experiment a full trial — ought to make us aware of capacities not provided for in our government, and tendencies which it cannot satisfy. It appears to us to indicate the possibility of future changes in our political condition not usually contemplated.

Our first difficulty, however, proceeds from an opposite tendency. The unrestricted influence of the single political idea of representative democracy naturally exposes it to exaggeration; and we apprehend that a confusion is gaining ground among us in regard to the true relations of government and people. That government is instituted for the sake of the people, that it is responsible to them, and that they exercise a rightful control over it, are the cardinal points of our system. But it is a step further to suppose that the distinction between them can be obliterated, and their parts and characters interchanged or blended into one. Yet something like this appears to be the drift of the popular theories and the tendency of opinion. We are mistaken if the constitutions of some of the States of this Union have not been remodelled under the idea that the more immediately the whole body of the people can be admitted into the administration of the government, the better will be the provision, and the greater the certainty, that it is to be conducted to the general advantage. With this view, offices are multiplied, and the terms are shortened; means are taken to make them be regarded more and more as sources of livelihood or profit, and less and less in the light of duty or honor; and, generally, the business of government is put on a level, as far as possible,

with all ordinary avocations. As to the term of office, we shall have more to say in the sequel; but the idea that government is to be absorbed and lost in the body of the people, and merged in the common pursuits of industry and trade, we believe to be fraught with mischief, and shall undertake to expose it. It is less an idea, we are aware, than a tendency, which we have to oppose; because the principle which we rely on in our opposition is so plain that, whenever expressed, there is no inclination to question it. But since the disposition we refer to works unsuspected beneath its protection, we shall express our views at some length.

Our principle is this; — that under any form of government, in all circumstances, the action and functions of the government and the people are universally, invariably, and necessarily distinct and different. At any moment of time, there is always a government and a people; and however rapidly the persons composing the government are changed, or in whatever manner appointed, as long as it exists in their hands, they are invested with a certain authority over the people inherent in the nature of the office. Whether the power is forcibly assumed or voluntarily conferred, it is parted with by the people. The formalities under which it is exercised, however important with respect to the objects which a government is capable of accomplishing, do not affect this inherent quality any more than they do the extent of the power exerted; and it is evident that all degrees of slavery and freedom may exist under all sorts of constitutions. All government is a public corporation, formed by all, or submitted to by all, for the accomplishment of objects in which all are more or less interested. The objects vary, it is true; but they vary according to the means and powers which the government has at its disposal. It is a favorite fancy of ours, that government, which is now so fragmentary and disjointed all over the world, one thing here and another there, was everywhere, in the beginning, as it is still in communities which have continued in the stage of infancy, the evidence and the first exertion of the social instinct of mankind, and included, as yet undistinguishable, all the elements of power and influence which men possess in and over each other; and that it was sustained by all

the means that could be made to affect the feelings of a common nature. The spirit and form of religion, the exigencies of morality and custom, music and poetry, and all the offshoots of the infant imagination, were within the province, and the legitimate instruments, of the only apparent system of connection among men. Influence of every sort was called by the same name, and great natures ruled by divine authority. Government has been gradually despoiled of portions of its power, as different associations and relations have grown up in the progress of civilization ; and it has been found that many subjects, originally grouped together under the ægis of governmental authority, are better provided for, if left to the operation of voluntary and moral combinations and motives. Indeed, it would almost seem as if the extent to which this process has been carried is a measure of the progress of civilization and the advancement of a people, and that that is the ideal of a government, which, if not the most restricted in its functions, still allows the greatest latitude of moral and voluntary coöperation in relation to subjects which fall within such influences. The independence of nations upon their political organization, in regard to these subjects, is very various, and does not practically appear to depend very much upon its forms. And for our part, we do not see how a government, which finds itself in possession of power over them, is called upon to resign it or can help exercising it.

But there is one system of means by which the power of all governments is exerted, — by physical pains and penalties ; and there is one object which these are calculated to accomplish, — the protection of persons and property. Whatever other business a government may have to do, this one object, therefore, is common to them all. And although our own government is by no means destitute of moral authority beyond this, yet the machinery by which it acts peculiarly confirms and adapts it to this single purpose, for which it is found to be singularly efficient. But is not its action the same in kind and substance, so far as this matter is concerned, as that of the governments which are called by another name? Is the effect different, so far as the object is obtained, in both, upon either that class of the community which is protected in

the rights which the government recognizes, or that class which is restrained or punished for violating them? The nature of the rights established by the law has no immediate connection with the method of enforcing them within the sphere in which it acts; the same course of proceedings may end in justice or injustice, in tyranny or the suppression of tyranny. Opposite laws are enforced, and with the same effect, by the same system, and even by the same persons. The hand that to-day collects taxes, may to-morrow be set to distribute alms; the officer who commits a prisoner, may be ordered to discharge him; or he who has set over property to one party, to transfer it to another. These changes in the laws take place under all forms of government, and without affecting those forms. There is no question of the existence of a government over the people in the case of other constitutions, and it is hard to see, in one case, why the fact of the same thing being done in the same way, does not prove the existence of the same cause. The thief who is sent to prison, is just as effectually punished, whether he ever had an opportunity of voting for the magistrate who commits him, or not. It makes little difference to him whether the officer who hales him along is called constable or *gensdarme*, or, if he escapes, whether he is retaken by the New Police, or the ancient *posse comitatus*. It undoubtedly appears to him that the *people* have nothing to do with it either way. Nor, we confess, are our eyes sharp enough to see their share in the transaction. That the real actors, the ministers of the law, claim only to act by the authority of a delegated trust, is proof that the power has really been committed into their hands. That precautions are taken against its abuse, and that they are held to a strict accountability for its exercise, is likewise an acknowledgment that, while it exists, it is administered within its proper sphere; it is not to be controlled nor interfered with by those from whom it proceeded.

We are disposed to be the more particular in expressing our views upon this topic, because we are aware that we are in danger of trenching upon some of the formulæ under which this government is carried on. It is said to be a government of the people — the people are said to govern themselves. Now, so far as these expressions are used as convenient rhetor-

ical figures — so far, indeed, as they express the *truth* in drawing the distinction between our government and almost all others, which distinction appears, and is naturally expressed, differently, according to the quarter from which it is approached, or so far as they are employed for political purposes, we have nothing to say against them. Indeed, he ought to be sufficiently warned, who sees how powerful an instrument such by-words have been made in the course of our history. But if they are meant as the literal expression of a fact, or for a philosophical generalization, we insist that they are not correct. We know they have been employed by great men, and are sanctioned by long usage; but we are persuaded that, if those who invented these forms of speech, and who have continued to use them, had been less honored by the confidence of the people — if they had been more in opposition and less in office — they would have seen more clearly a difference between those who carry on the government, and those for whose sake it is carried on. It would be too much to expect that such things should be very plain as long as one unites the functions of representative and constituent in his own person. He is too much occupied in keeping his place to spend time in defining its character. There is as much elation, in this country, in feeling ourself to be the people, as, in some countries, in feeling ourself to be above the people; and it amounts to the same thing. The people have undoubtedly great influence upon the government; and so they have in all countries where they have influence over each other. Acknowledge the government to be the representative of the people, no matter how perfect, and that it faithfully reflects their views and fulfils their wishes, it is still none the less an instrument set apart and specially appointed to that end. But it is safe to say that, at no time, is the government in exact accordance with the feeling of the country; and sometimes they are widely asunder. Even under our forms, it is sometimes a matter of time and trouble for an immense majority to accomplish their will, and there are some things which we never can accomplish. To say that this is a government of the people only, or that the people govern themselves, is, taken literally, to deny the existence of any government

over us; — a state of things which, whether desirable or not, is very far from the fact. The word government, applied to our system, is not in vain; it means something. If every one of us will examine what share he really has in its administration, he will readily allow that, in his case, there is a government over him ready and able to regulate his conduct; and that which is over each is over all. Under our forms, the part of the people which is the most important of all is not in the administration, but in the foundation and direction of the government; they prescribe the purposes towards which it shall generally be directed, but the execution of them they are obliged to confide, and have confided, to appointed hands. The history of the Mexican war, the acquisition of California, and subsequent events, all of which took place without consulting the people, or an opportunity for them to form or express an opinion, ought to satisfy all men that we have a government, and that, if necessary, it can stand alone.

Monarchical governments generally claim to exercise their authority by divine appointment. In abrogating this form, it was natural that we should extend our revolt against the principle in which it pretends to have its origin, and which it uses as an instrument of its support. Making the people the starting-point and foundation of government, we have had no occasion, in our theories against monarchy, to make the distinction between the action of the people in establishing the government, and the action of the government after it is established. In the question between us, the matter is sufficiently put in issue upon either point. But for our own part, we are unwilling to grant the advocates of other forms of government even a claim of advantage derived from any such difference in either their origin or their operation. If any constitution of society is of divine authority, ours is; for it reveals the unity of human convictions, which is, at any rate, the divinity of politics. Those instincts and sentiments which form society and are the basis of government, and which exist in every human being, are the only vehicle for divine manifestations upon such things; and according as they are concentrated, divinity is with them. Politics is an experimental science, and the best government is therefore the most

sacred. According to our view, there is no foundation for an argument in favor of other forms of government, growing out of the necessity or the existence of an authority above the people; for, in reality and in theory, it exists in one case as well as in the other.

The spirit of this tendency of our politics, which we have spoken of as existing in some quarters, would be to make every one an office-holder and partner in the administration of the government. The idea held out is, that, in that case, each would be in a situation to take the best care of his own interest, which would be consistent with providing for the interest of all. Since the officers of the government, and the government itself, promote the general interest, they are a species of property in which the people have invested, and of which they ought to divide the emoluments. If there is any profit in the business, why not share it among all concerned? Now, in our opinion, offices are not, and cannot be made, property in the hands of the people, or of any portion of them. Property is a possession, something subjected, belonging to one, for which he is accountable to no other. So far as it is to be accounted for, it is not property, but a trust. Such are offices; sometimes an honor, sometimes a duty, always a trust. Nobody has an absolute right to get a living by governing others, nor has anybody such a right to confer. And nobody can get a living by governing themselves, neither the people nor anybody else. They receive their share of the emoluments of office, in the benefits which the discharge of its duties produces; if the office does not produce them, it ought not to exist. In the matter of government, there are certain things to be done; the people require that they should be done efficiently and cheaply, and that certain other things should not be done. They appoint some to do the things which they desire to have done, and they retain in their own hands the security against the perpetration of such as they wish to avoid. They do not require to do any thing themselves. They have provided against it. They have taken care that the bounds of each separate authority, each office, shall be accurately defined, and that they shall not be outstepped. Does any one suppose that a government formed upon the

plan of a universal partnership could answer the purpose, or would exist for a single day? Such a government would be a sentence of barbarism. Society could not make a step in advance under such a constitution. What is everybody's business is nobody's; and the nearer it comes to being anybody's business, the less is the chance of its being well done. And whatever the share assigned by the theory of the constitution to the people, government is not here, more than elsewhere, a mere matter of convention and agreement; but it has deep foundations in reality and necessity. Special education and experience, talent, energy, and decision, and natural superiority take up the business of government, and sustain it; and whoever desires it, it is impossible to dislodge them from their post. But the people love to avail themselves of such qualities, for this is the natural order of things. But their own life is elsewhere. Governing each other is a very small part of the business of mankind upon earth. We have all of us objects far dearer to our hearts; and political liberty is valuable only as the means of accomplishing other things in the existence of individuals and nations — their moral elevation, the spread of civilization, the diffusion of comfort and content, and the maintenance of national honor. To obtain such results, perhaps no amount of political labor is too great; but when it is dignified by no such objects, and sweetened by no such enjoyments, it is hard to find a way of life more hollow and unprofitable than political excitement. It is emphatically a barren sceptre, and its apples are of ashes; no heart is so cold, no mind so insensible to all that adorns and beautifies human nature and human life, as his who runs after the embraces of this cloudy goddess. Whenever the political element is developed to such an excess in a nation as to absorb its whole disposable activity, instead of being a blessing, it becomes an intolerable burden. The nation no longer makes any advances in those things which the consciousness of each individual declares are only truly desirable, and life among them loses not only its happiness, but its strength. Where there is nothing worth having, there is nothing worth laboring or fighting for. Such a people is not only preparing itself to fall under a master, but it invariably welcomes the hand

which relieves it of the unnatural labor of governing itself. There are countries, at this moment, in Europe, so exhausted with the conflict of parties, so weary of political warfare, as to be equally incapable of forming a solid government, or of resisting the first faction that catches the reins of power. But whatever attention politics have attracted among us, we are far from such a state. Indeed, the real life of this people is as much apart from the affairs of the government as that of any people under heaven. In no other country is there such an exuberance of animation in all other departments of thought and activity, away from official encouragement or control. It is not the government which has made our roads, our mills, our cities — which has felled the forest and extended the area of civilization, whatever it may have done for that of freedom. These things are the results of the spirit and energy of the people, and they are what really occupy their hearts. No doubt, this unexampled activity has been stimulated by our political institutions; but it is because politics have been kept in their place. They have been, and are, for the great body of the nation, an instrument and not an object, and are used as means to an end. The separation is carried so far, that our great men of business, the characteristic production and personification of the American system of culture and society, are in the habit of looking down upon politics and its concerns as beneath their attention, and scornfully abandon them to an inferior order of men. We are sorry for it; for if, in consequence of this abandonment, the political direction should ever be brought into conflict with our industrial interests, we should be in a situation like that of France before the late events which brought on an imperial constitution.

If there is a class in the community whose interests, and whose alone, are promoted by the dissemination of the idea that the people and the government are the same thing, there can be no great risk in charging it upon them; particularly if they are powerful enough to put it in vogue, and if their influence is known to be excited in this general direction. There is such a class — the class of *candidates* for office — a class both numerous and powerful. Forced to carry on an

incessant warfare against enemies above and below, the instinct of discipline has drilled them into order and prescribed for them a plan of operations. For the interests of the *holders* of office are not their interests, and as for those of the people, they enter not into their counsel. The offices are few, but candidates many. Some ability, some merit, or at least good luck, are necessary to obtain office; but candidatures are open to everybody. Great are the labors of canvassing, and greater the uncertainty of success. In such circumstances, it is according to the best mercantile principles and practice to contrive some way to equalize the gains for the sake of escaping the losses. Good business men insure; cunning gamblers hedge their bets; few of us put trust enough in fortune to risk our all upon the hazard of a single die. Acting in the spirit of these sound calculations, the joint-stock company of office-seekers has gone into operation, whose object is, by shortening the terms of office, by making those who have held office practically ineligible for a second term, and establishing a course of succession by turns, to multiply the chances of success and reduce those of failure for each member. It is true, the success is not so great when it comes; but it is sure to come in time. A small certainty is obtained in place of a great possibility; and those are the safest lotteries which offer the most prizes. Besides, the calculations do not extend to the highest places in politics; to hold these requires different stuff from what office-seekers are made of. The situation is too airy, too hard for them to climb to or to keep. The storms and whirlwinds of passion which play about those elevated regions are not precisely to their taste or their capacity. Some quiet, sheltered nook, or fruitful spot, is the mark of their aim and the summit of their low ambition. And not even the fear of disturbing the security of their own places can prevent them from pursuing their object with all the means which cunning can lend to selfishness. Being naturally shortsighted, they never imagine that he who is strong enough to get, may find himself unable to keep; and for all the rest of the world, it is only

> "Sport to have the engineer
> Hoist with his own petar."

It is not the fashion to be sparing of epithets when office-seekers are in question. On all hands, they are called a hungry, impudent, conscienceless set. We scorn them, we abuse them, we laugh at them, but we let them carry their point, and elect them. The only way we know of to have good government, is to resist and prevent bad; and if the people do not do it, there is nobody else who can. The natural tendency of power is to corruption, and the people are the only remedy. That is their business. According to the provisions of our constitutions, they have the entire revision and ultimate control of the government; and if they neglect their part, who is to supply the omission? We have no doubt that the office-seekers have as good a right to rule as any other privileged class, and that power is as respectable in their hands as in those of a more magnificent aristocracy. If the people of this country are so benumbed and powerless as to submit to their ascendency, — if these are really the steel-clad barons of this age, whom we cannot resist, and the character developed among them is the one fitted to obtain authority over us, we may expect to fall into tutelage, and we ought to know it.

We do not wish to exaggerate the extent of this influence; we are well aware that there are depths of impulse and instinctive forms in the great parties in our country, which are not to be reached by the earth-born spirit of sordid interest. But it is matter of common consent that it has usurped a control over the machinery of party and the manufacture of public opinion. It is powerful enough to make its action everywhere felt, and its voice is the first, the loudest, and the last to be heard. There is a jugglery by which it is able to persuade the people, that, to turn one person out of office simply for the sake of putting in another — a course of action of which they reap the whole advantage — is taking their rightful share in the government, and such an awful apparition of sovereign power as cannot fail to frighten their executive servants into propriety. And whatever produces an impression on the public mind is already an element in the government; for even the laws and constitution are nothing more than a public understanding. Written laws are a

record of the state of parties and opinion at the time when they were made; however faithful and just, they cast no spell over the encroachments of time and the laws of political gravitation. The real constitution of a free country is continually changing under the hand of parties formed upon the questions in which its life is concentrated, and whose solution determines its character and progress. Dead forms of government will not long resist the living spirit of the parties into whose power it falls to administer them; and to correct the spirit of parties, it is necessary to arouse these feelings in the bosom of the people against which its predominant influence is arrayed, and which it has already lulled to sleep. They are the original sources of that virtue, which, according to Montesquieu, is the condition of republican constitutions, and the parties are the conduits by which it is conducted to the gushing fountain of government. Office-seeking represents, in public affairs, a sphere into which ought not to be allowed to enter that pursuit of private interest which has been fostered among us by the circumstances of a new country, and which, among private citizens, is justifiable and conducive to the public good. But the best system for the management of our own concerns, where the object is our own advantage, is not applicable to affairs of honor and trust, when we are called to look after the interests of others. Although the evil is already great, we do not despair; for if it were ten times greater, we know that there is a principle in the human heart which, once brought into exercise, is able to overthrow it.

Good government is not to be expected unless it is established on good principles. The principle on which this system relies, and the only one it admits, and which, we are sorry to say, is the only one not often appealed to in our current political philosophies, is that of fear, disguised under the name of responsibility. But responsibility is a virtue in governments which fails exactly when there is most need of it; it punishes the peccadilloes of weakness, but is only an empty sound when directed against the abuses of power. Besides, although extremely useful among the minor motives, it is incompetent to awaken profound emotions or ideas, or to excite those great resolutions or actions, on which the fate of nations

sometimes depends, and whose effect endures for ages. Excellent as a regulator, it is good for nothing as a motive power. It suffices for the routine of administration, and for dependent minds.

But what we require is a principle to be present with the greatest characters, in the moment of high resolve, to enkindle all their faculties, to animate them to lay out all their strength for the common good, and, descending from them, to propel the whole machinery of government. Such a principle is the principle of *honor*. It coöperates with all minor safeguards; and, continuing its influence beyond the point where they cease to operate on the will, it is equal to all the exigencies of good government. The essence of government is a distinction between men; some govern and some are governed. The attribute of government is by nature an *honorable* distinction. To the meanest of men is given a power over the most exalted, which may be quickened into the supreme motive, because, in giving or withholding his approval or applause, he gives or withholds one of the keenest sensations of which we are capable. With a fair field of display, the love of honor is at the same time the strongest in the individual, and the most universal with the mass, of human motives. No demand is too great for its resources, particularly when it appears on the public stage of government. It can make the extremest effort the rule, and the greatest sacrifices courted. Properly touched, it is the only chord that ever need be touched in order to build up the strongest of all governments — that in which the numbers are impelled to their duty by the strongest incentive. The danger is not the lack, but the excess, of strength in its operation; the point of honor is always unmanageable. Associated with any employment, men will always be found to spend or lose their lives, and every thing that is dear to them, in its pursuit. For its sake, armies are proud of slavery, and hunt after death in a thousand forms. The elevation it inspires, raising those who are possessed with the sentiment above the ordinary level of humanity, is the chief cause which gathers power into the hands of the few; and no government can exist if it has against it the full strength of a sentiment which has overturned, and can over-

turn, all opposition. We have only to enlist it in the service of a government whose object is not the supremacy of a class, but the good of the whole, and the problem of politics is solved. A government is formed which can be no further perfected.

It is useless to say that this is not the highest class of motives which can be applied to the conduct of public affairs, or which mankind can be brought to. The highest motives of our nature do not belong to politics, but to morals and religion. We now speak of the motives which have their particular place in government, and which make men active and self-denying in the things of this world. It is necessary that government should be powerful, and honor is a principal element of power. And when provision is made for the maintenance of honor, all the other blessings of government flow naturally forth from this reservoir. Wherever there are gradations of rank, if promotion is to be had by merit, merit will be sure to be forthcoming. But wherever the process is inverted, and men attempt to found government upon merit in the first place — upon what ought to be, instead of upon what is, upon motives inaccessible to those who are to be acted on by them — the phantom is soon displaced by reality.

It is unnecessary to show that the system we have been commenting on is at variance with the principles of honor. They are different in their origin, their operation, their objects and results. The rise of one is the destruction of the other. Now the love of honor, although capable of becoming the most imperious passion of the soul, is also the most sensitive and delicate, and requires the most tender treatment. The fairest opportunities are necessary for its healthy development, and its noble returns are obtained only at the price of continual encouragement. We are arrived at such a pass that there is no danger of exciting too keen a rivalry of honor, or of applying too powerful a stimulant to our dormant sensibilities. On the contrary, we need to avail ourselves of every resource within our reach to revive that antique spirit which once flourished among us, and shone in the front of our government. Since it is the studied purpose of the policy which we have to contend with, to abuse and degrade these

sentiments in regard to the distribution of public office, we ought to make office a point of honor. And the first thing to be done, to take the office-seeking interest out of the control of the great parties, is to restore universal eligibility to office, and to take efficient care that the liberty which we possess in theory is not lost to us in fact.

It makes no real difference whether the exclusion of a particular class is written in the laws, or impressed upon the ideas and habits of the people; it equally proscribes those against whom it is levelled, and is equally profitable to those who supplant them. Republican equality before the law is flagrantly violated in either case, when both a privileged and an incapable class are created in the name of the people. The offices of government might as well be distributed by lot; they are really so distributed when apportioned according to the favorite rotation of second-rate politicians, to one locality after another, to each person in turn, generally preferring the location to the man, and the fact of success at any time disqualifying the recipient for its continuance. All idea of merit or honor is banished from such an arrangement; and the rapid depreciation of our politics, under its influence, painfully shows that those who possess the one, or are influenced by the other, have been in haste to follow. But, whether in office or out of office, the people have a right to the advantage of the highest attainable capacity; and there cannot be a doubt that the greatest capacity is attracted into office when the most unlimited competition makes its attainment the highest honor. 'The course open to talent' was the motto under which Napoleon called forth his prodigies. The most astonishing results, in the moral elevation of the French armies, followed the opening of the higher grades for the admission of soldiers from the ranks. The standard of performance is instantly raised as soon as emulation is awakened, and as far as it extends. To hold office by prescription, after it has ceased to be maintained by desert, is evidently contrary to the public interests; but to place one in a worse position for holding office, on account of having once performed its duties, is not only contrary to republican principle, but a wound upon the idea of justice and the sense of honor. Notwithstanding the reproach of ingratitude, addressed to po-

pular governments, the noblest spirits love to trust them and throw themselves into their service. There is no comparison between the honors which flow from royal favor and those which are the gift of a free people, in respect either to the avidity with which they are sought, or the value and extent of the services with which they are gladly purchased. Nothing is wanted to make office attractive, and even more honorable among us, but the liberty of untrammelled appeal to the popular heart, by which conscious greatness trusts to make itself felt, and by whose decision even patriotism is willing to abide. Even for those who obtain the prizes of public life, the flatteries and illusions of hope are as necessary as for their less fortunate competitors; for the disappointments of power are no match for the allurements of ambition.

But however confident and aspiring the pride of individual merit, it withers and retires, as things are now, before the power of organization, even though it is only organized mediocrity. There must be something peculiarly fatal in a system which is throwing the best talent of the country away from the service of the government at a moment when the nation is so rapidly expanding, and the most magnificent field of action in the world is opening before it. Nothing can be so dangerous to the integrity and security of our institutions as to separate the sentiments of the people — that love, honor, and reverence which they cannot help feeling for great personal endowments — from the administration of the government; and this has been done in many respects besides the one we have been commenting on. It is impossible that so artificial and unnatural a system should endure — we certainly think it is not desirable that it should. Character and capacity are not mere illusions; they are a power created by nature herself, whose hold upon the human heart is not to be thrown off by arrangements purely conventional. If deprived of their natural place in government, they will find a sphere of action elsewhere. They have already found one in party. Although it has become almost certain, that those who direct the policy of the great parties of the country are to have no immediate part in carrying out their own designs, the posts of command in them are objects of a far more generous and intense ambi-

tion than those inferior places in the service of government, whose occupants are paid for the sweat of their brow. For the power of the parties, and the relative situation of the members, are founded upon the imagination and the feelings; and the contest in their behalf admits a wider scope of agencies to be brought into play, and under no other limitations than those which each individual genius lays down for itself as being the fittest for its ends. Such a contest is attractive for the nobler class of minds; and they feel no disappointment when, after the summit of their hope is reached, they find it has to be defended by unflagging effort and attention; for it thus becomes an indisputable proof of supremacy, and is the reality of that dominion over human thought, which is the last possible aim of ambition, and of which government itself is only the external emblem. It is true that interest is the natural, perhaps the sole, bond of party; but upon the mass in its entirety, it operates blindly and unconsciously. Unless some higher motive of action can be substituted in the individual mind, out of which to draw at least an occasional support, it is never lifted into the region of heroism. Between government and party, when all the great motives are on one side, and all the little ones on the other, there can be no fair comparison or contest. Their functions are not precisely the same; but we hope and believe, that a government may be so constituted and so administered, as to be served with some part of the zeal and devotion which are now spent in the service of party.

Thus far we have been obliged to use our liberty of fault-finding. That our views may present a proper critical balance, we propose to subjoin a short confession of faith. We fully believe that the government of this country is the best government on the face of the earth, by which any large community is held together. We believe that it best provides for the best purposes which government can accomplish, and for which it ought to be instituted; that is to say, to give protection to the people according to the laws and their natural sense of justice, and an opportunity for their moral elevation. We believe that its freedom promotes manliness of character and expansion of intellect in all ranks of society, in the only way

in which these qualities can be encouraged and educated, by constant exercise and comparison. We believe that the manner in which the business of our government is carried on is such as to give a better chance for reason to prevail than under any other. If the discipline of party is sometimes an obstacle, the discipline of an army is worse; if it is sometimes hard to carry a just measure through legislatures, it is harder still to push it through courts. We believe that our government allows the greatest liberty of thought, expression, and action to the individual, together with the greatest facility of combination in the prosecution of matters of public and private concern; that it adapts itself most readily to the changes of time and the necessities of national existence; that it hangs with least weight upon the movements of society, and lends itself most perfectly to the expression of its natural disposition; so that, after having astonished mankind in the first stage of our national career by marvels of labor which it has enabled the people to perform, it is equally fitted, as in Athens and Florence, for the display, hereafter, of equally unexampled magnificence and refinement. At the same time, we believe it is so much the strongest government in the world, that only one, the English, is worthy to be named in comparison; and that is next to it, because it possesses most of the same popular elements of strength. Our government has a method of dealing with traitors and putting down rebellions, which might be the despair of absolute sovereigns, and is as much beyond their reach as their comprehension. It extinguishes them utterly, leaving not even the seed of discontent; while despotism, in spite of armies and police, is never out of danger from thousands of visible and invisible enemies. Compare the disposable forces of this government with that of countries in which one half of the population is employed in keeping down the other half, — which are rent with factions, benumbed with jealousies of rank and caste, and demoralized with hostile pretensions in government, morals, religion, social life, and every subject out of which suffering and injustice can breed madness and despair, — and we shall make out of the immensity of their preparation of fleets and armies, the true signs of weakness rather than of strength. That our institu-

tions are supple and strong enough to endure forever, would be too much to predict; but we are persuaded that such a fate as the future ensures for us has never yet been written or acted out elsewhere; and that, as our existence has been thus far, it is destined to be still more emphatically, a new chapter in the history of mankind.

Art. III.—*The Eclipse of Faith; or, A Visit to a Religious Skeptic.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. xvi. 452.

This book is confessedly the work of Mr. Henry Rogers, a frequent and favorite contributor to the Edinburgh Review. It is a discussion of the Evidences of Christianity, with special reference to the forms and grounds of the skepticism and infidelity of the present day. In our last number, we expressed our conviction that a prominent place among the existing causes of religious unbelief is to be assigned to the overcrowding of the general mind with material interests and pursuits, to such a degree as to render inquiry irksome, and to give a vantage-ground to doubts, and scoffs, and sneers, as assented to with less trouble than it costs to refute them. In this state of things, the writing of a sound book, if dull, would have been of little or no service. Mr. Rogers has wisely made his book attractive and amusing. It is pervaded by a thread of personal narrative; and the skeptic *par eminence;* the hero of the story, — has a history and a character, that enlist the reader's strong sympathy, while the interlocutors are sketched with a bold and skilful pencil. The successive chapters are, for the most part, a series of brisk and earnest conversations, some of them dialogues in the Socratic vein, — others, close and keen discussions, enlivened by brilliant repartee, and by the sharp encounter of wit, banter, and ridicule. But this easy, dashing style, so far from being made the vehicle of superficial or second-hand reasonings, covers thorough analysis, profound thought, weighty argument, and searchingly

solemn appeal. Thus the attempt is made to conciliate classes of readers that would be repelled by the grave aspect of a set treatise on the Christian evidences.

The body of the work is a journal, by F. B., a person of mature Christian belief and experience, in which he records the incidents and conversations of a visit to his nephew Harrington, a young man, who has returned from a three years' residence on the continent of Europe, a professed skeptic as to all religious systems and dogmas. Harrington is, at the same time, visited by a swarm of free-thinkers, of the various schools of Newman, Parker, Gregg, Strauss, *et id omne genus*. Against these, successively, he turns the weapons of his skepticism, and triumphantly vindicates the simple Christianity of the Gospels as beset by fewer difficulties, objections, and doubts, than any of the ostensibly half-way systems that coquette with the name, and reject the essence, of Christianity. In the essays of intellectual gladiatorship into which he is drawn by his misbelieving friends, he gradually changes his own ground. He becomes suspicious of his doubts, skeptical as to his unbelief, weary of negations. He gravitates more and more toward a positive faith in Christ and the Scriptures, as involving the theory, which, of all possible theories, makes the lowest demand upon credulity, accounts for the greatest number of facts and phenomena, and leaves the fewest unaccounted for.

The book is unique in its kind. To compare it with any other, would be to point out not so much specific resemblances as generic differences. Its aim is identical with that of Butler's Analogy, namely, to demonstrate that positive Christianity is the least improbable hypothesis concerning the facts which it covers. But Butler's alternative was between Deism and Christian orthodoxy; Mr. Rogers is between the latter and utter non-belief on the one hand, and various forms of pseudo-Christianity on the other. Butler's work is fitly characterized by that so sadly cockneyized epithet "immortal;" for it is designed to rebut the simple phasis of unbelief, which must perpetually recur until the far-off age of universal faith, and can hardly be of less validity and worth a thousand years

hence than now. "The Eclipse of Faith," on the other hand, must soon be obsolescent; for the modes of misbelief, with which it grapples, are in their very essence ephemeral, are composed of elements that, like some of the metallic bases in chemistry, vanish so soon as they see the light, and are dissolved in the very process of development. Then, too, the contrast in point of style is the widest possible. "The Eclipse of Faith" yields not one whit to the "Analogy" in keen and vigorous logic; but the latter is thoroughly scientific in its form, while the former is vividly dramatic, and barbs its arguments with innuendo, invective, and sarcasm. The "Analogy" marshals the heaviest artillery, and brings all its guns to bear with faultless aim, against a fortress whose defenders must surrender at discretion when they can stand to their arms no longer; the "Eclipse of Faith" wages a guerilla warfare against enemies in ambush, under covert, perpetually on the wing, or hurling missiles from road-side thickets or momentary lurking places.

The air of levity, in the work before us, may offend some of its more staid and solemn readers, especially those who are not familiar with the so-called theological literature of the modern schools of infidelity. But our author might plead, in his justification, the precept of the Hebrew sage, "Answer a fool according to his folly." It is impossible to offset gibes by homilies, jests by formal stately argument, sneers and scoffs by pious saintly apophthegms. The aim, in many quarters, is not to show Christianity to be irrational, but to render it ridiculous. The challenging party have made their choice of weapons. To decline the weapons is to evade the conflict. To accept them is to demonstrate that religion can stand the test of ridicule, as it has for ages sustained that of reasoning. But while Mr. Rogers has enriched the Christian armory with the implements of the least dignified style of warfare, we cannot detect an instance in which he has suffered them to recoil upon the sacred cause in whose behalf he wields them. He preserves inviolate the sanctity of holy things; and there are abundant tokens of his profound personal interest in the doctrines, consolations, and hopes of the Gospel. Indeed, for

ourselves, we have derived from the book deeply serious impressions; and we never should have dreamed of objections to it on that score, had they not been offered more than once in our hearing by persons whose judgment seemed worthy of respect.

It may be alleged against this book, with more plausible show of truth, that it reaches only indirectly the actual source and seat of infidelity, namely, a moral nature alienated from the spirit of Christianity. It may be asked, of what avail is it to convince the intellect, while the heart is spellbound in self-sufficiency, or distracted by the tumultuous rush of secular affairs, or committed to anti-christian maxims as regards all the great practical issues of the life? We feel the full force of this objection; nor do we imagine that mere logomachy can ever christianize a human soul. Yet in numerous instances, the heart is sounder than the head. The spiritual nature often craves a positiveness of conviction, yearns for an assured repose of faith and trust, when the mind has been bewildered by sophistry and deluded by the impostures of pretended erudition. And where mind and heart have strayed together, definite intellectual convictions are an essential prerequisite to the restoration of the emotional nature and the active powers. Pantheism offers the soul no Father, and the moonshiny travesties of Revealed Religion hold forth but vague and faint promise of the openness of his welcome and the bread of his house; yet without full assurance that God is, and is always our Father, whence shall spring the resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father?" There is a twofold work to be done, and it may not unfittingly be performed through separate instrumentalities. Mr. Rogers has not pretended to enter on the department of parenetic theology; but without the basis which he has endeavored to lay for it, its whole apparatus resolves itself into mawkish sentimentality and paltry rhetorical artifice.

We agree with our author in the fundamental idea of his work, namely, that enlightened skepticism, so far from cherishing infidelity, naturally resolves itself into Christian faith, and that the charge of excessive credulity rests emphatically on those who rejoice to term themselves skeptics. Skepti-

cism, strictly speaking, is the attribute of a sound and noble mind. It denotes wariness in the investigation and admission of evidence — the disposition to survey the whole ground before acquiescing in definite convictions. It has its legitimate scope on all subjects beyond the range of mathematical science. It is in pure mathematics alone that we can have positive demonstration. In every other department, belief results from the balancing of opposing argument and testimony, — in fine, from the balancing of probabilities, or rather of improbabilities. A skeptical habit of mind by no means necessitates perpetual doubt or vacillation, but simply assent in every case to the alternative, which is attended with the fewest and the least improbabilities. Every alleged fact is either true or false. Every proposition in morals, economics, and theology is true, or else its converse is true. And skepticism tends to a belief apportioned in each case to the excess of the improbabilities against any given fact or proposition over the improbabilities against its negative or its converse; while credulity disregards this proportion, and believes at haphazard. Infidelity has numbered among its standard-bearers not a few of the most credulous men that ever lived. Voltaire and Rousseau claim a foremost place on this list; for the veriest tyro could detect the incoherency and absurdity of their theories of education and government. The author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" has carried credulity to its climax, in accounting for the order and beauty of the Cosmos by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and in tracing man, with his marvellously wrought body, and his soul of boundless capacities and longings, to a primitive ancestry of ambitious animalcules and aspiring tadpoles. Strauss merits a similar distinction for his theory of the Gospels, the composition of which he makes a more stupendous miracle, a wider departure from the natural and experienced order of events, than the walking upon the sea, the transmutation of water into wine, or the recall of Lazarus from the sepulchre. Very many of the disciples of Newman, Gregg, and Parker are enrolling themselves on the same catalogue of the omniverously credulous; for none are so ready to believe in the latest and most absurd forms of necromancy, in the

ready response of beatified spirits to the incantations of itinerant lecturers and monomaniac maidens, as those whose purged spiritual instincts reluct from the sublime and significant marvels, which affixed the seal of omnipotence to the world-redeeming energy and love of the Saviour. Never have words of Scripture been more literally and amply prophetical than these, (as applied to our own times,) — "Because they received not the love of the truth, ... for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:" — we forbear to finish the quotation.

On the other hand, the Christian camp numbers among its defenders not a few of the most eminent skeptics of modern times. Such was the character of Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, Boyle, Pascal. They had no respect for time-hallowed opinions, as such, and yielded to no merely human authority. They cast ancient systems of mechanics, astronomy, metaphysics, morals, and government, into the crucible of torturing investigation, and unearthed foundations on which the belief of mankind had reposed for centuries. They were all Christians, because they were skeptics. They were not credulous enough to admit the incongruities and absurdities involved in the rejection of Revealed Religion. They were no strangers to the doubts and difficulties in the way of its reception; but found an immeasurably larger array of doubts and difficulties in the way of the opposite hypothesis.

We can best illustrate the legitimate workings of enlightened skepticism by an example; and we will take, for this purpose, the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead — a subject on which it is hardly possible that we should not repeat much that may have been often and better said, yet on which, because it is a common theme of discussion, we can all the more clearly illustrate our proposed line of argument.

In the first place, we admit a strong array of improbabilities in the way of this doctrine. There is the absence of any confirmatory fact within our own or recent observation. There is the destruction of the body by death, and the passage of its material elements into new combinations, undoubtedly, in many instances, into other human bodies. There

is the unanswerable question,—"How are the dead raised, and in what bodies do they come?" There is the intangible, inconceivable nature of the vital principle, which no chemistry can analyze, no philosophy expound.

But, on the other side of the question, we might first allege, that the difference between man and other animals is such as to render his annihilation by death improbable. Other animals evidently do their work and complete their destiny in this world. A summer's life of the insect, two years with the bird, a little longer period for the quadruped of larger growth, has carried him through the whole cycle of his earthly experience, has given him all the knowledge that he will ever attain, has brought his nature to perfection. A dog at two years of age knows as much as at ten. The robin builds her first nest as skilfully, rears her first brood as carefully, as if she had been many times a builder and a mother. Age adds nothing to the resources of bird or beast, whether for shelter, defence, or sustenance. There are no marks of growing wisdom with growing years, no decline of juvenility till enforced by physical decay. Man, on the other hand, improves, or may improve, so long as he lives. His domain of being, thought, intelligence, enlarges; till a late old age, he may go on adding to his treasures of intellectual wisdom; and when the senses and the apprehensive powers become blunted by the decline of the bodily frame, the moral nature may still gain strength, the virtues may be refined and mellowed, the spiritual vision may grow more vivid and penetrating. But on this career, how many fall midway or at the starting point! Humanly speaking, what an immense waste is there of undeveloped capacity, of unused power of progress, of improvable elements that hardly begin to grow! Over how much of promise unfulfilled is the grave continually closing! How incomplete and fragmentary is the condition of man, considered as an earthly being! How much is there, even in the longest and best occupied life, which looks less like living than like laying up materials for living! Especially does this seem the case, when we consider that curiosity grows by what it feeds on, that aspiration is the invariable consequence of attainment, and that, of wisdom and goodness, it is those who have the

most, that most feel the need of more. Here is the point at which the distinction between man and the lower orders of animated being is most sharply drawn. Other animals spend little time in acquiring, acquire only what is to be immediately used, and put whatever they acquire into full and constant use; while acquisition, without reference to immediate or earthly use, seems an innate tendency in man. It is enough for him if his mind and heart are growing richer and better, though of his inward wealth the larger part may be such as he cannot coin into current utilities, such as can in no earthly sense be made manifest or available, so that he seems to be nourishing a hidden life, feeding an under current of being which, in this world, never rises to the surface. Now, what becomes of this under current, — this hidden life, — this noblest portion of man's acquisition and experience? Is it sucked up by the sands, in the desert of his pilgrimage; or does it keep its own separate flow across the river of death, to spring up beyond into immortal life? Is not all this waste, this fruitless attainment, this laying up treasure for the grave, in the highest degree improbable? Has the unbeliever any mode of accounting for it? It was a difficulty strongly felt by many of the philosophers of classic antiquity, who, because there was so much in man that looked not like undressing for the grave, but like making ready for another life, came to the conclusion that he must needs live again. We deem this difficulty incomparably greater than any which rests on the theory of immortality, when the divine omnipotence is taken into the account.

We find equal improbability in the death of the human affections. When we mark the fondness of birds and beasts for their young, and see that, after a few weeks or months, they no longer recognize their own offspring, we perceive that the care of the defenceless is the only and sufficient end of the instinctive love that they cherish. But in man, when dependence ceases, attachment survives and grows stronger. It is the testimony of those who know, that, severe as is the sorrow when little children are called away, those who die in their maturity carry with them a still larger portion of the parent's heart. The affections grow with the growth of cha-

racter, and are never more intense and active than on the near approach of death, when every cherished name of the living and the departed mounts to the lips, and the last strength of dissolving nature is expended in words of love and consolation for those that are to survive. If these affections are to slumber forever in the grave, why are they suffered thus to grow through life and to live in death? We receive their permanence as a pledge of immortality. If not, what else does it mean? how else is it to be accounted for? why this distinguishing attribute of human love in contrast with all else that bears the semblance of love?

All the phenomena of disease and dissolution present insuperable difficulties, unless man be immortal. If that which thinks and loves is part and parcel of the bodily frame, why does it live in undiminished and growing vigor with the mutilation and decay of that frame? How can the tongue, the hand, the foot be palsied, and the mind unimpaired? How can the body waste to the shadow of its former self, and the soul that tenants it seem more luminous and majestic than when its tabernacle was entire and sound? If the soul has not a separate life of its own, how can it be so clear and bright, so self-collected and earnest, so keen of apprehension, so rapid in action, as it often is up to the very moment of dissolution? Why is it that the process which Christians call disembodiment frequently enhances, to an amazing degree, the quantity of mental and spiritual life, so that the feeble grow strong, the timid bold, the slow of tongue eloquent, the lame of counsel wise, the dull of fancy rich in lofty and gorgeous imaginings? These things look not like the death of the soul. If it dies with the body, they are mysterious, incomprehensible, and constitute a most serious difficulty, for which the unbeliever in immortality is bound to give account. They attach an intense improbability to the death of the soul, far greater than can belong, under the government of omnipotence, to its resurrection and renewed life.

There are also grave difficulties, connected with the New Testament, in the way of annihilation at death. That the first Christian preachers of immortality suffered every form of loss, ignominy, and torture, that most of them encountered

an agonizing death as felons, in attestation of what they taught, is an undoubted historical fact. And what they taught was not mere theory, in which they might have been deluded, but events of which they professed to be eye-witnesses. That they knew the person of the living Jesus, and that they were fully aware of his crucifixion, death, and burial, there can be no question; and equally little, that they professed to have seen the same Jesus alive again, to have examined the wound-marks of the nails and the spear, to have had repeated and familiar interviews with him, and to have witnessed his ascent to heaven from the last of those interviews. It is equally certain that they professed to have known persons, whom his word or touch recalled alive from the death-bed, the bier, and the sepulchre, and that they connected with these narratives, and reported, as attested by them, the confident assurance of the same Jesus that all men should live after death and forever. That they told these things, that they knew whether they were true, there can be no doubt. They were not facts that admitted of being falsely imposed upon their credence. Delusion is out of the question; for they said that they not only saw Lazarus come out of the tomb, but were at table with him afterwards — that they not only met Jesus near his sepulchre, in the dim morning twilight, but talked with him, walked with him, eat with him. If they knew these things to be false, and yet suffered and died in attestation of them, their conduct presents a series of miracles far more stupendous than those which they asserted to have been wrought by the omnipotence of God. Their imposture stands alone in the history of humanity, as its most improbable and unaccountable chapter; and the unbeliever in immortality is bound to suggest some rational method of accounting for it, before he lays any stress on the improbability of a life beyond the grave.

Now, in view of these multiplied improbabilities, the inconceivableness of the *mode* in which life is to be renewed after the dissolution of the body constitutes no valid objection. All the processes of creation and of life are similarly obscure as to their theory and mechanism. Birth is as mysterious as immortality — the formation of the visible world as the organ-

ization of the spiritual universe. But in what is patent to our observation, we see power adequate to the production of any imaginable result, wisdom inexhaustibly fertile in the adaptation of means to ends, love unbounded and unwearied in the diffusion of gladness and happiness, — power, wisdom, and love, amply competent to detach the vital principle from its present tenement, to keep it unscathed by the touch of death, unchilled by the damps of the grave, and to clothe it again in whatever form may best suit its renewed life in another realm of being. God is the word that makes all things possible. With omnipotence outrayed in the whole creation, why need we question what can be, or how? Except through our annual experience of nature, it would seem impossible that the decomposed seed-corn should reappear in the harvest sheaf, and that the verdure that once passes from field and forest should ever clothe it again. We know not how; but God gives the seed its resurrection body, he renews the face of the year, he wakes the slumbering germs of grass and flowers from their winter's grave. Then, "why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?"

Our author, in the person of F. B., virtually carries his skeptical hero over the ground which we have thus surveyed, and brings out his skepticism as an antagonist force to his religious unbelief. But through the greater part of the volume, Harrington is balancing improbabilities between Christianity and the most recent forms of pseudo-Christianity, and renders it manifest that all the latter demand more of the skeptic than the former, so that he who would escape the charge of excessive credulity, can find no resting place between the utter denial of all religion and the assent to a positive revelation miraculously attested and transmitted through authentic scriptures. He first assails the Newman and Parker school. One salient error of the speculators of this school is, that they mistake the spontaneous consent of the human mind to the leading truths of Christianity for the native power to discover those truths. The doctrines of the divine paternity, human brotherhood, immortality, and a righteous retribution, as also the ethical code of the New Testament, commend themselves to the intuitive reason and the moral taste

of cultivated and virtuous men of the nineteenth century, who have derived their descent through a long line of Christian ancestry. Therefore (and there is no middle term to bridge over the logical hiatus) these doctrines and precepts are not dependent on communication or tradition, but form a part of the mental and moral heritage given to every human soul by its Creator, and it is competent for any and every pure and truth-loving mind to arrive at them by the unaided action of its own powers. The following would be a strictly parallel inference. The last results of modern science command the assent of every man of ordinary intelligence; and the arts which contribute to the comfort and ornament of life are admirably adapted to the needs and the progress of society. Therefore it is within the power of any mind, that will put its faculties into vigorous exercise, to frame for itself the scientific systems, and to work out for itself the mechanical and economical improvements, which it has cost the labor of centuries to bring to perfection. Did not this reasoning refute itself, it has its ample refutation in one simple historical fact. Man had existed complete in all his capacities for some thousands of years before Christ, and yet had made only the feeblest approximations to the religious and ethical doctrines of the Gospel. It is impossible to trace any process of ante-Christian development. The age immediately preceding the Christian era gave not the faintest promise of it, unless it be that the darkest hour of night is the hour before day-dawn. Researches into rabbinical literature, so far from revealing the sources of Christianity, only convince us that, if its Founder were illiterate, he stood nearer the fountain of truth than if he had been imbued with the best Jewish literature of his age. Most aptly is the Messiah termed by the prophet "a root out of a dry ground."

Another sophistry of this school is in the use which they make of the term "absolute religion." It is announced as a marvellous discovery, that "Christianity is as old as the creation." In a most important sense we believe this, else we should not be Christians. The fundamental principles of the Gospel are not contingent, but absolute truth. They did not begin to be true at any epoch of time, but are coeternal with

the Almighty. Christ did not help to make them true; but they would have been equally true, had he never lived. We can trace back the workings of these principles in the entire history of paganism, and can assure ourselves that the whole administration of human affairs has been guided and governed by them. The true question is, not whether Christianity was old or new when promulgated by him whose name it bears, but whether the discovery of its truths was made to man at a definite epoch and through supernatural agency. The law of gravitation presided when the universe emerged from chaos, and its workings had been before the eyes of men from Adam downward, yet was undiscovered until Newton detected, analyzed, and proclaimed it; and the plea against the claims of Christ on the score of the "absoluteness" of his doctrines, is just as rational as would be the denial of Newton's title to be regarded as the discoverer of universal gravitation, on the ground that it is a fundamental law of the material creation. In the use of the word "revelation," we imply the prior and independent validity of the truths revealed; for *revelation* means unveiling, uncovering, bringing to light what previously existed, not the creation or origination of new truth.

The alleged impossibility of revelation, except to the soul of each individual, is a prominent point in the teaching of the writers under discussion; and it is their special aim to pour contempt on the very idea of a book-revelation. Yet their own conduct is an explicit denial of this postulate. They profess to have received from the Almighty superior measures of light on the great themes of religion and morality; and with the most zealous propagandism they are endeavoring to diffuse the light that is in them — to transmit the revelation that has been made to them, and they depend for their success on imparting to other minds alleged truths which God has not revealed directly to those other minds. They reveal to the world, in ponderous volumes, the impossibility of a book revelation. Their assumption, in plain terms, as comprehensively stated by Mr. Rogers, is, — "That may be possible with man, which is impossible with God." We quote the following passage from the argument on this head. Harrington is talking with Fellowes, a devotee of Newman and Parker.

"It appears, then, that to *you*, at least, my friend, it is possible that there may be a book-revelation of 'moral and spiritual truth' of the highest possible significance and value, although you do not consider the book to be *divine;* now, if so, I fancy many will be again inclined to say, that what Mr. Newman has done in your case God might easily do, if he pleased, for mankind in general; and with this advantage, that He would *not* include in the same book which revealed truth to the mind and rectified its errors, an assurance that *any* such book-revelation was impossible."

"But, my ingenious friend," cried Fellowes, with some warmth, "you are inferring a little too fast for the premises. I do not admit that Mr. Newman or any other spiritualist has revealed to me any truth, but only that he has been the instrument of giving shape and distinct consciousness to what was, in fact, uttered in the secret oracles of my own bosom before; and, as I believe, is uttered also in the hearts of all other men."

"I fear your distinction is practically without a difference. It will certainly not avail us. You say you were once in no distinct conscious possession of that system of spiritual truth which you now hold; on the contrary, that you believed a very different system; that the change by which you were brought into your present condition of mind — out of darkness into light — out of error into truth — has been produced chiefly by Mr. Newman's deeply instructive volumes. If so, one will be apt to argue that a book-revelation may be of the very utmost use and benefit to mankind in general, — if only by making that which would else be the inarticulate mutter of the internal oracle distinct and clear; and that if God would but give such a book, the same value at least might attach to it as to a book of Mr. Newman's. It matters little to this argument, — to the question of the possibility, value, or utility of an external revelation, — whether the truths it is to communicate be absolutely unknown till it reveals them, or only *not known*, which you confess was your own case. If your natural taper of illumination is stuck into a dark lantern, and its light only can flash upon the soul when some Mr. Newman kindly lifts up the slide for you; or if your internal oracle, like a ghost, will not speak till it is spoken to; or, like a dumb demon, awaits to find a voice, and confess itself to be what it is, at the summons of an exorcist; — the same argument precisely will apply for the possibility and utility of a book-revelation from God to men in general. What has been done for you by man, even though no more were done, might, one would imagine, be done for the rest of mankind, and in a much better manner, by God. If that internal and native revelation which both you and Mr. Newman say

has its seat in the human soul, be clear without his aid, why did he write a syllable about it? If, as you say, its utterances were not recognized, and that his statements have first made them familiar to you, the same argument (the Christian will say) will do for the Bible. It is of little use that nature teaches you, if Mr. Newman is to teach nature."

Fellowes was silent; and, after a pause, Harrington resumed; he could not resist the temptation of saying, with playful malice, —

"Perhaps you are in doubt whether to say that the internal revelation which you possess does teach you clearly or darkly. It is a pity that nature so teaches as to leave you in doubt till some one else teaches you what she *does* teach you. She must be like some ladies, who keep school indeed, but have accomplished masters to teach every thing. Shall we call Mr. Newman the Professor of 'Spiritual Insight?' Would it not be advisable, if you are in any uncertainty, to write to him to ask whether the internal truths which *no* external revelation can impart be articulate or not; or whether, though a book from God could not make them plainer, you are at liberty to say that a book of Mr. Newman's will? It is undoubtedly a subtle question for him to decide for you; namely, what is the condition of your own consciousness? But I really see no help for it, after what you have granted; nor, without his aid, do I see whether you can truly affirm that you have an internal revelation, independently of *him* or not. And whichever way he decides, I am afraid lest he should prove both himself and you very much in the wrong. If he decides for you, that your internal revelation must and did anticipate any thing he might write, and that it was perfectly articulate, as well as inarticulately present to your 'insight' *before*, it will be difficult to determine why he should have written at all; he would also prove, not only how superfluous is your gratitude, but that *he* understands your own consciousness better than you do. If he decides it the other way, and says you had a 'revelation' before he revealed it, yet that he made it utter articulate language, and interpreted its hieroglyphics, — then it once more seems very strange that either you or he should contend that a 'book-revelation' is impossible, since Mr. Newman has produced it. If, however, he decides in the first of these two ways, I fear, my good friend, that we shall fall into another paradox worse than all, for it will prove that the 'internal revelation' which *you* possess is better known to Mr. Newman than to *yourself*, which will be a perfectly worthy conclusion of all this *embarras*. It would be surely droll for you to affirm that you possess an internal revelation which renders all 'external revelation' impossible, but yet that its distinctness is unperceived by yourself, and

awaits the assurance of an external authority, which at the same time declares all 'external revelation' impossible!" p. 85 – 88.

But the ultimate postulate, on which this whole system of unbelief rests, is the intrinsic impossibility of miracles; and on this point the writers under discussion have adopted a style of reasoning, in which success and defeat are equally fatal. They have been themselves busy in a desperate attempt to actualize the resurrection of the dead, by resuscitating Hume's defunct argument from experience. Had they succeeded, they would have established beyond cavil the possibility of miracles; in their failure, they have left the field of controversy *in statu ante bellum*. There cannot be a more utterly baseless assumption, than that the uniformity of the course of nature is a fundamental law of human belief. The contrary is so notoriously the case, that the instances in which belief is thus limited are, even in this skeptical age, less numerous than those of congenital malformation or of idiocy, while, during many periods of the world's history, they have been too sparse to leave of themselves either memorial or record. We might, with immeasurably greater plausibility, assert, that appetency for the abnormal is an element of human nature, and that the sporadic exceptions to this law are defective specimens of their race. We are prepared to maintain this position, not merely in antagonism to its converse, but as in accordance at once with intrinsic probability and with fact. If the Creator does at certain epochs supersede the common course of nature, it is impossible that He should not have adapted man's cognitive faculties to the belief of the supernatural; and on the other hand, the prevalent belief of, nay, demand for, the supernatural, renders it in the highest degree probable that this belief has its stable ground, this demand its accredited supply. Nor does the multitude of confessedly false reports of miracles interfere with this consideration, except to strengthen it. If miracles not only have never taken place, but are intrinsically incredible, how is it that the traditions of all nations bristle with them? Counterfeits presuppose a genuine paradigm. The eleven *ancilia* are forged after the pattern of the one that fell from heaven. Fiction takes its rise from verisimilitude, and obtains currency by not utterly violating the analogy of fact.

Yet farther, the limitation of human belief by the existing course of nature implies more than the incredibility of miracles. There can be no metaphysical barrier to the belief in miracles, which does not equally negative the belief in the creation of the universe and in the commencement of its present order. It is as conceivable, as possible, with competent evidence as probable, that there may have been events beyond the cycle of present experience eighteen hundred, as eighteen thousand, years ago. But geology demonstrates that the order of nature in the earlier epochs was very different from its present order. It indicates violent catastrophes, the irruption of new trains of causes and new sequences of events, the entrance of new orders of beings upon the stage of animated existence. It bears manifold testimony to the occurrence of miracles at successive geological periods, — that is, to the occurrence of phenomena which were inconsistent with all previous experience, and to the prevalence of phenomena which were equally inconsistent with all subsequent experience. The argument from uniform experience can therefore be successful only with the unscientific mind, and it would be well for those who urge it to join the author of the "Vestiges," in appealing from the judgment of men of science to that of the unenlightened mass.

The most that can be urged on this head is an *a priori* improbability against any specific miraculous narrative. But this may be met by a stronger opposing improbability. Human testimony is a fact, which has a definite weight, according to the intelligence, interest, veracity, persistency, and multitude of witnesses. A single interested, uncorroborated witness is of no avail against current experience. But that several witnesses, honest and competent, and with their interest in the opposite scale, should combine in the promulgation of false reports, is an improbability of the highest order. There is no hypothesis which can account for such a phenomenon. The argument from experience bears, with unmitigated force, against it. The truth of their report under such circumstances becomes less probable than its falsehood.

Nor can it be affirmed that miracles are inconsistent with our actual experience. We have ample experience of an order of nature adapted to our present condition and needs by

infinite power, wisdom, and love. The boundlessness of the divine resources is the one salient fact in the administration under which we live. Folly, malignity, and self-contradiction are the only conceivable forms of impossibility under the government of God. Have there been exigencies, which demanded events inconsistent with the ordinary course of nature? Such exigencies appear on the face of the Christian record. Humanity was in intense need of spiritual knowledge and guidance, of truths marked by the divine signet, of precepts promulgated under the divine sanction; and our experience authorizes the belief that, under such exigences, this signet would have been affixed, this sanction given.

Among the interlocutors in this book, is one who maintains that the New Testament contains a revelation, but contains it with a large admixture of alloy, and that it is left for the individual inquirer to separate the precious grains from the crude ore, the divine from the human element, and thus to construct from the Christianity of the Apostles a Christianity of his own. It is justly agued, that such a revelation is a revelation not in fact, but in name. No book in the world is so wretchedly adapted to this theory as the New Testament. The Gospels contain absolutely no reasoning, and the reasoning of the Epistles is with reference, not to the principles of theology and ethics, but to their application to certain postures of circumstances that existed in the primitive church, and may never exist again. As regards the articles of Christian belief, the didactic form is constantly maintained, and the validity of what is thus communicated depends wholly on the knowledge of the authors and on their right to be believed. Then, too, the New Testament relates, in great part, to subjects beyond our independent cognizance — to subjects on which we have not at our command the premises requisite for argument. This is especially the case with reference to the future life, concerning which we know absolutely nothing — are entirely unprovided with a test, by which we can separate the actual truth from the groundless surmises and gratuitous inferences of the sacred writers. The case is the same, also, with many features of the divine character and administration, which we could determine for ourselves only by changing

places with the Deity. Our diversities of moral disposition and character place the ethics of the New Testament in the same category. Our moral institutions (so called) are a motley mixture of conscience, prejudice, and passion; they are the aggregate of our existing characters. They determine the right or the unlawfulness of resentment, the limits of forbearance and benevolence, the conflicting claims of the animal and the spiritual nature, not by an unvarying standard, but by the stage of moral progress at which we are for the time being. If left to shape our own religion from the materials before us in the New Testament, we must needs except those doctrines which coincide with our preconceived opinions, those precepts which accord with our previous standard, and shall lay all that transcends this measure to the account of Oriental exaggeration, or of the peculiar stress of that primitive age. Christianity will thus be a variable quantity, and the term Christian so utterly indeterminate, that self-complacency and a well-drugged conscience would be sufficient to entitle the wildest day-dreamer or the most abandoned sinner to appropriate it. Under this theory, progress is impossible; for, by its very terms, the religion of the New Testament must be pared down to the standard of the individual, instead of the individual's raising himself to the standard of the Gospel. This condition of things is admirably delineated by Harrington in the following paragraph.

"The miracles, then, and other evidence, not only play the part of equally supporting truth and falsehood, but what is still more wonderful, convert the same things, in *different* men, into truth and falsehood alternately. Miracles they must verily be if they can do *that!* A wonderful revelation it certainly is, which thus accommodates itself to the varying conditions of the human intellect and conscience, and demonstrates just so much as each of you is pleased to accept, and no more. No doubt the whole 'corpus dogmatum,' so supported, will, by the entire body of such believers, be eaten up; just as was the Mahometan hog, so humorously referred to by Cowper; but even that had not all its 'forbidden parts' miraculously shown to be 'unforbidden' to different minds! I do not wonder that such a revelation should *need* miracles; that any should be *sufficient*, is the greatest wonder of all; if indeed we except two;—the first, that Supreme *Wisdom* should

have constructed such a curious revelation, in which he has revealed alternately, to different people, truth and falsehood, and has established each on the very same evidence; and the second (almost as great) that any rational creature should be got to receive such a revelation on such evidence as equally applies to points which he says it does *not* prove, and to points which he says it *does;* these points, however, being, it appears, totally different in different men!" p. 400.

Without the element of authority, we have no revelation; and the more ample the crude materials for the construction of our religious fabrics, the greater is our liability to essential error in selecting and arranging them. The question of the authority of the Scriptures takes precedence (and by a long interval) of that of the degree and mode in which the sacred writers were supernaturally inspired. Whether they were, by their personal intercourse with Jesus Christ, so placed in the very focus of spiritual light, that with no more than the ordinary exercise of their faculties, they could be his reliable biographers and reporters; whether their inspiration was a general illumination and elevation of their inward being, or whether they were specially endowed with reference to the books which they severally contributed to the sacred canon, it may be impossible for us to determine; and, even had we the precise formula for inspiration, our conceptions of the spiritual experience of the evangelists and apostles must at best be utterly inadequate. It is of no immediate practical concern for us to know how the Scriptures were written, while we do need and crave to know what they are to us, whether merely suggestive or of plenary authority. Now it is self-evident that, if the Christian revelation were designed for the perpetual benefit of the race, and not for the enlightenment of a single generation, there must have been some reliable mode provided for the transmission of its teachings and requirements. If it is incumbent on us to be Christians, it is no less essential to us than it was to the apostles, to know what Jesus was, said, and did; and it is of no possible concern or avail to mankind at large, that he had a company of personal followers, if they were liable to misreport him, by blending their folly with his wisdom, by ascribing to him their own misconceptions, by putting into his mouth their own unwarranted

inferences from the tenor of his discourse, or by representing his image as seen through the colored or magnifying media of their prejudice or their mavellousness. When we find reason to believe that we are possessed of such scriptures, we shall be ready to throw them aside, and shall deem it safer to feel our way in the dark, than to perplex ourselves with a light which we can never know when to trust.

We have indicated but imperfectly the contents of the volume under review. With a strict unity of plan and purpose, it discusses a great variety of theological topics, and shows a writer thoroughly versed in the multiform, yet shallow infidelity of the present generation, and in that deeper lore of sacred things, the neglect of which lies at the root of all the moral, social and political evils of our times. Among the subjects treated with peculiar ability, are the influence of Christianity on the condition of woman, its relation to domestic slavery, and the circumstances of its early diffusion in their bearing on the question of its divine origin, — on all which points the loose assertions of Newman are more than refuted, are thoroughly riddled, and scattered to the winds. We find it peculiarly difficult to make extracts from this work; for the separate conversations and essays are too long to be quoted entire, and too compact to be dismembered without doing them gross injustice. We shall be happy if what we have written should contribute to the wider circulation of a book which can hardly fail to profit those who read it, and cannot fail to edify those who stand in no need of its reasonings.

ART. IV. — *Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the Time of his taking Command of the Army to the End of his Presidency.* Edited from the original Manuscripts. By JARED SPARKS. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 549, 554, 560, 555. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1853.

WHILE engaged upon his collection of Washington's writings, Mr. Sparks had in his hands a large mass of original

letters addressed to the chief by co-laborers in his public life. Mr. Sparks had copies taken, and availed himself of a portion for the illustrations of his great work contained in the notes and appendixes. There remained several thousands which had not been thus used. From these he has selected, for the present publication, about a thousand, from about a hundred and ninety writers. Appendixes to the first and second volumes, relating to the operations in Canada in 1775–76, those in Virginia and South Carolina in 1776, and those against Burgoyne and on Hudson's River in 1777, are made up of letters, about a hundred and fifty in number, which passed between the secondary actors of the time. These are principally copies from the originals, preserved among the papers of Generals Schuyler, Gates, Lee, Lincoln, Sullivan, Stark, Baron Steuben, and others.

There is no more delightful reading than such disinterred records of the thoughts and doings of the hour, in the correspondence of persons concerned in some great historical action, — with their resurrection of long perished loves and hates, triumphs and griefs, of hopes and fears, proved baseless afterwards perhaps, but calling the strongest passions into play, and daguerreotyping them in the letter written as they swept across the scene. Before our day, history has set down the great result. That stands, for the present and coming ages, a thing ascertained and unchangeable. But time was, when it was only one element possible to come into act among the infinite uncertainties of the future. When brought about, it was through complex labors, devices, and anxieties, and through a working and counter-working of a vast variety of agencies. There is an indescribable charm in being carried back to the time and place where the thought of some sage or hero seems to have determined some great issue for future ages, and sharing with him the privacy where the problem was wrought out.

As authentic and trustworthy contributions to history, documents of this description have an authority beyond all others. The public and accredited hearsay of the time of which he is writing must answer the historian's purpose, when he can do no better. The newspaper statements, weighed together,

and sifted with due caution, are worthy of his regard. Often, from peculiar circumstances, the journals and letters of private persons are entitled to full confidence; and oftener, they are good evidence of what was currently believed, and what is, therefore, more or less likely to have been true. But when Greene or Arnold writes to his superior officer that he has just fought a battle under such and such circumstances, or Morris communicates the state of the finances, or Jay the posture of a foreign negotiation, or Lee that of a question pending in Congress, there is an end so far to ignorance and doubt. The historian has nothing to do but to tell the tale as 't was told to him.

Such books are not only the best materials for history; they are a history more lively and fascinating than the more pretending compositions for which they provide materials. In them the writers appear, as they appeared and acted in life, not as wooden machines for grinding out the independence and prosperity of a commonwealth, but with the variety and human interest of individuals. The reader sees what he might reasonably have guessed, but what it is more agreeable to see, — that the function of giving him freedom was not divided among men all run in the same mould, — *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*, — but among men of the usual diversity of make, rash and timid, sanguine and saturnine, generous and suspicious, stern and affectionate, like any equal number of other people possessing qualities such as to bring them, at a critical period, into the front of affairs.

There is a beautiful dramatic variety of character in these volumes. Each writer is as different from every other as men in reality always are, but as formal history has not space to exhibit them, and as indeed history is not able to exhibit them, for the historian can draw no such spirited sketches as their own pens involuntarily trace of themselves. Here is a great gallery of portraits of historical men, self-delineated. The eye ranges over peopled walls. Near the entrance, it rests on a full length presentment of Hamilton, at twenty, beginning a succession of pictures of that rare genius, from the time when, an already famous boy, he became the favorite and confidential aid of the commander-in-chief, to that, when, having been

one of the controlling spirits in the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, having largely helped to carry its adoption in the States by his essays in the Federalist, and set the ponderous machine going, with pendulum and weights, as Secretary of the Treasury, he retired from public life, thirty-eight years of age. There sits Hancock, grave, graceful, and stately, putting the first name, as President of Congress, to the Declaration of Independence, or writing to the General to "have it proclaimed at the head of the army." There is the solid and gallant form of Knox, — "*semper par negotiis, nec supra;*" here the serviceable, prompt, punctilious tactician, Heath, always in good humor with himself, but never so much so as to prevent his taking his chief's rebukes in good part. There are the very *effigies* of the brave, hearty, upright, zealous, but rather scatter-brained Putnam; of the admirable Greene and Lincoln, the former the more capable of original combination, but, on the other hand, the less stoical and smooth in reverses, — both alike soldiers and patriots of the true metal and stamp; of Arnold, a man of endless resources, of brilliant capacities for action and influence, of a soul volcanic with fires kindled in the abyss, stamped for greatness, had it not been for the disability of a congenital and essential scoundrelism. There is the high-born French youth, La Fayette, bending his shield, of Heaven knows how many quarterings, in reverential homage to his adoptive father, the soldier of poor republican America; and the frank smile and close brow of Jefferson, already the same mystery that the future historian will find him. There is the dashing young dragoon figure of the younger Laurens, (the elder, we fear, must be allowed to pass for a failure,) and there, again, is the same fine form in the diplomatic circle round the royalty of France; while the port of the humbler Marion proclaims that all the chivalrous temper of the South does not run in the channels of her courtly blood. There is a double portraiture of poor Gates, — first, when reaping at Saratoga the thick laurels which Schuyler and Lincoln, Arnold and Stark had sowed, he flew at the goal of the chief command, and would have jostled the Great American from his place, — next when, after the consummate and (but for Greene's admirable strategy) fatal blunder at

Camden, he was suing for indulgence with a mien almost as abject as formerly it had been confident and proud.

Schuyler's is a dignified, but a mournful figure. Justice was not done him in his own day. We doubt whether it has been done him yet. The old enmity between Dutch and English made him the object of a prejudice on the part of the New England troops, which a certain unfortunate *hauteur* of his own confirmed. But he was an able, as well as an honest, patriotic, disinterested man. It seems to have been a hard thing to deprive him of the command against Burgoyne, at the time when that step was taken. The harvesting of that field seems to have been fairly due to him, though allowance must be made for our being unable perhaps, at this day, fully to measure the discontent of those New England troops, on whom so much reliance was justly placed for the issue. And earlier, when ill health prevented him from assuming in person the conduct of the Canada campaign, a great game appeared to be in his hands, for his country and for himself.

"Mad Anthony" Wayne shows himself in a frame of great method and sobriety. Stark stands out, not at all as the rude soldier, but as a man of calm good sense, and well-trained thought. The mercurial and accomplished Gouverneur Morris; the strenuous and magnificent money-king, his namesake, "reminding us," says Mr. Pulszky, "of the heroes of Cornelius Nepos;" the venerable Jay, inflexible, incorruptible, and patient as Washington; the generous Morgan, of lowly origin, but a true gentleman's heart; Chittenden, the yeoman Governor of Vermont, keeping her loving and loyal to the Union, under injustice keenly felt; George Clinton, a model, in those days, of intelligent and right-minded activity; Montgomery, resolute and sanguine, equal to any sacrifice or hardship, but those of baffled plans, and ill-disciplined and complaining soldiers; Sullivan, deserving far better success, once and again on the point of some great achievement, which just failed him; Madison, matured in early manhood to a placid, graceful, scholarly statesmanship; Charles Lee, whom Carlyle might call *Junius-Dalgetty;* the gorgeous group of foreign officers, — Steuben, with

the starch military etiquette becoming an aid-de-camp of Frederic the Great, — Rochambeau, D'Estaing, Lauzun, Duportail, De Grasse, Ternay, Pulaski, strangely swept from old-fashioned saloons and camps, to New England rocks and Carolina pine-barrens, — present each his own true, every-day physiognomy. The old Governor of Connecticut has an odd fascination of his own. There was as much chivalry in the straitlaced Jonathan Trumbull, as there was in the eccentric veteran rover, Charles Lee. For blood or bone, we would back him against any racer of the Revolution; and nobody excelled him as a prompt, precise, pains-taking man of business. Whether Washington was to be helped to gunpowder, or the Sound to be cleared of British ships, or New York tories to be kept in order, the exigency always found him wide awake. But till Washington got used to the excellent patriot, we can fancy him puzzling over the edifying reflections interwoven into the more fugitive matter, and wondering whether a scrap from the last Sunday's sermon of the Lebanon minister had not crept into the Governor's despatch. The following letter is in his characteristic strain. We desire to read nothing better. When, after this fashion, sword and Bible are thrown into the same scale, the other arm of the balance is pretty likely to kick the beam.

"Lebanon, 31 August, 1776.

"Sir,— Adjutant-General Reed's letter, of the 24th instant, came to hand Tuesday morning, the 27th; yours, of the same date, yesterday.

"On receiving the former, I advised with my Council. We concluded to send Benjamin Huntington, Esq., one of my Council, with direction to take with him Major Ely, at New London, an officer there well acquainted with the people on Long Island, to proceed there and consult and agree with some of the sure friends of our cause, with secrecy as far as the circumstances would admit, for a number of their men, assured friends, and well acquainted on the Island, to join with a body from this State, if possible to accomplish your wishes, to cause a diversion to the enemy, to harass them on their rear, and to prevent their excursions in pursuit of the provisions the Island affords. I hear they sailed for the Island yesterday. His return is expected the beginning of next week.

"If he succeeds according to our hopes, no exertions of this State, I trust, will be wanting, at this critical conjuncture, to harass and keep the enemy at bay, to gain time and every advantage the case may admit. I shall give the earliest intelligence of our proceedings, that you may coöperate with our designs. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is nothing with God to help, whether many, or with those that have no power. He hath so ordered things, in the administration of the affairs of the world, as to encourage the use of means; and yet, so as to keep men in continual dependence upon him for the efficacy and success of them; to make kings and all men to know the reins of the world are not in their hands, but that there is One above who sways and governs all things here below.

"I am closing. A post comes in, and brings the letters, copies of which are inclosed. I now expect Mr. Huntington's speedy return. Have sent for my Council. My own thoughts, and such as come to me, are to send forward four or five of the companies now stationed at New London, with four field pieces, I hope six pieces, to join those men which may be ready for the service on Long Island; four or five companies to follow from New London as soon as they can be marched down; and also to order on other companies to take the places of such as are removed from thence.

"I am inclined to think we shall fall upon some measure similar to what is mentioned. No delay can be admitted at this critical moment. Please to give me the earliest intelligence how we may best serve agreeably to your desires.

"Shall send in the morning this intelligence to Governor Cooke, of Providence, and ask his assistance in the best way he shall think the circumstances of that State will admit.

"*September* 1*st*. Inclosed is a copy of another letter, dated yesterday, from Southold, that you may observe the contents. I hope to pursue our measures so as to stop the enemy getting into Suffolk county. I am, with esteem and regard, your Excellency's

"Most obedient, humble servant."

The following, of earlier date, was no unfit inauguration of the Virginia chief's first appearance in a New England camp.

"Lebanon, 13 July, 1775.

"Sir, — Suffer me to join in congratulating you, on your appointment to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty. Men, who have tasted

freedom, and who have felt their personal rights, are not easily taught to bear with encroachments on either, or brought to submit to oppression. Virtue ought always to be made the object of government. Justice is firm and permanent.

"His Majesty's ministers have artfully induced the Parliament to join in their measures, to prosecute the dangerous and increasing difference between Great Britain and these Colonies with rigor and military force; whereby the latter are driven to an absolute necessity to defend their rights and properties by raising forces for their security.

"The Honorable Congress have proclaimed a Fast to be observed by the inhabitants of all the English Colonies on this continent, to stand before the Lord in one day, with public humiliation, fasting, and prayer, to deplore our many sins, to offer up our joint supplications to God, for forgiveness, and for his merciful interposition for us in this day of unnatural darkness and distress.

"They have, with one united voice, appointed you to the high station you possess. The Supreme Director of all events hath caused a wonderful union of hearts and counsels to subsist among us.

"Now, therefore, be strong and very courageous. May the God of the armies of Israel shower down the blessings of his Divine Providence on you, give you wisdom and fortitude, cover your head in the day of battle and danger, add success, convince our enemies of their mistaken measures, and that all their attempts to deprive these Colonies of their inestimable constitutional rights and liberties are injurious and vain. I am, with great esteem and regard, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant."

Greene is the largest contributor to the collection; and next to him, Lafayette. Several of Greene's letters relate to the extreme embarrassments of his service as Quartermaster-General, but nearly half to that very interesting year, from the autumn of 1780, that he was in the command of the Southern Department. The following paragraph, in which he despatches the battle of Eutaw Springs, which turned the tide of war in the South, is a good illustration of his modest, disinterested, and vigorous character.

"Since I wrote to you before, we have had a most bloody battle. It was by far the most obstinate fight I ever saw. Victory was ours; and had it not been for one of those little incidents which frequently happen, in the progress of war, we should have taken the whole British

army. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of our officers, or the bravery of the troops. I do myself the honor to inclose you a copy of my letter to Congress, and beg leave to refer you to Captain Pierce, one of my Aids, who is the bearer, and who will give your Excellency a full history of all matters in this department, both as to force and supplies. I am trying to collect a body of militia to oppose Lord Cornwallis, should he attempt to escape through North Carolina. And you may rest assured nothing shall be left unattempted, in my power, to impede his march, so as to give your army time to get up with him; but my force is very small, and I am exceedingly embarrassed with numerous wounded." Vol. iii. pp. 406, 407.

Lafayette's filial devotion throws a vein of romantic sentiment into the conglomerate marble of Washington's common experience. An affection so tender, a confidence so perfect, between actors on the great theatre of politics and war, is something of the rarest occurrence. "The Theban pair," with their "virtues in heroic concord joined," are nothing to it. Scipio and Lælius would have missed each other less. Ninus and Euryalus, had they only belonged to something more substantial than poetry, might have furnished a sort of parallel on a small scale. Lafayette pours out his homage to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," in language almost consecrated hitherto to the communications of lovers.

"To hear from you, my most respected friend, will be the greatest happiness I can feel. The longer the letters you write, the more blessed with satisfaction I shall think myself. I hope you will not refuse me that pleasure as often as you can. I hope you will ever preserve that affection, which I return by the tenderest sentiments."

"Farewell, my most beloved General; it is not without emotion I bid you this last adieu, before so long a separation. Don't forget an absent friend, and believe me, forever and ever, with the highest respect and tenderest affection."

"On Board the Alliance, 10 January, 1779.

"I open again my letter, my dear General, to let you know that I am not yet gone; but, if the wind proves fair, I shall sail to-morrow. Nothing from Philadelphia; nothing from head-quarters. So that everybody, as well as myself, is of opinion that I shall be wrong to wait any longer. I hope I am right, and I hope to hear soon from you. Adieu, my dear and forever beloved friend, — adieu." Vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.

"I beg your pardon, my dear General, for giving you so much trouble in reading my scrawls; but we are going to sail, and my last adieu I must dedicate to my beloved General. Adieu, my dear General. I know your heart so well, that I am sure that no distance can alter your attachment to me. With the same candor, I assure you that my love, my respect, my gratitude for you, are above expression; that, at the moment of leaving you, I felt more than ever the strength of those friendly ties that forever bind me to you, and that I anticipate the pleasure, the most wished-for pleasure, to be again with you, and, by my zeal and services, to gratify the feelings of my respect and affection." Vol. iii. p. 461.

"What must your virtuous and good heart feel, on the happy instant when the revolution you have made is now firmly established! I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshipping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers, to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory." Ibid. p. 546.

"Adieu, my dear General. Accept, with your usual goodness, the affectionate tribute of a heart so entirely devoted to you, that no words can ever express the respect, the love, and all the sentiments, with which you know it is glowing for you, and that make me until my last breath, your obedient, humble, and affectionate friend." Vol. iv. pp. 61, 62.

"I am sorry our meeting again is deferred; but, when you are absent, I endeavour to guess what you would have advised me to do, and then do it." Ibid. p. 81.

"I have received your affectionate letter of the 8th; and from the known sentiments of my heart to you, you will easily guess what my feelings have been in perusing the tender expressions of your friendship. No, my beloved General, our late parting was not by any means a last interview. My whole soul revolts at the idea; and could I harbour it an instant, indeed, my dear General, it would make me miserable. I well see you never will go to France. The inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house, of welcoming you in a family where your name is adored, I do not much expect to experience; but to you I shall return, and within the walls of Mount Vernon, we shall yet often speak of old times. My firm plan is to visit now and then my friends on this side of the Atlantic; and the most beloved of all friends I ever had, or ever shall have anywhere, is too strong

an inducement for me to return to him, not to think that whenever it is possible I shall renew my so pleasing visits to Mount Vernon." Ib. pp. 86, 87.

"Adieu, adieu, my dear General. It is with inexpressible pain that I feel I am going to be severed from you by the Atlantic. Every thing, that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love, can inspire, is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which words cannot express. Adieu, my dear General. It is not without emotion that I write this word, although I know I shall soon visit you again. Be attentive to your health. Let me hear from you every month. Adieu, adieu." Ibid. pp. 88, 89.

"What is become of the happy years, my beloved General, when, before my sentiments were formed, I had time to model them after your judgment? This comfort at least remains for me, — to endeavour guessing what your opinion will be on every case that occurs." Ibid. p. 184.

"Adieu, my dear General. I hope you think often of an adoptive son, who loves you with all the powers of his heart; and, as long as it has life, will ever be your most grateful, affectionate, respectful friend." Ibid. pp. 184, 185.

"I do not live one day without grieving for the hard separation which deprives me of the blessed sight of what is dearest to me, and leaves me so few opportunities to tell you, with all the love of a devoted heart, that I am, forever, with the most affectionate respect, your filial, grateful friend." Ibid. p. 219.

"What could have been my feelings, had the news of your illness reached me before I knew my beloved General, my adoptive father, was out of danger? I was struck with horror at the idea of the situation you have been in, while I, uninformed and so distant from you, was anticipating the long waited-for pleasure to hear from you, and the still more endearing prospect to visit you, and present you the tribute of a revolution, one of your first offsprings.

"For God's sake, my dear General, take care of your health! Do not devote yourself so much to the Cabinet, while your habit of life has, from your young years, accustomed you to constant exercise. Your conservation is the life of your friends, the salvation of your country. It is for you a religious duty, not to neglect what may concern your health. I beg you will let me oftener hear from you. I

write when an opportunity offers; and to my great sorrow I hear my letters must have miscarried, or been detained. But, as our correspondence can have no other bounds but the opportunities to write, it was not a reason, give me leave to say, for you to miss any that may have offered; and you may easily guess what I am exposed to suffer, what would have been my situation, had I known your illness before the news of your recovery had comforted a heart so affectionately devoted to you." Ibid. pp. 343, 344.

And what is very striking, is that when years had passed by, and a new revolution, child of that in America, had come forward, and Lafayette, no longer a youth, had become apparently the most important man in Europe, holding in his hands the fate of its most splendid throne and nation, nothing is abated from his absolute deference to the master of his greener years.

"Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastile, just as it looked a few days after I had ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute, which I owe as a son to my adoptive father, as an Aid-de-camp to my General, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." Vol. iv. p. 322.

"Whatever expectations I had conceived of a speedy termination to our revolutionary troubles, I still am tossed about in the ocean of factions and commotions of every kind. For it is my fate to be on each side with equal animosity attacked, both by the aristocratic, slavish, parliamentary, clerical — in a word, by all enemies to my free and levelling doctrine; and, on the other side, by the Orleanist factions, anti-royal, licentious, and pillaging parties of every kind; so that my personal escape from amidst so many hostile bands is rather dubious, although our great and good revolution is, thank Heaven, not only insured in France, but on the point of visiting other parts of the world, provided the restoration of public order is soon obtained in this country, where the good people have been better taught how to overthrow despotism than they can understand how to submit to the law. To you, my dear General, the Patriarch and Generalissimo of universal liberty, I shall render exact accounts of the conduct of your Deputy and Aid in that great cause." Ibid. pp. 361, 362.

Lincoln was a man without a particle of impulsiveness or show; but the thing fit to be done, that, in the right time and place, Lincoln always did. Amidst the darkest environments,

he employed every method suited to secure success, just as promptly and strenuously as if cheered on by all bright omens. And when reverse came, he dealt with it just as he had been doing with the means of averting it. It was now a thing simply to be made the best of. Washington understood and respected himself and his friend too well to offer him condolence on the unsuccessful issue of a campaign, which, as things were, could not possibly have terminated in any other way. He merely took care of his feelings by appointing him to receive Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown. Almost disabled by a wound received at Saratoga, Lincoln had desired to retire from the Southern command. But he was too much trusted to allow of his being indulged. He was compelled at last to surrender Charleston, but it was not till he had drawn upon himself a much superior force, consisting of the greater part of the British troops in America, headed by the British commander-in-chief; and it was without the whisper of a charge of any thing having been omitted, which skill and constancy could do to fend off the calamity. There was no trepidation, and no whining, as he saw the circle closing around him. The following are his last two letters, published by Mr. Sparks, before the capitulation.

"Charleston, 24 March, 1780.

"My Dear General,

"Since my last, the enemy have, very unexpectedly, brought over the ships mentioned in the inclosed paper. It has been thought there was not water enough for a sixty-four gun ship. Before they came into the harbour, it was determined to form a line of battle across the channel, with our ships, to act in conjunction with Fort Moultrie; but afterwards, as the enemy were so vastly superior to our force, it was thought best to remove our ships up to the town in Cooper River, and land their heavy cannon and men. We are endeavouring to obstruct the channel from the town to Shute's Folly. If we should succeed, great good will result from the measure, as thereby we shall prevent the enemy from running up that river, and cutting off our communication with the country on the east.

"The enemy are extending their works on Ashley River, from the mouth of Wappoo, with a design to cover their stores, which they can land near the first work, at the mouth of the creek, and remove them a mile or two across land to the head of another creek, which empties

into the Ashley, where they have a work also, which is opposite a good landing on this side. I think they will throw their troops across above, take post at this landing, and then transport their stores, which will save them a very long land carriage.

"I lament, most sincerely, that, from the want of a sufficient power, we cannot oppose their passing this river, which might easily be effected, and oblige the enemy to take a circuit of forty miles. General Woodford is not yet arrived. By his letter of the 6th instant, he informs me that his troops would leave Petersburg the day after. His numbers, by some means or other, are greatly reduced. By his return, he has only seven hundred and thirty-seven fit for action.

"General Scott informs me that he is coming on without the remainder of his troops. *Want of clothing is the cause.* A few of them have been persuaded to take care of General Woodford's baggage. Many of the North Carolina militia, whose times have expired, leave us to-day. They cannot be persuaded to remain longer, though the enemy are in our neighbourhood.

"General McIntosh received, a few days since, a resolve of Congress, founded on a letter from the Governor of Georgia, and one from the Speaker of the Assembly of that State, purporting that he had lost the confidence of the people; in which resolve he is suspended from acting in the Southern department. I have not only to lament the loss of so good an officer, but that Congress have so suddenly come into a resolution, which must wound the feelings of an old servant of the United States, and who, by the war, is reduced from a state of great affluence to that but a little removed from beggary. He has the command of the country militia of this State, now in garrison. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem,

"Your Excellency's most obedient servant." Vol. ii. pp. 418 – 420.

"Charleston, 9 April, 1780.

"My Dear General,

"The enemy crossed the Ashley, in force, near the ferry, on the 29th ultimo, and the next day moved down, and encamped about three thousand yards from our lines. Before this, they had transported their heavy baggage, ordnance, and stores, from out of Wappoo, across land, about two miles, to Old Town Creek, on the west side of the river, opposite their encampment. In the morning of the 1st instant, we discovered that they had opened ground in several places in our front, about eleven hundred yards therefrom. The next night they threw up a work on our left, distance nine hundred yards. The next which

appeared was on Cooper River, six hundred yards from our right; these, and some which they have since raised, seem to be closed. They have been some nights perfecting their works, and opening lines of communication. What they have done seems rather calculated to cover their approaches, than to annoy us from them.

"Seven ships of war passed fort Moultrie yesterday afternoon, and anchored near where Fort Johnson stood, with no other apparent injury than the loss of one topmast. We have been busily employed in throwing obstructions in their passage of the Cooper. I wish they may prove effectual, for it is of the highest importance for us to keep that open; thereby we preserve a communication with the country, from which we can draw our succours and supplies. In order the more effectually to do this, we mean to throw up a work on Lempriere's, one at Cainhoy up Wando, where we shall have our deposit of stores, besides some on the several landings, on the east side of Cooper River. These things have been some time in contemplation, but the necessary works to be made in town have prevented their being executed. Indeed, before the Virginia troops, under General Woodford, arrived, which was on the 7th, we could not man them; but from the addition of that force, and the North Carolina militia, who are coming in, we hope to spare some few men for this purpose, and that we shall be able to draw down some of the militia of this State into these works, who will not come to town. One of the enemy's ships, said to be a transport, fell to leeward last night (within Fort Moultrie,) which ship they burned this morning.

"I expect soon the remainder of General Scott's troops, and some militia from North Carolina. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem and affection,

"Your most obedient servant." Ibid. pp. 433, 434.

Hancock's letters are in a higher style than belongs to the character, which of late it has been usual to ascribe to him. The business communications, which, as President of Congress, it belonged to him to make to Washington during the first two years of the war, could not have been better than they are. Throughout he maintains an attitude of the utmost propriety and dignity, and the same is preserved in his later capacity of Governor of Massachusetts. He thus writes to Washington on the disbandment of the army.

"Boston, 15 October, 1783.

"Sir,

"My feelings as a private friend, and the very great personal regard

for your Excellency with which I have been penetrated ever since I had the honor of an acquaintance with you, would by no means allow me to see you retiring from your important employments without paying you my particular attentions. But when, as a public man, warmly attached to the interest of my country, I consider the nature of those services which you have rendered to that country; when I recollect the cares you have sustained, the fatigues you have endured, and the dangers you have confronted, for the public safety; when I call to mind the many instances in which your abilities, your prudence, your fortitude and patience, have been superior to the severest trials; and when I now see the great object of all so completely obtained in the establishment of the independence and peace of the United States; — my heart is too full to forbear to congratulate your Excellency in the most respectful and affectionate manner, upon an issue so happy to them, and so glorious to yourself.

"To all your services, as Commander-in-chief of an army that has, in a manner astonishing to the whole world, efficaciously supported the freedom of America, you have constantly added, and particularly in your late circular letter to the States, the result of your uncommon wisdom and experience as a statesman, to assist us in improving, to the happiest purposes, the advantages gained by our arms.

"After such services, which consecrate your name to all posterity, with what home-felt satisfaction must your future days be blest! Heaven crown them with every favor! May you long live, my dear General, and long have the joy to see the increasing splendor and prosperity of a rising nation, aided by your counsels, and defended by your sword! Indulge me the pleasure to believe that I have a place in your recollection, and still honor and make me happy in your friendship. I have the honor to be, with the most perfect sentiments of regard and esteem, dear General, your

"Most obedient and very faithful, humble servant." Vol. iv. p. 49, 50.

One scarcely looks for Thomas Paine in such reverend company. But Paine, the vigorous writer of "Common Sense" (a most timely and effective contribution to the preparation of the public mind for independence), and of the "Rights of Man," not yet of the "Age of Reason," — the not incompetent antagonist of Burke, — holding a pen rarely rivalled for power of popular effect, — was not yet, or at all events, was not known to be, steeped in the sad degradation that shamed his later years. If more disinterested critics thought highly of Paine's political services, his own judgment was not behind

theirs. In July, 1791, he writes to Washington from London, as follows: —

"After the establishment of the American Revolution, it did not appear to me that any object could arise, great enough to engage me a second time. I began to feel myself happy in being quiet. But I now experience that principle is not confined to time or place, and that the ardor of Seventy-six is capable of renewing itself. I have another work in hand, which I intend shall be my last; for I long much to return to America.

"It is not natural that fame should wish for a rival. But the case is otherwise with me; for I do most sincerely wish there was some person in this country that could usefully and successfully attract the public attention, and leave me with a satisfied mind to the enjoyment of quiet life. But it is painful to see errors and abuses, and sit down a senseless spectator. Of this your own mind will interpret mine." Vol. iv. p. 381.

Paine had just then dedicated to Washington his "Rights of Man." Soon after, being imprisoned by the French "Committee of Safety," he took umbrage at Washington's alleged want of interest in obtaining his release, and forgot a little the professions and resolutions of the better days when he wrote thus:

"I have been out nowhere for near these two months. The part I have taken in an affair, that is yet depending, rendered it most prudent in me to absent myself from company, lest I should be asked questions improper to be answered, or subject myself to conversation that might have been unpleasant. That there has been foul play somewhere, is clear to every one; and where it lies, will, I believe, soon come out.

"Having thus explained myself, I have to add my sincerest wishes for your happiness in every line of life, and to assure you that, as far as my abilities extend, I shall never suffer a hint of dishonor or even a deficiency of respect to you to pass unnoticed. I have always acted that part, and am confident that your virtues and conduct will ever require it from me as a duty, as well as render it a pleasure." Vol. ii. p. 251.

Down to the day we live in, Congress is not entirely composed of thoroughly unselfish and enlightened patriots, and methodical and diligent men of business. It was not always

so composed in the days of the Revolution. Mr. Hosmer, a delegate from Connecticut, writes to the Governor of that State as follows, in August, 1778.

"I wish I could with truth assure your Excellency that, in my view, our affairs are in a happy train, and that Congress has adopted wise and effectual measures to restore our wounded public credit, and to establish the United States, their liberty, union, and happiness, upon a solid and permanent foundation. I dare not do it, while my heart is overwhelmed with the most melancholy presages. The idleness and captiousness of some gentlemen, maugre the wishes and endeavors of an honest and industrious majority, in my apprehension, threaten the worst consequences. The Southern States are fixed against holding Congress more than once a day. Our hours are fixed from nine in the forenoon to two in the afternoon. If these were punctually attended, it would be, perhaps, as much as could be spared from Committees, and other business which must be done out of Congress hours. Nine States make a Congress. Some States have Delegates so very negligent, so much immersed in the pursuit of pleasure or business, that it is very rare we can make a Congress before near eleven o'clock; and this evil seems incapable of a remedy, as Congress has no means to compel gentlemen's attendance, and those who occasionally delay are callous to admonition and reproof, which have been often tried in vain.

"When we are assembled, several gentlemen have such a knack of starting questions of order, raising debates upon critical, captious, and trifling amendments, protracting them by long speeches, by postponing, calling for the previous question, and other arts, that it is almost impossible to get an important question decided at one sitting, and if it is put over to another day, the field is open to be gone over again, precious time is lost, and the public business left undone. I am sorry to add, that the opposition between States, the old prejudices of north against south, and south against north, seem to be reviving, and are industriously heightened by some who, I fear, would be but too well pleased to see our Union blasted, and our independence broken and destroyed." Vol. ii. pp. 197, 198.

The letters from the Virginia statesmen, Henry, Jefferson, the Lees, the Randolphs, Madison, Harrison, Mason, Bland, have a peculiar interest, on account of their community of local associations, and the *genius of the place* being the same to them and to their great correspondent. Hamilton's letters, as far as the subjects allow a comparison in that particular, are

equally noticeable for the absence of any local element. The *nationality* of Hamilton's views is apparent from the first. To him New York was no more nor nearer than Virginia, or Georgia, or Rhode Island. Hamilton comes upon the scene full-grown, in his mission to the north in November, 1777, to make Gates and Putnam obey their orders. His conduct, as detailed in his series of letters at that time, evinces amazing energy, capacity, and self-control, in a lad of twenty. How to deal with the conqueror of Saratoga, in the flush of his new-blown bays, would have been a problem for Talleyrand. That a hot *aide-de-camp*, scarcely out of his teens, should have made any thing of it, or that he should not even defeat his errand by bluster and fret, was almost too much to expect. But there was an old and cool head on those young shoulders. In November, 1777, he writes thus to Washington, from Albany.

"DEAR SIR,

"I arrived here yesterday, at noon, and waited upon General Gates immediately, on the business of my mission; but was sorry to find his ideas did not correspond with yours for drawing off the number of troops you directed. I used every argument in my power to convince him of the propriety of the measure; but he was inflexible in the opinion, that two brigades, at least, of Continental troops should remain in and near this place. His reasons were, that the intelligence of Sir Henry Clinton's having gone to join Burgoyne was not sufficiently authenticated to put it out of doubt; that there was, therefore, a possibility of his returning up the river, which might expose the finest arsenal in America (as he calls the one here) to destruction, should this place be left so bare of troops as I proposed; and that the want of conveniences, and the difficulty of the roads, would make it impossible to remove the artillery and stores here for a considerable time; that the New England States would be left open to the depredations and ravages of the enemy; that it would put it out of his power to enterprise any thing against Ticonderoga, which, he thinks, might be done in the winter, and which he considers it of importance to undertake.

"The force of the reasons did by no means strike me, and I did every thing in my power to show they were unsubstantial; but all I could effect, was to have one brigade despatched in addition to those already marched. I found myself infinitely embarrassed, and was at a loss how to act. I felt the importance of strengthening you as much

as possible; but, on the other hand, I found insuperable inconveniences in acting diametrically opposite to the opinion of a gentleman, whose successes have raised him into the highest importance. General Gates has won the entire confidence of the Eastern States. If disposed to do it, by addressing himself to the prejudices of the people, he would find no difficulty to render a measure odious, which, it might be said with plausibility enough to be believed, was calculated to expose them to unnecessary danger, notwithstanding their exertions during the campaign had given them the fullest title to repose and security. General Gates has influence and interest elsewhere; he might use it, if he pleased, to discredit the measure there also. On the whole, it appeared to me dangerous to insist on sending more troops from hence, while General Gates appeared so warmly opposed to it. Should any accident or inconvenience happen in consequence of it, there would be too fair a pretext for censure; and many people are too well disposed to lay hold of it. At any rate, it might be considered as using him ill, to take a step so contrary to his judgment, in a case of this nature.

"These considerations, and others which I shall be more explicit in, when I have the pleasure of seeing you, determined me," &c. Vol. ii. pp. 26 – 28.

With Putnam, he did not feel compelled by the same reasons of prudence to use so much ceremony.

"Head-Quarters, New Windsor, 9 November, 1777.

"SIR,

"I cannot forbear confessing, that I am astonished and alarmed beyond measure, to find that all his Excellency's views have been hitherto frustrated, and that no single step of those I mentioned to you has been taken to afford him the aid he absolutely stands in need of, and by delaying which, the cause of America is put to the utmost conceivable hazard.

"I so fully explained to you the General's situation, that I could not entertain a doubt you would make it the first object of your attention to reënforce him with that speed the exigency of affairs demanded; but, I am sorry to say, he will have too much reason to think other objects, in comparison with that insignificant, have been uppermost. I speak freely and emphatically, because I tremble at the consequences of the delay that has happened. General Clinton's reënforcement is probably by this time with Mr. Howe. This will give him a decisive superiority over our army. What may be the issue of such a state of things, I leave to the feelings of every friend to his country, capable of foreseeing consequences. My expressions may perhaps have more

warmth than is altogether proper; but they proceed from the overflowing of my heart, in a matter where I conceive this Continent essentially interested. I wrote to you from Albany, and desired you would send a thousand Continental troops of those first proposed to be left with you. This, I understand, has not been done. How the noncompliance can be answered to General Washington, you can best determine.

"I now, Sir, in the most explicit terms, by his Excellency's authority, give it as a positive order from him, that all the Continental troops under your command may be immediately marched to King's Ferry, there to cross the river, and hasten to reënforce the army under him.

"The Massachusetts militia are to be detained instead of them, until the troops coming from the northward arrive. When they do, they will replace, as far as I am instructed, the troops you shall send away in consequence of this requisition. The General's idea of keeping troops this way does not extend farther than covering the country from any little irruptions of small parties, and carrying on the works necessary for the security of the river. As to attacking New York, that he thinks ought to be out of the question at present. If men could be spared from the other really necessary objects, he would have no objections to attempting a diversion by way of New York, but nothing further." Vol. ii. pp. 549, 550.

Poor, generous "Old Put!" Almost the only strokes of pathos in the volumes, due to private sorrows, are from his rude hand. And they are so touching, because they are so unconscious. October 16, 1777, he writes to Washington a full letter relating to the loss of Fort Montgomery, the surrender of Burgoyne, and his own subsequent dispositions, and concludes as follows, crushing the great grief of his stout heart into a period.

"The enemy's loss, by the last accounts I have been able to get, is very considerable; not less than a thousand. The two Continental frigates, and the row-galley which lay above Fort Montgomery, were burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, for which I am very sorry, as one, I believe, might have been saved.

"I have the unhappiness to inform you, that Mrs. Putnam, after a long and tedious illness, departed this life last Tuesday night. With the highest esteem and respect, I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant." Vol. ii. p. 6.

In December, 1779, while on a visit to his family in Con-

necticut, he had an attack of paralysis, on hearing of which, Washington sent him a kind letter.* The first use of his hand in writing was to testify his affection to his General.

"Pomfret, 29 May, 1780.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot forbear informing your Excellency, by the return of Major Humphreys to camp, of the state of my health, from the first of my illness to the present time.

"After I was prevented from coming on to the army, by a stroke of the paralytic kind, which deprived me, in a great measure, of the use of my right leg and arm, I retired to my plantation, and have been gradually growing better ever since. I have now so far gained the use of my limbs, especially of my leg, as to be able to walk with very little impediment, and to ride on horseback tolerably well. In other respects I am in perfect health, and enjoy the comforts and pleasures of life with as good a relish as most of my neighbors.

"Although I should not be able to resume a command in the army, I propose to myself the happiness of making a visit, and seeing my friends there some time in the course of the campaign. And, however incapable I may be of serving my country, to my latest hour my wishes and prayers will always be most ardent and sincere for its happiness and freedom. As a principal instrument in the hand of Providence for effecting this, may Heaven long preserve your Excellency's most important and valuable life.

"Not being able to hold the pen in my own hand, I am obliged to make use of another to express with how much regard and esteem, I am, your Excellency's

"Most obedient and very humble servant,

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S. I am making a great effort to use my hand to make the initials of my name, for the first time. I. P."

Vol. ii. p. 457, 458.

General Greene sometimes slips in a word about domestic anxieties; but never obtrusively, and only in a way which makes more conspicuous the struggle of the patriot in the subordinating of private feelings.

Of course, this publication has much more variety and dramatic interest than Mr. Sparks's selection from Washington's

* Washington's Writings, vol. vii. p. 101.

writings. But its rare attractiveness of this kind is of less importance than its historical value as the complement of that work. Here are the materials, contributed from various quarters, from day to day, on which Washington made up the judgments announced in his own letters, and embodied in his own measures. Here are some two hundred mirrors, reflecting at so many different angles, the figure of the great man, each contributing its own witness, and all representing the self-same august form and port. Nearly two hundred writers from all parts of the country, addressing him on their own occasions, without a common object or mutual knowledge, testify in every unconscious line, their profound sense of his wisdom, magnanimity, and justice. Arnold bows to these qualities, — Paine recognizes them, — as much as Lafayette and Jay love and revere them. Hamilton is disappointed, but never complains. Henry dissents and opposes, but never thinks of blaming. Knox feels deeply hurt, but does not cease to be respectful and affectionate. Everybody's troubles come to Washington. Sullivan, Schuyler, Montgomery, even Greene,* tease him with the recital of their discomforts and discontents, but the reader perceives that they are ill at ease in troubling him to think of them, who never thinks of himself, and that they are sensible that, after all, his equanimity will no more be shaken by their embarrassments than by his own. Open to advice, close as to expression, until the time for word or action came, — self-possessed and unimpassioned always, — no oracle was ever more oracular than this man among the more sagacious and disinterested of his associates, while the more impetuous or self-seeking never found in the antecedents a pretence for any charge of injustice, and rarely found in the consequences any foundation for a charge of mistake. Nobody, in Congress or in camp, or elsewhere, presumed to match his own wisdom with Washington's, except Gates and his coxcomical set, for a little while; and they could never get up each other's courage high enough to blurt out their crudities to him. The unhappy Conway did all that he could to resist, in himself, the feeble remains of a better nature; but by and by it triumphed, while death seemed to be

* Vol. ii. p. 164.

standing by his bed, and the humble expiation of his fault made the best possible record of its grossness.

"Philadelphia, 23 July, 1778

"SIR,

"I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said, any thing disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." *Washington's Writings*, vol. v. p. 517.

The Appendixes contain a mass of new and highly interesting matter. The first, which is the longest, consisting of nearly a hundred pages, relates to the operations in Canada from August, 1775, to the final expulsion of the American forces from that province, in the autumn of the following year. The extraordinary resource and vigor shown by Arnold in the expedition through the wilderness, from Fort Western to the St. Lawrence, with the extreme hardships which nothing but the confidence of his troops in their commander enabled them to bear, — the desperate gallantry and disastrous issue of Montgomery's night attack on Quebec, — the occupation of the upper country, — the shifting hopes and fears, adhesion and hostility of the inhabitants, — the tragical events following the defeat at the Cedars, — the succession of seeming accidents which, from time to time, brightened and obscured the prospects of the expedition, making them one day seem almost sure and another well-nigh hopeless, — compose a tale the like of which, for animated and varied interest, is rarely found in history. Montgomery's is a stirring name. His earlier fortunes, his heroic persistence through the preliminary difficulties of the campaign, his generous Irish nature, the place and manner of his fall, invest it with an interest much warmer than esteem. It seems an outrage now to couple Arnold's name with his. But at the date of their storming of Quebec, who could say which of them was the worthier? Sound, wounded, or half-starved, — in bivouac or in hospital, in field or in council, on land or on shipboard,

wherever Arnold was, there was contrivance, valor, method, and efficiency. Colonel Ward, who (then a Captain in the Rhode Island line) was of the party up the Kennebec, was asked how it was that the men kept their spirits up, when they were reduced to making soup of their moose-skin moccasins. He said, every man felt sure that Arnold would get them through.

The first Appendix to the second volume, tells the story of the operations of Charles Lee, in the spring and summer of 1776, in Virginia and South Carolina, including the repulse of the British squadron from Sullivan's Island, by Colonel Moultrie and Colonel Thompson, on the 28th of June. The following letter to the President of Congress, at the close of the campaign, is a graver specimen, than most, of Lee's epistolary style.

"Savannah, 24 August, 1776.

"SIR,

"Your letter, with the thanks of the Congress, reached me at Petersburg. The approbation of the freely chosen Delegates of a free and uncorrupt people, is certainly the highest honor that a man of any sentiment can be ambitious of; and I shall consider it as a fresh stimulus to excite my zeal and ardor in the glorious cause in which I am engaged. May the God of Righteousness prosper your arms in every part of the Empire, in proportion to the justice with which they were taken up! Once more let me express the high satisfaction and happiness I feel in this honorable testimony; and once more let me assure the United States of America, that they cannot meet with a servant, whatever may be his abilities, animated with a greater degree of ardor and enthusiasm for their safety, prosperity, and glory.

"The present state of this Province, its strength and weakness, I shall transmit to the Board of War, according to the directions I have received. Be persuaded, Sir, that I am, with the greatest respect," &c. Vol. ii. p. 510.

The second Appendix to the same volume (in which Brockholst Livingston, who but lately was worthily moving among us in the sanctity of the judicial ermine, figures as the youthful aid of St. Clair,) represents the vicissitudes of the Northern campaign of 1777, when New England and New York were building their breastwork against Burgoyne. St. Clair falls back from Ticonderoga. Seth Warner musters on "the

Grants." Stark comes pellmell from New Hampshire, cuts Baum and his meddling Hessians to pieces at Bennington, and the same day, with the help of Warner's opportune reënforcement, extinguishes Breyman. Arnold's adroit *finesse* scatters St. Leger's Indians from before Fort Stanwix. Brown snips off three hundred men from a not too numerous army. Lincoln draws the cords tighter at Stillwater. At length the game is up, and the hunter is prostrate in the snare. With singular indecorum, Gates omits to send any intelligence of his victory to the commander-in-chief, and (as we were told by Colonel Pickering) it is first known at head-quarters through a private letter to Colonel Palfrey. Nor has he written to any one that, at the decisive second action of Behmus's Heights, Arnold's was the controlling spirit. Arnold was under arrest, but there was no keeping him quiet in his tent, when such deeds were doing. Armstrong, then aid to Gates, used to relate, that he was sent to order Arnold in, and chased him about the field for that purpose an hour; but that the quick-eyed soldier evidently guessed his errand, and would never wait for him to come within speaking distance. The troops cared little about his disgrace, and gladly obeyed his orders.

Sir Henry Clinton, as is well known, projected a push up the Hudson River, to effect a junction with Burgoyne from the North. When this scheme was frustrated by the capture of the latter, Putnam had an ill-considered plan of his own for an assault on New York, which disinclined him to send the reënforcements of which Washington was in sore need in Pennsylvania. These matters, with others incident and consequent to them, are elucidated in the third Appendix to the second volume, which ends with a highly characteristic letter from Washington after the withdrawal of the distressed army into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

The volumes are prepared with the good judgment, good taste, and careful illustration, which the public looks for in whatever passes through the hands of Mr. Sparks.

ART. V. — *Considerations on some Recent Social Theories.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 158.

A FEW extracts from this unassuming volume will be acceptable to the reader. They may induce him to a more complete perusal of pages which offer a good deal of interesting and trustworthy information, and of just and temperate thought.

Our author begins with the vague declamations, rather than positions, which have lately been current in Europe, — "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," "God and the People," "Direct Popular Government," "The Universal Republic," and the like. Several of these he sums up in the old formula, *Vox populi vox Dei*, and devotes his first chapter to the question of its correctness. The high doctrine proclaimed by the fervid Italian leader, of the supreme "authority of the People as the collective, perpetual interpreter of the will of God," finds but little favor with him. Who and what, he asks, is this "royal priesthood," this "peculiar people."

"In all historical times, the great mass of men have been exposed to physical and moral evils, sometimes of one kind, sometimes of another, but always of such a sort as to hinder them from the attainment of more than a small measure of earthly good, and to prevent the full development of their spiritual powers. And this poor, oppressed, laboring, and suffering assembly of men, bound together in every age by the tie of a common misery, — this, in the language of the present times, is "the people." It has been the people who have ministered to the ambition, and who have borne the cruelties, of kings; who have suffered from the misgovernment and the mistakes of rulers; who have ignorantly worked, under false direction, for their own sorrow; who have fought against their own good; who have been captivated by fatal delusions; who have been scourged by pestilence and famine and war; who have obeyed false prophets, and have killed the prophets and the servants of God. And now, eighteen hundred years after the divine preaching of the religion whose substance and whose authority were the doctrines of immortality and of love, — and which, as a consequence from these doctrines, announced the kingdom of Heaven upon Earth; declaring the eternal connection of man with man, and the responsibility of man to man; intrusting those children of God who

were poor in earthly or in heavenly possessions, to those who were rich, — even now, "the people" sit in the dark night of ignorance, and know little of the light of love and faith, catching only a feeble glimmer of the dawning of the day of human brotherhood upon earth.

"It is not, then, to this people that we are to look for wisdom and intelligence. It is not to them that we are to trust the progress of improvement. They could not, if they would, rescue themselves from evil; and they have no help for others. But their progress must be stimulated and guided by the few who have been blessed with the opportunities, and the rare genius, fitting them to lead. Nor is their advance to depend on the discovery of any new remedies. There are now at work in the world, principles of virtue and strength enough for all the trials and exigencies of progress. The improvement which is certain must come from the gradual spread of these old principles; from their taking possession of the hearts and ruling the lives of men; and the way for them is to be cleared and made easy by the efforts of the wise and the good everywhere. These principles are not named Equality, nor Communism, nor the Solidarity of Peoples: they are Love, and Truth, and pure Liberty." pp. 18 – 20.

We cannot, indeed, any more than our author, soar to the high modern Mazzinian acceptation of the ancient maxim. Those who use it should at any rate, we think, temper it in application by the rule,

"Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus;"

and may, perhaps, find their advantage in collating it with another significant dictum which tells us that at times

"Sua cuique deus fit dira cupido;"

a people can be the slave of cupidity and resentment; a people can be pusillanimous, dastardly, and base; a people can be also fiendishly inhuman; the fears and passions of a people, when once excited, are more hopelessly irrational, more wildly uncontrollable, more extensively ruinous, more appallingly terrible, than those of councils and kings. Nevertheless, depravation and barbarism apart, in an average state of society, a state such as we hope and believe in for the future, it may be true that the common impulses and plain feelings of the people may be expected to be honest and good. Great questions, that must go back for their solution to natural instincts and unconscious first principles, may refer themselves

to the popular voice. In such cases, the love of routine, the narrow and rigid views, the personal interest, ambition, or indolence of officials and representatives are likely enough to impede and retard, to mislead, pervert, and corrupt the national action. In executive details, meantime, what choice have we but to trust to individuals? A crowd of voters cannot easily study, cannot readily appreciate, the subtle and intricate circumstances which embarrass the application of principles. A complex question in arithmetic is better submitted to the computation of an accountant than to the suffrages of a town-meeting. Accountants and auditors may combine to deceive, but the chances of their telling the truth are greater than those of our carrying it by acclamation. A people also, we conceive, however generous and well-meaning, is apt to be a little too rough-handed to deal properly with nice points of fairness and honor, and delicate questions of feeling.

A second chapter, on Liberty, the supposed principle, is followed by a third, on the projected perfect practice of it in the Universal Republic. The writer urges, with reason, that the existence of government at all presupposes a certain surrender of some portion of their freedom to do whatever they please, upon the part of those who live under it. Upon any other theory, how strange and anomalous, for example, is that constraint which, in the freest of all polities, restricts the free-will of the citizen, by requiring his submission to the vote of a majority. This regulation, he argues, all political regulations, all institutions and constitutions whatever, are not in themselves principles; they are, at their very best, extremely imperfect human expedients for attaining, in a rough way, some amount, often a very small one, of practicable common benefit. Universal suffrage is one social method, monarchy is another; as the former is sometimes best, so also sometimes is the latter. Universal suffrage would hardly do on shipboard; the rule of one is unsuitable for a club. There are times when a state is very much like a club; there are occasions when it may fitly be compared to a ship.

"There can be no doubt that a republican form of government, such as we enjoy, is the most productive of happiness to our people; but this depends alone on the fact of their general moral and intellectual

education. If we become as a nation corrupted and ignorant, no worse form of government can be imagined than ours must then become; for it would be the irresistible despotism of a majority of corrupt and ignorant men. No greater evil could fall upon India than the establishment of a Hindu republic. It would bring no good, no liberty, but would burden the people with intolerable calamities and oppression. Even were the present absolute government of the country by the English as bad as its enemies assert, it would be vastly preferable to a native democracy. And yet, in these violent, unthinking times, a government in which all power is vested in the hands of the people is declared to possess an inherent and divine virtue.

"But, it is urged, every man can judge what is best for himself better than it can be judged for him, and in a republic every man has, or should have, a voice in the government. Let us, however, look into this last assertion. Every man, it is true, may have a vote under a republic; but there must be a majority and a minority, and every republic is founded on the principle of the rule of the majority. Universal suffrage is claimed by the doctrinaires of republicanism as being the means of giving the fullest expression to the will of the majority. Without entering into the question whether universal suffrage is the best means to this end, which is very doubtful, it is desirable to examine into the right of a majority to rule, and to see whether it has any natural virtue; or whether it is, like all other human rule, a simple expedient, good under some circumstances, bad under others.

"Suppose, for instance, that a question were to arise in a state, where an absolute majority was the ruling power, of the highest consequence to the welfare of the community. Two parties exist, opposed to each other. The vote is taken, and the numbers are found to be exactly equal. A majority of numbers being required, neither of these parties can enforce their will upon the other. But suppose that, instead of being balanced, two thirds of the votes are given on one side, and one third on the other; but the smaller party is composed of the wise and intelligent men of the state, while the larger is made up of the unreflecting and passionate mass of the people. Is there any inherent right, any real authority, save that of conventional prescription, which is to enforce the dictates of folly over the convictions of wisdom?

"The case has been well stated by an able writer:— 'A mere preponderance of numbers by no means implies preponderance either of capacity, of good intention, or even of strength. Wisdom generally lies with the minority; fairness often, power not unfrequently. There is, and can be, no law of nature, no axiom of eternal morals, in virtue

of which three foolish men are entitled to bind and overpower two wise men, or three weak men two strong men.'

"Nor is this the testimony only of abstract reasoning: it is the practical conclusion of even the most ardent supporters of the most democratic theories. In the famous 'Declaration of the Rights of Man,' Robespierre declares: 'Aucune portion du peuple ne peut exercer la puissance du peuple entier.' And in a speech before the Convention, on the 28th of December, 1792, he broke forth with the words: 'La vertu fut toujours en minorité sur la terre.'

"It was the act of the majority which doomed Socrates to death, and Aristides to banishment. It was the act of the majority which has established the present arbitrary ruler in France. Of all tyranny, that of the majority has been the most fearful.

"And, in truth, the rule of a majority in a state can be tolerable only when the people has reached such a degree of intelligence and self-control that it is guided in its decisions by a sense of justice, and recognizes its responsibilities to be commensurate with its authority. Otherwise, all good is left to chance, while much evil is certain.

"The conclusions, then, upon which we must rest, are, that no form of government possesses any inherent virtue; that liberty may be developed under one, as under another; that that government is to be preferred which best secures to its subjects the means of progress in liberty; that these means may be secured under any form, but would be for the most part absent from a universal republic." pp. 43–48.

Before quitting these chapters we must add a few words on *Liberty.*

The dream and aspiration of the ardent and generous spirits of our time is for a certain royal road to human happiness. Disappointed a thousand times, they still persist in their exalted creed that there must and will be here on earth, if not now, in some future and approaching time, a state of social arrangements in which the spontaneous action and free development of each individual constituent member will combine to form "a vast and solemn harmony," the ultimate perfect movement of collective humanity. There beautiful thoughts will distil as the dew, and fair actions spring up as the green herb; there, without constraint, we shall all be good, and without trouble, happy; there, what in its imperfect form is vice, shall gently and naturally flower out into virtue; there contention and contest, control and commandment, will be the obsolete

terms of a dead language, with no modern equivalents to explain them. A divine interior instinct will intimate to each single human being his fittest and highest vocation, and will prompt and inspire and guide him to fulfil it; while in the pursuit of his own free choice, and in the fulfilment of his own strongest desires, he will, by the blessing of the presiding genius of humanity, best serve the true interests of Society and the Race.

Was it not thus long ago? For,

> "Ante etiam sceptrum Dictæi regis, et ante
> Impia quam cæsis gens est epulata juvencis,
> Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat."

O blessed ages of pure, spontaneous, unconscious, unthinking, unreasoning life and action, to you, either in the past or the future, the human heart is still fain to recur — still must dream, even though it be but a dream, of how sweet it were to grow as the green herb, and bloom as the spring flowers, to be good because we cannot be otherwise, and happy because we cannot help it. O blessed ages, indeed! But have such, since men were men, ever been? Or are such, while men are men, ever likely to come? Alas, the rude earth itself affords us admonition, —

> "Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem,
> Movit agros, *curis acuens mortalia corda*,
> *Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno*."

And, strange as it may seem, — how charming soever be spontaneity, still those who have endured coercion find a good deal also to say in favor of it.

> "O Life! without thy chequered scene
> Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
> Success and failure, — could a ground
> For magnanimity be found,
> For faith, mid ruined hopes serene?
> Or whence could virtue flow?"

There are many, surely, who, looking back into their past lives, feel most thankful for those acts which came least from their own mere natural volition — can see that what did them most good was what they themselves would least have

chosen; that things which, in fact, they were forced to, were, after all, the best things that ever happened to them. There are some, surely, who have had reason to bless a wholesome compulsion; there are some who prefer doing right under a master to doing nothing but enjoy themselves as their own masters; who, rather than be left to their own unaided feebleness, hesitation, and indolence, would voluntarily, for their own and the common good, enter a condition of what thenceforth would be "involuntary servitude." The mature free will of the grown man looks back, undoubtedly, with some little regret, but also with no little scorn, upon the bygone puerile spontaneities of the time when he did as he liked.

There are periods, it is true, in the life of the individual human being, and perhaps of the collective human race, when expansion is the first of necessities. Such, it is possible, may be the present. But because we would be rid of existing restrictions, it does not follow that restriction of all kinds is an evil;—because our present house is too small for us, it is not to be inferred that we shall live henceforth in the open air.

As a general rule of life and conduct, we see as yet no reason to believe that *liberty*, if this be its meaning, is better than service. It does not seem to be established that the system on which the things we live amongst were arranged, is that of spontaneous development, rather than of coercion met by a mixture of resistance and submission. The latter hypothesis seems intrinsically as much more elevating as the other does more agreeable. Meantime, as a matter of language, we should be inclined to reject altogether this modern sense of our old established word Liberty. If the new theory wants a name, let it find a new one. It will but perplex and cheat us by claiming one already otherwise appropriated. When we hear people demanding liberty, we shall consider them to express their desire, not for the golden age, but either for release from some particular form of restriction, or, it may be, for a less degree of restriction in general. Liberty for us will mean either *more* liberty, just as in the Black Hole of Calcutta, "air" meant "*more* air,"—or distinct emancipation, for example, from personal slavery, or from foreign rule. Liberty in itself is but the power of doing what we please; a power

which, for all human beings, has its natural limits. We may easily, indeed, have too much or too little of it; we can only have it in degree, but without some degree of it we cannot exist.

Our author, we think, would have saved both himself and his readers some embarrassment, by simply using the term in this plain old-fashioned sense, instead of accepting and trying to re-define it in that of the latest political declamation.

From the two following chapters, on Socialism and Co-operation, the most successful perhaps in the volume, the latter of them in particular containing a variety of useful information, we make the following extracts.

"In an association founded on the principle of equality, there is no possible guarantee that every member shall perform his assigned part of the labor. It has been asserted, that, in the adaptation of the work to the capacity and the inclination of each individual, such a guarantee may be found. But this is to answer an objection by a false assumption. The work best suited to a man's capacities is not always agreeable to him. Nor is there any rule or measure of the capacity for, or the value of, different kinds of labor. Hard work to one is easy to another. A man may be apparently idle, and yet may be doing more than any of his busier associates. In such a society, it must be finally left to the conscience of every one to do his part, and the conscience is often a very unenlightened, and always a very fallible counsellor. Judging from experience, it must happen that an association of this kind would often prove only an encouragement to idleness. The least industrious would reduce their associates to their own level: they would not be raised to the level of their better companions.

"In an admirable little pamphlet published by the Marshal Bugeaud in 1848, when theoretical fancies of this sort were producing most dangerous effects, an account is given of a community established by himself under highly favorable circumstances for its success, on this principle of common interests and fraternity. The experiment was made in Algeria, and was fairly tried. The result was decisive, and he closes his account of it as follows: 'Absolute equality does not belong to this world. It is God himself who has determined this, since he has created men so different in power, in intelligence, in activity, in inclinations. The Socialists, afflicted at seeing misery often at the side of ease, and even of riches, pursue the chimera of perfect equality. They believe to have found it in association; they are deceived; they will obtain only an equality of misery.'" pp. 70–72.

After noticing the support given by so thorough a political economist as Mr. J. S. Mill to the principle of association, he thus describes an attempt of the kind in Paris.

"As early as 1834, an association of jewellers was formed in Paris. It was at first a partnership of two individuals; but the number of associates gradually increased to thirteen. The chief principle of their association was that of mutual confidence, founded on a general conformity of sentiments and similarity of judgment. The members had the same rights, and all were under the authority of a chief elected from among themselves. The salaries or wages were not equal; and, in the yearly division of the profits, each associate received a share in proportion to the amount of his annual wages. There was an inalienable and indivisible capital contributed by the different members. The number of members was increased by the election of new associates from among the workmen who had been employed for not less than six months in the workshops of the society. They were not chosen until the members had had full experience of their good conduct and character, and were assured that they held the Roman Catholic faith. This association, which, from its long existence and continued prosperity (for it was at a recent period in prosperous existence), has been brought forward by the supporters of the system as a proof of the good results of coöperation, does not seem to differ in any essential respect from a common partnership of numerous partners. There is certainly nothing in it which can be looked to as promising any special advantages to the great body of workmen, even of a single trade; and it may be well to observe, that, although called an 'association of workmen,' it is rather an association of masters, — the united capital of the associates enabling them to employ workmen who have no share in the profits of the concern. That an association of this kind, established under favorable circumstances and conducted on equitable and sensible principles, may secure the comfort and independence of its members, does not admit a doubt; but the limits of its usefulness are very narrow." pp. 87 – 89.

We must add a curious passage quoted by the author in a note.

"In the first Report of the Society for promoting Working Men's Associations, published at the close of 1852 in London, occurs the following passage: 'The Society has for some time past determined to discourage advances of money to bodies of working-men about to start in association, unless they have first shown some sign of preparedness for the change from their old life, and have subscribed some funds of

their own. This has been done, because it has been found very necessary to have some proof that men have foresight and self-denial before they should be encouraged to associate. Working-men in general are not fit for association. They come into it with an idea that it is to fill their pockets and lighten their work at once, and that every man in an association is to be his own master. They find their mistake in the first month or two, and then set to quarrelling with everybody connected with the association, but more especially with their manager; and, after much bad blood has been roused, the association breaks up insolvent, or has to be re-formed under very stringent rules, and after the expulsion of the refractory members." pp. 113, 114.

The crying evil, as it appears to us, of the present system of unrestricted competition, is not so much the distress of the workmen as the extreme slovenliness and badness of their work. The joy and satisfaction of making really good things is destroyed by the criminal eagerness to make them to suit the market. The love of art, which, quite as much as virtue, is its own reward, used in the old times to penetrate down as far as to the meanest manufacture of kettles, for example, and pots. With us, on the contrary, the miserable truckling to the bad taste of the multitude has gradually stolen up into the very regions of the highest art — into architecture, sculpture, painting, music, literature. Nay, has it not infected even morality and religion? And do we never hear spiritual advice, which in fact bids us do as little good, and get as much applause for it, as we can; — and above all things, know the state of the market?

So far as coöperative societies or guilds would remove this evil, they would be of great use. But let it not be forgotten that the object of human society is not the mere "culinary" one of securing equal apportionments of meat and drink to all its members. Men combine for some higher object; and to that higher object it is, in their social capacity, the *privilege* and real happiness of individuals to sacrifice themselves. The highest political watchword is not Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, nor yet Solidarity, but *Service*.

The true comfort to the soldiers, serving in the great industrial army of arts, commerce, and manufactures, is neither to tell them, with the Utopians, that a good time is coming, when

they will have plenty of victuals and not so much to do; nor yet with the Economists, to hold out to them the prospect of making their fortune; — but to show them that what they are now doing is good and useful service to the community; to call upon them to do it well and thoroughly; and to teach them how they may; — and all this quite irrespectively of any prospects, either of making a fortune or living on into a good time.

We are not sure that our author would quite coincide with us in a comparative disregard of physical discomfort, privation, and suffering. Yet we think he would join us in the belief that the real want of the present time is, above all things, the distinct recognition and steady observance of a few plain, and not wholly modern, rules of morality.

It is very fine, perhaps not very difficult, to do every now and then some noble or generous act. But what is wanted of us is to do no wrong ones. It may be, for instance, in many eyes, a laudable thing to amass a colossal fortune by acts not in all cases of quite unimpeachable integrity, and then to expend it in magnificent benevolence. But the really good thing was *not* to make the fortune. Thorough honesty, and plain undeviating integrity — these are our real needs; — on these substructions only can the fabric of individual or national well-being safely be reared. "Other foundation can no man lay." Common men, who, in their petty daily acts, maintain these ordinary unostentatious truths, are the real benefactors of mankind, the real pillars of the state, are the apostles and champions of — something not to be named within a few pages of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the Solidarity of the Peoples, and the Universal Republic.

We will take leave of our author by a quotation from his last chapter, called "the Future." It follows after some considerations on the prospects of the various nations of Europe.

"The prospect before our own country, bright as it is on many sides, opening before the view the noblest field of progress, is yet darkened by some threatening clouds. The prosperity that we have enjoyed may continue, and may extend with every year. But the rapid gains in material wealth which have been made during late years; the new

fields of adventure, enterprise, and speculation, which have been opened, have given to the period a character of haste and excitement which leads to inconsiderateness and irreflection. It is time to pause, to draw breath at least, and look around to see whither we are hurrying. It is for us to remember that national prosperity depends on national character, and that long-continued prosperity may have the effect of weakening and of finally depraving that character. The popular declamation of the present day — the talk about 'manifest destiny,' 'natural boundaries,' 'geographical extension,' and such other topics — is one sign that this effect has already been in part produced. There is no such thing as destiny in the affairs of a nation. The fate of every nation depends, under God, upon its own acts; and if its acts partake of that wild, reckless, and unprincipled spirit which such language indicates, its fate is no longer uncertain. Strength may be diminished, and prosperity decreased, by unwieldy stretch of territory. The natural boundaries of a country are those, wider or narrower, within which the people may be best governed; and if to increase in territorial size is to diminish the chance of good government, then that nation is suicidal which chooses to add land to land, and state to state. The principle of self-government will not allow this to be done with safety, for the power of self-government is not to be intrusted to the whole human race. The half-savage descendants of the Spanish conquerors and the conquered natives of America are no fit depositaries of this power; the semi-civilized people of the Sandwich Islands are little worthy to be trusted with it.

"But within our existing borders there are questions whose solution is pressing upon us. The great difficulties are those of so dealing with slavery as to bring good out of evil; and of so providing education for the poorer classes, that the destruction of the experiment of republicanism, which is here being tried on a scale commensurate with its importance, shall not be brought about by the ignorance of a portion of our own citizens.

"These questions are too complex to be entered upon here." pp. 130–132.

ART VI. — 1. *The Political and Historical Works of* LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *President of the French Republic.* London: 1852.

2. *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in* 1815, *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Part I. New Series. Edinburgh: New York: 1853.

3. *Inaugural Address of* FRANKLIN PIERCE, *as President of the United States, delivered at Washington, March* 4, 1853.

THE subject evidently suggested by these three publications, is the relations existing between the present governments of France, England, and America. We purpose, therefore, to inquire into the policies which these important powers have lately pursued, or are likely to pursue, toward each other, rather than to enlarge upon the intrinsic merits of the works themselves. If any exception is made, it will be in favor of our old friend, Sir Archibald Alison, whom we are not sorry to see, at last, a titled member of that aristocracy whose praises it has so long been his privilege to sing. The present time is a fitting one for such considerations, as the vapid but bellicose harangues of declamatory partisans during the last two or three years appear not unlikely to be superseded by decisive action.

Till quite recently, the true mission of the American Republic, involved as it is in the great ideas and facts of its history, has been regarded as a simple, but a sufficiently glorious one. A stern, perhaps an ascetic, people had come to a new world and founded their rude homes in a wilderness. Unfettered by feudal traditions, preserving as much loyalty as they had ever held toward a dishonored race of kings, persecuted and ridiculed in the country of their fathers, they still looked back affectionately to their friends and kinsmen in the land they had left, and, for their sake, rendered allegiance to its crown and its laws; they paid it tribute and fought its battles. After a time, driven to rebellion by injustice and contumely, they passed through all the stages and the trials of revolution, till a stable and independent government was established, a government which, from the very nature of the case, could not

have been other than republican. Imparting dignity and securing freedom to its own citizens, it has been ever ready to adopt the destitute and the adventurous of other countries, and to afford an asylum for the persecuted. Having increased, beyond all precedent, in wealth and strength, it has patiently awaited the time when, by its invincibility on the American continent, and by the example of its own prosperity, an influence might be peaceably exerted by it, in behalf of humanity and freedom elsewhere, more effectual than any that the bayonet has ever acquired.

The recent European revolutions have undoubtedly altered, to some extent, the aspect of our foreign relations. The demands of the people of Prussia for the constitutional privileges that had been promised them for their share in the War of Liberation in 1814, the partial fulfilment of these demands, the overturning of the French monarchy in 1848, the insurrections in all the capitals of the anomalous empire of Austria, the all but successful rebellion of the largest of her provinces, and the very act of interposition of the most formidable member of the Holy Alliance, — were events that excited strong interest and sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. It was then that the idea of active intervention in the affairs of nations upon the continent of Europe was first promulgated, a doctrine as short-lived as was the influence of its most distinguished advocate. Reaction was almost immediate. The Prussian monarchy was strengthened by the outbreak; France has exchanged the vagaries of the revolution for the iron rule of the empire ; the vast possessions of the House of Hapsburgh are bound together by the strong arm of military despotism ; and even the most sanguine of the believers in the might of American influence have become convinced, that popular enthusiasm is not always a safe guide.

But while no rural candidate for small municipal honors now thinks his claims to office are improved by the "fearless" advocacy of a hostile expedition to the Adriatic, allusions have been made, in much higher quarters, to a more practical alliance, which shall be offensive and defensive, and bound together by the same common bond of liberty, — a suggestion not emanating from, or exclusively confined to the impulsive

natures and restless dispositions of "Young America," but mainly urged and demanded, almost as a matter of course, by the only country to be benefited by it. The English press, and English orators and legislators, not universally, but in respectable numbers, have decided to regard the close union of the United States with England, in the event of an European war, as a thing definitively settled; and the pseudo-complimentary "extracts" from English newspapers, referring to this subject, have been greedily copied into our journals, without any comment to indicate the tone of popular opinion, but merely to show, we suppose, our growing importance and the altered tone of Englishmen towards a people whom, till recently, they have affected to overlook or despise.

With a few exceptions, however, this proposal, notwithstanding its flattering character, has found no very strong friends in this country; and it does not require great shrewdness to perceive, that it is intended not merely to conciliate America, but to serve as a kind of menace towards some of the European powers whom the English press and ministry have been in the habit of wantonly insulting with gratuitous advice, and the abuse with which English advice is generally accompanied. The consequences of this officiousness within a few years have been quite marked. Leaving, for the present the manner in which England has conducted herself towards France, and also towards Spain, whom she befriended so equivocally in the campaigns of the latter years of the war against Napoleon, — even her old faithful ally Austria, whose good opinion the Tories have always assiduously cultivated, and in whose armies many of her officers learned the art of war, regards her now with a degree of rancor bordering upon the ridiculous. It is not long since a drunken Englishman, of the name of Matthews, we believe, insulted an Austrian officer in the street, and was promptly cut down for it. The "opposition," of course, was in a ferment. The Emperor Francis Joseph was applied to; he justified his officer, but offered to pay the surgeon's and nurse's bill, amounting to about £200. Lord Malmsbury, the valiant English minister of foreign affairs, pocketed the pounds sterling and the insult. We have lately seen it stated, in an

English paper, that at a target exercise during the present year, the Austrian soldiers shot at the figure of an Englishman which was surrounded by mottoes that indicated, to be sure, more bitterness than wit, and in which Lord Palmerston was not forgotten. It is, by the way, notorious that the retirement of this "judicious bottle-holder" from Lord John Russell's ministry was known at Vienna before it was divulged at London.

But notwithstanding the general enmity that England has excited upon the continent, there is one nation more than any other of which she stands in fear, and whose action she awaits with the uneasiness of a perturbed conscience, — a nation which it has been her unceasing boast, for more than thirty years, that she has trampled in the dust. The key to English diplomacy upon the continent may be found in the open promulgation of the doctrine by Mr. Canning, that the interests of England are to be secured at any price, and at any sacrifice of the independence of other nations. The key to that mad, but temporarily successful, attempt to annihilate, by means of coalitions, all French influence upon the continent, is to be found in the celebrated maxim which Mr. Pitt left to his successors, — that *justice* to France would be the ruin of England. And lastly, the secret of her sudden trepidation and sudden transatlantic friendship lies in the fact, that France, after a humiliation of thirty years, finds herself in a position to *exact justice* at the point of the bayonet.

The French throne is now occupied by one who bears that mighty name, so loved by France and so dreaded by her enemies. The lawful heir to an empire created by the suffrages of a free people, born in the palace of the kings of France, the first of a dynasty sprung from and inaugurated by her people, Louis Napoleon had no common claim to the almost unanimous voice which has recalled him, at last, after so many revolutions and so much suffering, to that summit of power which her own will had never denied him. Forty-four years before, that empire which made all France delirious with joy was made hereditary in the family of Napoleon by four millions of votes; two thousand royalists and disorganizers alone having offered a feeble negative to these over-

whelming numbers. That vote has never been rescinded or annulled by any act of the French people. It was not forgotten even when a million of armed men overran her soil, and a hated and discarded dynasty was resuscitated as a part of her humiliation. It was owing to the conviction that the restoration of the Napoleon family was the act of the people, and would be defended by them with their lives and fortunes, that France has been permitted to consolidate her government, unembarrassed by a war of self-defence. The dreaded arbiter of the North, who, after the fall of Charles X., had gathered his forces to march upon Paris, quietly beholds upon an imperial throne the heir of him whom Alexander had been bribed to depose, and whose family the four great powers had solemnly decreed should never again hold property or power in France, or even live within the limits of her territory. Austria, occupied with her rebellious subjects, could not forget that she had held up the Duc de Reichstadt over the head of the usurping Louis Philippe, till the day of that youth's premature death. Russia could no more spare her armies than Austria; and there remained to England, therefore, no ally but her terrible press.

The cool impertinence with which, through that medium, England has presumed to speak of recent French affairs, while she is able to exert but little influence upon the continent, while her army is absolutely insignificant in numbers, and, by her own showing, not to be compared in point of discipline and science with that of the nation whose wrath she so sedulously invokes, can be explained only upon the hypothesis, that she hopes, by the aid of an alliance with this country, to avert a war which she is less able than any other country in Europe to maintain.

In no spirit of hostility to England, we think there are many reasons why this project of an alliance with her should go no farther; and it might be shown, out of the mouths of her own statesmen and historians, that so long as there is any prospect of the Tories, or Conservatives as they now call themselves, having an influence in her councils, that she is not a fit subject for the alliance or the friendship of a powerful and a free people. We think it can be made clear, moreover,

that the dynasty of Napoleon, restored at last to its natural place in the affections of the French people, ought to be cordially recognized and supported by the active sympathies of this country. The insular position of Great Britain is a sufficient protection to her from any ordinary attack, and she will hardly dare to invite any formidable coalition against herself. But France has once been punished for attempting to govern herself. She has passed through a series of convulsions such as no other country has ever recovered from. Her very victories were forced upon her. For twenty years, she was allowed no breathing space. Compelled to battle against the whole civilized world, she fell, at last, exhausted by her own prodigious efforts, but with prouder trophies and more glorious memories than she had won in whole centuries of her former history.

No Englishman has ever dared to write the history of Napoleon; for even Hazlitt was so misanthropic, at the time he was composing his work, that the jaundice appears on every page. Even the great name and fair fame of Sir Walter Scott have been injured by his acquiescence in the depraved spirit of the class for whom he wrote. Strange as it may seem at first, Alison comes nearest to doing justice to the character of Napoleon; for it being his intention to show only that it was the apostolic mission of England to put down all expressions of popular will, both at home and abroad, it was no object with him to prove Napoleon to be a monster, but simply that he was the embodiment of the great idea of popular rights, and for that reason, and no other, deserved the punishment which he received at her hands.

In forming an opinion of the early history of the Napoleon dynasty and its claims to be regarded as the form of government which the people have in their recent votes only reaffirmed, we need take no other ground than that which was assumed by Mr. Fox, and the liberal party of Great Britain, then represented, however, by only fifty or sixty members in a House of Commons which Lord Brougham has since called the most infamous that ever assembled. The powerful party, which has since overturned ministries and carried measures of vital importance, was then but germinating. The great body of the nation was unrepresented; the press, with few exceptions, was

under the control of the dominant party, and abetted the unscrupulous schemes of the patrician interest. Indeed, more than one Englishman in our own day has ventured to assert, that England persecuted France from the time of the rude dismissal of M. Chauvelin, till the final withdrawal of her troops from French territory, three years after she had restored the curse of "divine right" and Bourbon imbecility; that her armies and machinations ultimately succeeded in overthrowing the only government that a European nation had ever chosen for itself, in strengthening the hands of absolute despotism, and in retarding, for half a century, the cause of that very liberty, the blessings of which she had been proclaiming for two hundred years. The peace-party, distinguished as it was for respectability and intelligence, could avail nothing against the machinery which the government of George III. and the Prince Regent employed to carry out their ends.

We had intended to say something of the abdication at Fontainebleau; of the intrigues on the part of England to have Napoleon removed from Elba to St. Helena or to St. Lucie, which caused the return to France, and the enthusiasm but ultimate catastrophe of the Hundred Days; of the unfortunate confidence in the good faith of the "most generous of his enemies;" of the barbarities that hastened the death of the illustrious exile; and of the violation of the sanctity of death by those who tore from the coffin the inscription which his followers had placed there, and whose only fault was that it gave him a title which had been recognized by every sovereign upon the continent. But our limits will permit us only to say, that Mr. Pitt did not live to witness the triumph of his principles. He died soon after the news arrived of the defeat of the last of his combinations, when the "sun of Austerlitz" had set upon its bloody field. The spoiled child of the oligarchy, the uncompromising enemy of the people, fell at last under the burden of his misdirected labors. His last glance beheld the sun of that empire he had sought to quench blazing in its noontide glory, and, turning mournfully to the gloomy picture of his country's future that his distempered fancy had conjured up, his own weakness was disclosed to him. His genius had exhausted itself in coalitions, and his coalitions had all been failures.

Louis XVIII. could not have been any thing, even had he wished to be, but the tool of the despots who had placed him upon the throne of France at the expense of the independence of its people. The country that had come down to him from Pharamond and Clovis; the country of Charlemagne, of Francis, of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon, the last and proudest of its memories, was plunged into the abyss of shame. It suffered the sublime and the ridiculous in humiliation. From the imperious demands of Austria for the dismemberment of her territory, to the stolid impertinence of the British cockneys who thronged the streets of Paris; from the rage of the chivalrous old swordsman, Blucher, who was for hanging Napoleon and blowing up the Bridge of Jena, to the cloud of ragged and thieving Spaniards that appeared on the summit of the Pyrenees, — all conspired to abase the once haughty arbiter of Europe. It was these indignities that humbled her more than the frightful pillaging to which the Allies subjected her lands.

But why revive, at this day, the story of wrongs that have become historical? Because that very history has been grossly perverted; because France has been systematically misrepresented; because a large proportion of historical readers have been taught to consider her as an outlaw from political society, and a disturber of the tranquillity of Europe; because they who have wronged her most now hate her most; because, in fine, there has been another revolution, another period of anarchy, another 18th of Brumaire, and another Emperor; and because there is the same disposition to injure and to libel from the same quarter; and because there is now a new nation, hitherto untrammelled, and, we trust, forever to continue untrammelled by European alliances, but whose sympathies, at least, would be active in another general European war. The same political organ that urged the death of Napoleon, as an atonement to that British nation "whose children he had for twenty years slaughtered, and whose country he had sought to ruin," has been, during the past year, profusely dealing in the same species of "history" and the same sort of libel. Happily, however, the time has come when Englishmen are among the loudest in decrying the inhuman policy

that sets nations against each other, and when Englishmen themselves are not afraid to speak of the iniquitous policy commenced by Mr. Pitt, and carried out by the Regent, Lord Castlereagh, and other leaders of the Tory party.

Under the reign of Louis Philippe, France was undoubtedly prosperous, and was not altogether without that beatific vision of Frenchmen, *la gloire.* The siege of Antwerp, the siege of Constantine, the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the capture of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader, all illustrated by the pencil of Vernet, and thus contributing to those three leagues of canvas at Versailles which depict French history from the time when Pharamond was raised by the Franks on the shield in the year 420, to the battle of Isly in 1844, attest satisfactorily that the spirit of Bayard, Duguesclin, Turenne, and Condé, has not degenerated. But Louis Philippe ascended the throne as the vassal of England, and was merely tolerated by the sovereigns upon the continent. Nicholas was actually marching his army upon Paris, and Austria not only refused a matrimonial alliance to the Duc d'Orleans, but showed an insulting partiality for the Duc de Reichstadt. So abject was Louis Philippe's submission to England, that the latter presumed to manifest grave offence at the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta. France, however, had sufficient reason for breaking off all connection with England on the Eastern question, in which M. Thiers figured so conspicuously. Lord Palmerston had coolly announced to his House of Commons, that "it was not intended to consult France upon the Eastern question." The people of France were furious; the army was raised to the war establishment, and was impatient for the conflict. The generals pledged themselves to put Louis Philippe in possession of London in ten days after the departure from Paris. There was no war, however, and all that France gained was the discipline and the *materiel* of an army consisting of half a million of men, the best appointed in the world.

The causes which converted the riot of February 22, 1848, into a successful revolution, are well known; but there was an element in it which has been generally underrated. The three great parties opposed to Louis Philippe were the Bona-

partists, or rather the Imperialists, the Legitimists or Henriquinquists, and the Republicans. The latter party was the most insignificant in numbers and influence, and therefore the noisiest and most violent. It consisted of a few poets and theorists, four or five journalists, and one or two thousand ruffians; this was the party that controlled for a while thirty-five millions of French people. Undoubtedly the best history of the Revolution of 1848 is the somewhat inflated account that Lamartine has given of his adventures and his *pensées* during the four months that saw him at the head of the Provisional Government, comprising the space between the anarchy of February, and the military dictatorship of June. Hydra, Argus, and Briareus, with their complicated system of heads, eyes, and arms, appear to have been united in the poet-statesman, who contrived, saw, and achieved all that was glorious during those memorable days. The account which he gives of the declaration of the republic has in it less of the poetry which he intended, than of the ridiculous. It is now as clear as noonday, that the whole affair was the result of sheer intimidation by the armed and drunken rabble, who were pillaging and shooting at random, while the heads of the revolution were planning. Lamartine says he was met at the Chamber of Deputies by half a dozen journalists and others, who besought him to make a government. He demanded five minutes (!) for reflection, retired to a chamber, rested his head upon his hands, and at the expiration of the time agreed upon, announced that government which was the laughing-stock of France and of the world for four months. The best farce ever represented upon the boards of the *Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques* could not compare with this. It was hardly to be expected, however, that the brave men who permitted the Duchess d'Orleans to be beaten down and half suffocated, the young Count of Paris to be nearly strangled by a *gamin*, and the little Duc de Chartres to be trampled under foot, would risk much for France. Lamartine showed not the least sign of personal fear; no Frenchman ever does in a revolution. But there was, to say the least, a deficiency of moral courage in the transaction, which makes the history of it a painful one. What a contrast between the shameful

license, the bloodshed, the complete absence of all reference to the opinions of the substantial people of France, which characterized Lamartine's government in 1848, and the promptness, comparative bloodlessness, and deference to the wishes of France, which marked Louis Napoleon's virtual reconstruction of the Empire in 1851! The fate of a government inaugurated under such auspices was inevitable. Lamartine was at its head four months; and at the end of that time, he resigned it into the hands of a military dictator. The real man of the Revolution of 1848, however, was near at hand.

Charles Napoleon Louis Bonaparte had been elected a member of the first National Assembly by four of the departments of France at once, and stood again by right upon the soil whence he had twice been exiled. He was always popular with the people, and the Bonapartists, who had come to be the most numerous party in France, looked up to him as a leader. The cry of *Vive l'Empereur* would sometimes escape from a veteran of the Empire at sight of him; and it was a cry to which the populace were lenient. The impunity with which such expressions could be uttered was a token of danger to the "Provisional Government;" and Lamartine had him ostracized, to give quiet to the country which has since made him Prince-President and Emperor. With the same spirit which had dictated the abdication at Fontainebleau, he was deluded into a resignation. But, being elected a second time, and from *five* departments, he thought it his duty to accept the seat tendered him by his native city of Paris, and from that time his voice has controlled France. The government of Lamartine ignominiously fell; the frightful insurrection of June, 1848, demonstrated its unpopularity and its weakness. The members of the Assembly, in their private capacity, urged Lamartine and his colleagues to resign; they refused. But there was no alternative; and on the morning after the army had retrieved the disgrace of February, the Assembly conferred complete civil authority upon General Cavaignac, in addition to the supreme military authority with which they had invested him the evening before. The election of a President followed, and the Prince received six millions of votes, or four fifths of the

whole number; Cavaignac, on account of his immense popularity from his success in June, was second on the list. The Presidential career of Louis Napoleon was in all respects brilliant and useful. He has been blamed, however, for the expedition to Rome, and the restoration of the Pope. But from the point of view which nine tenths of European statesmen would take, that expedition can be successfully defended. It was simply a question between Austria and France; and the loss of a counteracting French influence in Italy would have been a loss to liberty. Even the Westminster Review says, "the expedition to Rome was well meant; limited in its first idea to the occupation of Civita, and only converted into an attack on Rome by the bad faith of Harcourt and the folly of Oudinot." Louis Napoleon sought to promote the cause of moderate liberty everywhere, without encouraging extreme parties in other countries. At home, however, he was opposed by a factious and turbulent minority, composed of Orleanists, Henri-quinquists, Republicans, and Anarchists, whose sole aim was to thwart *him*. The constitution itself was an absurd contrivance, invented to render the voice of the Assembly supreme over that of the President and the people. The latter part of the sittings of the Assembly was spent in attempting to get the control of an army which despised it, and to overawe a nation which hated, but feared it. It was quite evident that France was upon the eve of a crisis, and the public mind reverted to the 18th of Brumaire.

Among the papers in the volume before us, is the pamphlet with the title of "The Revision of the Constitution," which was circulated about the time of the *coup d'état* and is generally attributed to the hand of Louis Napoleon. It is an able argument to show that parliamentary governments are too liable to abuses to exist in France, however well they may be adapted to England and the United States. Many of the views taken in this paper are identical with those presented in "*L'Idée Napolienne*," published some ten years before. The author has made a curious mistake in taking the theory of the British Constitution for its practice. He states that there is no *fiction* in the English government; that intrigues and parties are powerless; that there is no joining of hands

between the aristocracy and democracy to effect changes; that no third parties interfere; and that ministers are not occupied with trying all expedients to obtain a majority. The *facts* in the case would better have helped his argument; for, hardly a month later, Lord Palmerston lost his place in the cabinet for expressing his approbation of this very *coup d'état*, and avenged himself by successfully employing the machinery in question to overthrow Lord John Russell's ministry, all the factions, including the celebrated Irish Brigade, who voted in a body, joining with him on the unimportant question which he selected as a test.

The Imperial author, however, is more happy in his appreciation of the constitution of this country, which he considers a simple and wise arrangement, and to which he gives a decided preference, because the cabinet of the American President is selected by himself, to advise him during the whole four years of office, and does not depend upon the caprices or the intrigues of either house of Congress. To the objection which might be made to a centralization of power in the hands of the sovereign, that the ministers would be but clerks, he replies that Henry IV. and his successors, down to Napoleon himself, exercised a degree of power which would be repugnant to the feelings of the present day; but that their ministers, Sully, Richelieu, Colbert, Louvois, Choiseul, Turgot, Vergennes, and Talleyrand, were not mere clerks. The revision is urged, because the constitution was not adapted to the interests of France. Originating in the terror and uncertainty of a revolution, (the republic being proclaimed to prevent anarchy,) its authors had not kept their promise of consulting the people, who had never recognized it. Ephemeral and accidental as it was, it committed France to the interests of a socialism she had repudiated. More than two million petitioners, a large majority of the councils of the *arrondissements*, and eighty out of the eighty-four councils of the departments had already demanded the revision.

In the mean time, the condition of France had become alarming. The agents of the Bourbons, the Orleanists, and the Socialists hardly cared to conceal their plots, as they confided in the imbecility of the legislature and the theoretical

inactivity of the President. The government was powerless; all branches of industry, agriculture, and commerce stagnated; the laws were contemned; society seemed about to become once more a prey to convulsion and anarchy. Beyond the frontiers of France, but within the limits of that influence which a French revolution notoriously exercises, the elements of disorder were active. The assassins of Count Rossi at Rome, of Lamberg at Pesth, of the Princess Windischgratz at Prague, the English Chartists, the Irish Clubbists, and even the turbulent aliens residing in the United States, were all supposed to be ready for the demonstrations which were to take place upon the election of a French President in May, 1852, when Napoleonism could no longer exercise its powerful influence for peace and order. The clouds became thicker and darker as the time approached.

Each of the factions in the Assembly now offered its services to the President, upon the condition of his acceptance of a ministry from its own ranks; but he had determined to rely entirely upon the people. Fully acquainted with every thread in the vast conspiracy, with an intimate knowledge even of the details of the various schemes for murder, pillage, and incendiarism, and of the men implicated in them, grasping completely a formidable plot to anticipate the May election and overturn, not the President, but the Presidency, and substitute the dictation of a new Assembly, Louis Napoleon saw that there was but one course for him to pursue, and that was, to depend upon the sagacity and patriotism of the six million of voters who had trusted in him, to institute a new order of things, and to defend it with the whole force of the military till the will of the people could be ascertained. St. Arnaud, Minister at War, De Maupas, Prefect of Police, and De Morny, a representative, were the three persons to whom he confided his plans, and with whom alone he consulted during the fortnight previous to the *dénouement*. We need not detail the complete success of the *coup d'état*. The principal measures were to arrest guilty and dangerous persons, to publish the official acts, to invest and occupy the palace of the Assembly, and to distribute the troops at such points as were judged necessary; and they were carried out according

to the original plan. The whole number to be arrested was but seventy-eight, eighteen of whom were representatives, and sixty heads of secret societies and captains of barricades. None of them had been lost sight of, and their plans were better known to the government than among themselves, for the fortnight previous. At noon, on the 2d of December, the Prince-President rode boldly through the streets of Paris, amid the acclamations of the populace, and reviewed his army, who were awaiting any insurrectionary movement. There was soon work to do: barricades were multiplying; the Socialist army of three thousand fighting men was distributed, and the troops had been fired upon. Citizens were warned to keep away from the barricades, and from the streets occupied by the military, and the fighting commenced. After two days of more or less skirmishing, the government was completely victorious, with a loss of only twenty-five killed, and one hundred and eighty-seven wounded. The insurgent loss was doubtless much greater, as no quarter was given to those found with arms behind the barricades. The satisfaction at the result was hardly greater at Paris than in the departments, where the conspirators had undertaken to anticipate the government by the circulation of false intelligence. Citizens met and exchanged congratulations. The nation passed absolution upon the act by the recorded votes of more than seven millions of freemen, notwithstanding the prodigious efforts of the partisans of the old dynasties, who foresaw, in the now probable and almost certain restoration of the Empire, the extinction of all their hopes. On the 1st of December, the French five per cents were at ninety francs; on the 10th, they were more than one hundred francs, an increase of over ten per cent. of the public and private wealth. All that remained of the long-vaunted mighty movement, which was to convulse Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, appeared in the feeble outbreak at Milan, a few months ago, where a few cowardly assassins were punished with confiscation or the gibbet.

The *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon should have been a matter of congratulation to good citizens everywhere; and more especially did it benefit a country so devoted to loyalty

and order as England. But we have seen that the veteran Palmerston lost his place for approving it. It is said that the Cobourg family, upon the Continent, had influenced her Majesty against Louis Napoleon, and that, for the first time during her reign, she interfered with her government by showing her aversion to Lord Palmerston. The court, moreover, is suspected of being slightly Austrian in its tendencies; and Lord Palmerston is accused of having put into his pocket an autograph letter written by the Queen to the Emperor Francis Joseph, upon a recent occasion. For some reason or other, England was determined not to be satisfied with any sort of government in France. The ministry vented its displeasure at once. Lord Normanby had the bad taste publicly to express at Paris his astonishment that such an event should be permitted; and he had the honor of being "snubbed" by the Prince President, who showed him Lord Palmerston's opinion. The press teemed with libels and not obscure hints at assassination. The English editor of this edition of Louis Napoleon's writings prefixes his own comments to that account of the *coup d'état* by M. Granier de Cassagnac, from which we have gathered most of the facts here presented; he remarks that, M. de Cassagnac being a mere *valet de plume* in the service of Louis Napoleon, this recital may be looked upon as the version, which "that individual would wish to palm upon society, of atrocities which will remain to history as a monument of disgrace and humiliation to the century in which they occurred," — a century, we may suggest, which was ushered in by the perfidy of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and the piratical seizure of the Danish fleet!

We cannot but think it extraordinary that, while England was seeking most to exasperate France, her fears, real or pretended, of an invasion were greatest. This subject of an invasion by France has been a fruitful theme with the English journalists ever since the stability of the French government was confirmed by the *coup d'état;* and we may regard it as one of the surest signs of general confidence in the lasting good of that event which has been exhibited. We were disposed to think that there was nothing more in this cry of invasion than a desire, on the part of the English aristocracy,

to increase the army and navy for the especial benefit of their own younger sons, till a certain M. Billaud was permitted to address letters to the Prince President, full of bitter expressions of hostility to England, and the most sanguine expectations as to the result of such a movement. From these and sundry other occurrences, it cannot be doubted that Louis Napoleon, anxious as he seems to be for peace, would be compelled to resent, with the whole military force of France, the first attempt of England to excite a European prejudice against him. It is an important question, therefore, whether the Emperor will be able to restrain the passions of a people whom Chateaubriand called "a soldier." Within the limits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, France is all powerful. No force which the rest of Europe could spare could successfully invade a country whose army can be, at a moment's warning, raised to a million and a half of men who have, at some time or other, done military service. Her peace establishment is nearly half a million, and, by a system of drill which excludes every manœuvre which is not eminently practical, — such as the slow time in marching, and the various *parade* exercises, — it has been raised to the highest point of efficiency and discipline. Its officers are the most scientific in Europe, and its ordnance the most numerous and best. In view of the fact, that, ever since the rise of Napoleon, the French army, whenever there was an approximation to equality of numbers, has generally won the field, the confidence of the nation at the present time cannot be wondered at. For years, the veterans have been longing to wipe out the disgrace at Waterloo; and young France is taught that to hate the persecutors of the great Emperor is the first duty of a citizen. Louis Philippe was never so popular as when he seemed about to avenge the insult offered to France by leaving her out of the settlement of the Eastern question. The employment of steam has diminished, if not entirely annulled, the uncertainty of an attempt to cross the Channel; and the army once landed, the result could not be doubtful. The opinions and estimates of the best informed English journals leave no doubt that a French army could easily march upon London.

Alison, in his lugubrious picture of the forlorn and hopeless condition of England, ever since the middle classes have been permitted to have a voice in Parliament, concludes by expressing the opinion that not twenty thousand men, or ten ships of the line, can now be brought to guard the coast from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction. Some allowances must be made for the source of this gloomy picture; but it is conceded on all sides, that England has no adequate force to resist the attack of an army so numerous and well disciplined as that of France; and the Duke of Wellington died in the belief that an attack was meditated. In fact, under any other king than Louis Philippe, who was ruinously devoted to an English alliance, France would have gone to war in 1831, when England assumed a much higher diplomatic tone than her resources warranted in the Belgian question; or in 1840, when she succeeded for a while in excluding France from the Conference at London; or in 1846, when she chose to consider herself aggrieved at the Montpensier marriage. The continental policy of England has been very peculiar. Afflicted with an incontrollable propensity for meddling with every question, — now stirring up the subjects to rebellion, now congratulating the sovereigns upon the successful stifling of popular demonstrations, — one wonders what has kept her from war so long. The secret of her impunity is, that there are two parties always contending for place, and it is the sole mission of the "opposition" to oppose whatever is proposed by the government. Thus, if the agent of one ministry is ordered to leave a country for fomenting treason among its subjects, the next ministry volunteers to set spies upon refugees in London; and it is in this convenient system that the government takes refuge whenever the horizon looks dark. There is no consistency in her machinations. An inveterate propagandist of institutions which do not seem to tend to any practical result but the pauperism of the many for the benefit of the few, perpetually canting about a hypothetical freedom of the subject, and yet always ready to suspend the *habeas corpus* act the moment the ministerial majority is strong enough to assert that the country is in danger, it is not surprising that her foreign policy is treach-

erous and dangerous to her allies. She devastated the Peninsula under a pretext of liberating it, but really to afford a diversion, while the powers she had subsidized attacked Napoleon in Germany. By a succession of well-fought actions and well-managed retreats, she effected her purpose; Spain regained her chaste and able Bourbons, the Inquisition, and the guerilla bandits; the cause of religion was also a gainer, (according to Sir Archibald Alison, England has received an apostolical mission to spread the gospel,) to the extent of an embroidered petticoat for the Virgin, the handiwork of the royal Ferdinand. Not content, however, with having restored these blessings, she soon began to undermine the government she had placed upon the throne, and insidiously labored for the dismemberment of its possessions. The country which declaimed so loudly against Cuban "filibustering," which attempted to stigmatize Americans who protected the Canadian refugees as *pirates*, actually sent thousands of the veterans of the Peninsular War to sever from the dominion of a country, with whom she professed to be at peace, her entire South American provinces, for no other object than to open a trade for her own merchants. Money was sent over in profusion. Between the years 1820 and 1840, England spent £140,000,000 for this purpose, which has never been repaid. Moreover, an expedition sailed from British harbors in open day, commanded by "Sir Gregor McGregor," and took possession, under the British flag, of Porto Bello, in South America, then in the undisturbed possession of a Spanish force, the two countries being, as Spain foolishly supposed, at peace. Still later, an army of shop-boys and pickpockets, with a few half-pay officers, under the imposing title (*et præterea nihil*) of the "British Legion," went over into Spain, to aid in keeping up a murderous war of factions, which then disgraced and paralyzed the unhappy realm of Ferdinand and Isabella.

We turn now to a brief examination of the new volume of the "History of Europe," by Sir Archibald Alison, and hasten to say at the outset, that, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the peculiar *crotchets* of the author, the statistics, dates, parliamentary debates, and diplomatic controversies are stated with pains and with fairness throughout the

work. There, however, all praise must end. The bitterest enemy of England and her institutions could not have projected a cleverer satire upon the motives of the persons who are most conspicuous in the book. The odious policy of Pitt and Castlereagh, and the passive meanness of the Regent, are paraded with a boastfulness as shocking to the democratic tendencies of the age, as it is mortifying to the great and increasing liberal party of Great Britain. We had thought that the perverseness of man could not go farther in blind adulation of the patrician, and unfeeling denunciation of the popular, elements in government, than Alison went in his first Part. He then undertook to show the advantages of an oligarchy; he ascribed the twenty years' war to the democracy of France, instead of the aristocracy of England, to whom alone it was due. The worst thing was his attempt to prove the advantages of war; he recounts the blessings of peace, but maintains that, in its prosperity, are to be found "the hard-hearted master and the reckless servant, the princely landlord and the destitute tenant, the profligate husband and the faithless wife, *et corrumpere et corrumpi seculum vocatur.*" American readers, not having had the advantage of that refined society from whose morals this picture is drawn, may be pardoned if, not questioning the accuracy of the picture, they fail to admit its universal application as an argument. On the other hand, argues Alison, war has indeed the inconveniences of ravaged fields and sacked cities, slaughtered multitudes, famished groups, the tears of the widow, and the groans of the fatherless; but what is all this to the patriotism, self-denial, and disinterestedness so often witnessed in such suffering? Peace gives men a larger share of the enjoyments of this world; but war "*renders them fitter for a future state.*" That is to say, a simple Quakeress, like Elizabeth Fry, who gives her whole lifetime to relieve the sorrows of humanity, may be able to enjoy her dinner or her night's rest; but the politician, who, because he thinks his own country secure from retribution, never permits his neighbors to be at peace, he, and the brutalized instruments of his ambition and selfishness, are the true characters for the kingdom of Heaven! We neither misunderstand nor mistate Sir Archibald Alison upon this

point; it stands in the black and white of the concluding chapter of his first series.

We pass over the exclusively English question of the corn laws and the reform bill of 1832, which the author touches upon in his opening chapter. We may be permitted to think, however, that some advantages have followed the introduction of cheap bread, which he is not prepared to admit; and we cannot but trust that some of the spectres which he has conjured up, as the legitimate effects of the partial destruction of the rotten boroughs, exist nowhere but in his perturbed imagination. But we find some consolation in the grand schemes for the amelioration of mankind in general, through the aggrandizement of that English aristocracy which now hails Sir Archibald Alison as a brother, though they look rather oddly in a production of the nineteenth century: these schemes are the abolition of jury trials and of *popular education.* The statistics brought to bear upon the latter point are appalling. Sir Archibald has shown, beyond all cavil, that the gallows and the spelling-book should go together; for if you educate a man, you will sooner or later have to hang him. Apprehensive of being led to commit some horrible crime, (for we rarely venture to dispute the author's figures,) we had begun to congratulate ourselves upon our limited amount of information, and to take measures for the gradual diminution of our small stock of useful knowledge, when the "Edinburgh" came to our relief, by showing that, for once, Sir Archibald was wrong in his estimates, and that the educated criminals, instead of being double the number of the uneducated, were only in the proportion of one to seven. We should really like to know what sort of image is reflected in the mind of Sir Archibald Alison while he is writing his disquisition upon "*the people.*" The theatrical conception of a Frenchman is an improved species of monkey, who fiddles, dances, and curls hair, speaking broken English on his own soil, withering up at any sort of hostile demonstration against his person, and convulsed by paroxysms of fear at the distant melo-dramatic roar of the British Tar. No man could write as Alison does if he had not a corresponding idea of *the people.* Something in a smock-frock, that swills beer and "doms the parson" by day, and poaches pheasants and

burns ricks by night, is evidently the authentic Alisonian idea of every unfortunate being who has not the honor of belonging to the landed gentry of England.

It is not to be expected, therefore, that a gentleman of Sir Archibald Alison's habits of thought will have a very exalted opinion of America, or that what he condescends to say of us will be very amiable or very correct. The single chapter in the first series devoted to America was a farrago of nonsensical libel from beginning to end. The marginal references run thus: — "Total absence of originality or independence of thought;" "Spoliation of the commercial classes already commenced;" "Insecurity of life and order in America;" "Peculiarity of American cruelties in this respect;" "External weakness [!] of the Americans;" "Banishment of higher talent from the public service;" "Dependency of the bench," &c., &c. The subject of American manners, so lucrative a theme for the London hacks, Alison dismissed in a single sentence; — "The manners of the Americans are the manners of Great Britain, minus the aristocracy, the landowners, the army, and the established church." The *minus* quantity is very suggestive; but, as the author evidently intended to compliment us for approaching *so near* to decency, we forbear any comments.

In the first chapter of the new volume, which is an outline of the whole field that the new series is to cover, Sir Archibald again ventures upon American ground. In order to show the ill effects of democratic institutions, he informs the British public that "the principal States of the Union have, by common consent, repudiated their State debts as soon as the storms of adversity blew, resuming payment only in a few instances, when the sale of lands wrested from the Indians afforded them the means of doing so, without recurring to the dreaded horrors of direct taxation." Considering that to broach a project for the payment of the National Debt of England would be cause enough to send a man to Bedlam in English medical jurisprudence, perhaps this is rather severer language, with regard to the defalcation of Mississippi, than Sir Archibald is entitled to use; his banker would have given him a better account of American investments. We learn, more-

over, that "the measures of Congress have been so generally directed by *self-interest*," that "South Carolina was only prevented from breaking up the confederacy by the quiet concession of the central legislature." We may have our doubts as to this; and we certainly do not comprehend the meaning here of the term "self-interest." As a part of the selfish career of unbridled democracy, the author goes on to say, that we seized upon Texas "without the vestige of a title;" that by concealing our title, which negatived our claim, we obtained from Great Britain the half of Maine; that we did our utmost to revolutionize Canada, and were only prevented by a melancholy tragedy from revolutionizing Cuba; that when the Mexicans took up arms to avenge the spoliation of their territory, we invaded their dominions, and wrested from them the half of all that remained; that during the last ten years, though attacked by no one, we have, by violence and fraud, made ourselves masters of 1,300,000 square miles of territory; that "the very children in all parts of the Union play at soldiers;" and that "democratic passions have found their usual and natural vent in foreign aggression!" And this tirade, which in no single particular contains the remotest approximation to truth, is the sort of history for which the author has been made a baronet! And yet we are coolly told that this warlike republic, whose little army of some fifty thousand men, mostly volunteers, recently conquered a nation of seven millions of people, and won every battle it fought, against whatever odds, would be beaten by England in that third war which he considers so necessary to settle the "adjourned questions" of the last, before we could, to use a western expression, "get our eyes open;" and that it would be conquered in three months if situated on the Continent of Europe, unless it changed its government! It is hardly probable that the circumstances which would thus render a change of government imperative will occur for a geological era or two; but it is just possible that, in case any or several of the governments of Europe should *succeed in surrounding us on our own continent*, some means of defence would be adopted suitable to the occasion.

The author, in his enumeration of the burdens imposed upon France, hardly shows the humble spirit naturally to be

expected of a religious propagandist; we even detect a little exultation in his style of describing "the oriental slavery," to which the converted country was reduced by the Holy Alliance and its insular friend and co-apostolic "soldier of the cross." Eleven hundred thousand men were quartered upon the soil and the resources of France, one hundred and fifty thousand of whom were to remain five years at her own expense, — all to show the confidence that Louis XVIII. had in his faithful subjects. Fifteen hundred and thirty-five millions of francs were extorted, in addition to the expense of maintaining the armies of the continent. The murder of Marshal Ney, which has left an indelible stain upon *all* who were accessory to it, is justified, but admitted to have been a mistake. It certainly was not auspicious that the throne of a dynasty, thrust upon France at the point of the bayonet, should have been inaugurated with the blood of the bravest old soldier of the Empire, who had fought fifty battles for France, and not one against her.

The volume now under review is not of so much general interest as those of the former series; and had not its author, who represents a numerous and powerful party of his countrymen, taken this opportunity to present a few additional theories, and to show up his old ones in a more aggravated shape; had he not, especially, gone out of his way to misrepresent America, and hold it up to the indignation of the world, there would hardly be sufficient interest in the book to recommend it to readers upon this side of the Atlantic, and little or nothing in its abstract merits to entitle it to the serious consideration of the reviewer.

We have discussed, with great freedom, the political relations of England and France; and it is time now to turn to this country, and devote our little remaining space to the manner in which our own interests have been affected by recent events. We have taken, for the basis of these reflections, the Inaugural Address of President Pierce, or rather that portion of it that deprecates any foreign interference in the affairs of this continent, and declares any further colonization of it by the European powers to be totally inadmissible. This we take to be a very decided affirmation of the so-called Monroe doctrine,

with additions for the benefit of Young America. We must confess that, so far as we understand the "Monroe doctrine," it applied to the propagation of the principles of the Holy Alliance, and, as such, it could and should be enforced, if it were at all likely those principles would ever revive in Central America. But apart from the quadrennial epidemic of Young Americanism, we think there is much to be said in favor of restricting, at every hazard, foreign influence *within* our borders, and even in Central America; and that, in certain cases, all lawful means should be used to diminish such an influence, if incompatible with our interests, which, on the North American Continent, *but there alone*, we regard as identical with the interests of humanity. Our legitimate sphere of action is confined to this object. We do not apprehend, any more than England appears to have apprehended in the Oregon matter, the blustering denunciation of "those who would sacrifice the honor of their country" by the gentlemen who go for violating treaties, and claiming territory which does not belong to us. Mr. Webster gave the Oregon heroes a sarcastic rebuke, which we should think they might remember, when he told them that, if a smile of derision or a pout were excited in England, it would not be by any ground taken by the conservative side of the house. We believe that the doctrine of the exclusive control of the Central American States to be of too much importance to serve as a mere party catch-word, — a "springe to catch woodcocks" or votes. But we believe it is to be settled not immediately, or with any single power, and that the shrewdest, yet boldest, diplomacy will be required. We hope to see the day when the oratorical element in our policy will entirely pass away. *Swaggering* is no nearer to diplomacy than it is to courage; the instances of its success are not many, and they are as discreditable as they are few. The swaggerer never succeeds twice. If we are to trust the organs of the party which now controls the policy of the country, every individual to whom a foreign mission has been entrusted was "admirably fitted" by nature for that very office, before he was selected by the President. We sincerely hope that this was the case. If an unnecessary war is the result of

an unwise and over-strained diplomacy, not only these gentlemen, but the President who appointed them, will incur a fearful responsibility. But if, in the straight and easy path of *duty*, it should happen that war were forced upon us, the executive should be supported not only by the entire military and marine force of the country, but by the sympathizing spirit of the *whole* people. Party lines should be for the time utterly annihilated; for the next foreign war will determine the position of America upon the political map of the world.

In order, however, to secure either immunity from war, or unity in case of war, it is absolutely essential that the government be not entrapped into an alliance with any nation whatever. We have directed the course of our remarks against an alliance with England, not from any hostility to that country; for, in spite of the wrongs which she has permitted her statesmen to perpetrate, there is much in the character of her people to admire; but simply because the current, slight as it is, was setting in that direction, and writers of a certain class have even attempted to turn it artificially thither. We have endeavored to show, moreover, that the government of Louis Napoleon was entitled to a cordial support from this country. There is every thing to indicate its stability, and its worst enemies cannot suggest any thing so good for the country over which it is instituted. In any event which may occur, let America be neutral, and let her enforce for herself and for other weaker nations the full RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS. If she succeeds in doing that, — and she can succeed, — she will accomplish a far more glorious mission than any, however seemingly proper, interference between a sovereign and a people would be, in the event even of its greatest success. In order to be completely independent of the nations which may be at war, our commercial relations with the ports on the Continent should be increased, if possible, by the acts of government; and we had intended to allude to the project for establishing a Continental depot for cotton, and new lines of steamers between this country and the Continent. Let us remember that friendships are sometimes more dangerous than enmities; let us consider the delicate relations of our internal organization; let us look to the guaranties which the

past affords, rather than to the professions of the present;—and there will need no ghost to tell us, that a nation *may* be more dangerous as an ally than it is possible for her to be as an enemy.

Liberty depends not upon this or that form of government; it is neither at variance with the idea of a monarchy, nor inseparable from the idea of a republic. Forms of government depend upon the idiosyncrasies of nations, and the circumstances which surround their origin; but liberty may exist in all. It can no more be handed from one nation to another than language or morals can be so transmitted. We have but little faith in propagandism; for the laws of propagandism are, that if it succeed, it succeeds through blood, and if it fail, its failure buries its projectors in contempt. There is a theoretical and there is a practical liberty; and there is real happiness which is necessarily the adjunct of neither. The theory of the British Constitution is the liberty of the subject, independent of the sovereign; and the theory of the Russian autocracy is the liberty of the sovereign to dispose of the subject; yet the *people* of Russia are happy, and the *people* of England are wretched. Again, the government of England is a constitutional monarchy, and the government of Austria is an untrammelled despotism; but is not the merry and loyal peasant of the Tyrol an infinitely happier and higher being than the Yorkshire clown or the Cornwall miner? Are the smiling, light-hearted, music-loving Viennese, strolling of a summer evening along the alleys of the Prater, listening to a song of Meyerbeer's, or whirling about to a new waltz by Lanner, less happy, or less free even, than the skulking, scowling vagabonds that emerge after dark from the purlieus of St. Giles? And yet the *class* is the same. The truth is, the deeper our investigations go into the facts of human government and the facts of social life, the deeper is the conviction that the true history of the effect of political institutions upon the liberties and the happiness of man is yet to be written.

ART. VII. — 1. *Life of* MRS. ELIZA A. SETON, *Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States.* By REV. CHARLES J. WHITE, D. D. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 1853. pp. 581.

2. *Memoir of* MARY L. WARE, *Wife of Henry Ware, Jr.* By EDWARD B. HALL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 434.

3. *The Sickness and Health of the People of Bleaburn.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 148.

"HOLY men of old, who have written the lives of Saints, universally begin by professing their unworthiness to be the historians of the marvellous deeds which the Holy Spirit has wrought in the Church. What then should *we* say, who, in these memorable times, from the bosom of our quiet homes, in the midst of our literary ease, venture to celebrate the glories of the Saints? We have much that is amiable and domestic among us; but Saints, the genuine creation of the Cross, with their supernatural virtues, are now to us a matter of history."

So says a late devout chronicler of the English Saints; and it seems a strange admission for one whose Church claims, to this day, miraculous powers for her faithful sons and daughters. What are "supernatural virtues?" Why are they not to be looked for in our day? More interesting for us, as well as more germane to our present purpose, is the inquiry, — what constitutes a Saint? Is it the gift of miracles, or asceticism, or pure humility? Is it devotion, charity, labor for the good of others? Is it a recluse life, — a literal separateness from the world, for the sake of a more entire renunciation of its pleasures and honors? Our own short answer would be, — something of all these; the power of working miracles being at least represented by the overwhelming potency of a true life in silencing all cavils, and enlightening the minds of those who witness it.

The term Saint has been, and is now, occasionally applied, in a contemptuous sense, to persons who profess a deeper sense of religion and more complete submission to its laws than their

neighbors, and who show more piety than the world believes to be sincere and practical. It is not difficult to account for the feeling which has thus sought to cast odium upon a prominent profession of religion. The very name of sainthood involves the supposition that the world in general is "lying in wickedness," supine in alienation from God, and impatient of his laws and government; that not merely that abstraction "the world," but we, with our friends and neighbors, are in this state to such a degree, that if one be found among us, whose life is carefully, and, saving human frailties, fully conformed to the standard which we all pretend to acknowledge, he stands out conspicuous, a peculiar person, worthy of praise and honor. The writer, with whose words we began, states the matter thus: "To the generality of the world, many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of *perfection*, but to the Saints they are precepts of OBLIGATION. *This is the true distinction of Saints.*" There is then a broad line to be drawn between those who admire and those who imitate the Divine Saviour; and the world recognizes the distinction without horror or self-condemnation, even while confessing, with cold lips, the duty and the rationality of imitation. The ridicule, but too general, is therefore only one of the poor sops with which sin attempts to silence conscience. The best lives have yet so much of human frailty, that we get rid of the reproach of their goodness by calling up and insisting upon their imperfections, which we make as black as possible, in order to throw the shadow of hypocrisy over the bright side.

But, do what we will, the Saint is always recognized. He is a distinct person. Whatever be the amount of his astuteness, industry, thrift, fine manners, desire of popularity, he is not the man of the world, but a different creature, because his supreme, his ruling idea, the philosophy of his life, is different. He may even be, to the distant or prejudiced eye, undistinguishable from his neighbor who worships Mammon with heartiest service; but those near enough to feel the spirit of his life, know better. A man *is* what he believes and aims at, on the whole, with whatever short comings or even relapses. If wealth be his main object, occasional paroxysms of generosity must be referred to occasional causes; if pleasure, serious interests will occupy him only under the pressure of

circumstances; if selfish ambition, all the tender affections and disinterested virtues are in abeyance, and must wait or bend, or be annihilated, if the greedy god smile not without such propitiation. So when one vows the allegiance of his soul to God and his fellow-man, all else is, so far as his wish and intention go, put in subordination to this upper purpose; and however riches, pleasure, selfish instincts, boiling ambition, human weakness, or obstreperous passions, may beguile, becloud, or pervert for the time, there is still the grand, holy, leading idea, in distant brightness, like the polestar, shining in blackest skies, and over the billows mountain high, that only for the moment blind and confound the bewildered mariner. It is convenient, for purposes of ridicule or depreciation, to draw the line as between "Saints" and "Sinners," that the respect accorded to the former may seem absurd; but the world knows very well that although Saints are Sinners, Sinners are none the more Saints for all that; and that, with all his sins, the man who is determined to be on God's side, and a worker for Him in this life, is unhappily always a remarkable personage.

The Saint is especially a worker. He is somebody who *does* something; not who fasts, or prays, or talks, or preaches merely, but who does what he finds to do for his fellow-creature, under the guidance, and as the humble follower, of a Divine Master. His having a Divine Master is what alone can preserve him from blundering arrogance in the performance of his work, and from fatal self-complacency in the contemplation of it. As well might the worker at the Gobelins throw away the exquisite painting that hangs behind him, and attempt *impromptu* flourishes and flowers unknown to botany. With a perfect pattern, even the most ignorant may attempt something, if only his eye be single. With all his errors, there will be a general resemblance, — such as a Master whose love is boundless, and whose compassions fail not, will accept and bless.

Seeing, then, that Saints are still, as they have ever been, but sparsely scattered up and down in the world, — here presenting a green spot for the eye to rest on amid the glare and heat of life, there making "a sunshine in a shady place," — it is surely well to speak of them when they are gone and can no longer feel painfully humbled by praise; to draw them

together for the advantage of phalanx and the strengthening of those still dispersed and unconfirmed, as well as for the prompting and awakening of hearts in which aspirations of duty and holiness are as yet only possible, not present. Who does not know how often the noble deed of another has been the spear of Ithuriel to his own conscience; or a trait of heavenly goodness, the mirror wherein he saw, in all its odiousness, his past remissness or his cherished sin? Who has not read of devotion, with a stinging sense of his own ingratitude; of disinterestedness, with secret shame at conscious selfishness; of charity, with resolutions against hoarding for the future? Not only is a man known by the company he keeps, but the company he keeps has no small share in making him what he is. The Roman Catholic Church, with its usual astuteness in the use of means, makes the reading of the lives of the Saints a primary duty. To see what has been done is one of the most powerful stimulants to action; the knowledge of what others have surmounted, helps us through many a difficulty. Next in value to the actual companionship of the good, is the study of their lives, as portrayed by kindred spirits. Biographies get nearer the heart than any other writings, as pictures which resemble ourselves are sure to be interesting. We love even egotism and garrulity in the shape of autobiography, so strong is human sympathy. Every way benefactors therefore are they who give us lives of the Saints.

Never have such books as those we are considering been so eagerly sought after as now; perhaps, because the world, conscious of being more worldly than ever, confesses the sore need of recuperative means. It is the trick of a certain class of *gourmands* to follow each dangerous excess by some remedial drug, because penance is preferable to abstinence, and, the balance once struck, the peril is averted. So it has been known, before our day, that the wickedest men have been, naturally enough, though rather ludicrously, the most anxious for their souls, and, without any thing like a resolve to reform, the most profuse in masses and charities. The reading of good books seems like a good work, and the admiration of good actions seems like a holy sympathy; so we get better

chiefly by the aid of those who have made the sacrifices which are too hard for us. But the best are strengthened by such reading, for who does not need help by the way?

Americans and their doings have as yet found small place in biographical dictionaries and works professing to be cyclopedic. We need the condemned word "ignore," to express the cool omissions of European writers and hashers, where American worth and worthies are concerned; for ignoring is very different from ignorance. But now we are beginning to make ourselves heard, and may one day, if we choose, be exclusive in our turn, for the whirligig of Time is no more remiss than of yore in bringing about its revenges. In Lives of the Saints, in particular, we are already rich; and when age shall have mellowed our chronicles, some homebred Allan Butler will rise up, surrounded with abundant and choice material. Some of the more recent of these we propose to examine, and we give the priority due to that Church which has always been most assiduous in holding up her Saints for reverence and imitation. She must excuse us if we forestall her in counting "one Saint more," whose name has not yet found its way into the calendar. Canonization is not, in our day, the privilege of popes and councils. We venture to claim for our countrywoman, Mrs. Seton, a niche beside that of St. Bega, who founded the religious house now known as St. Bees, sung by Wordsworth in some stanzas, from which we must be allowed to quote two or three:

"When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crost;
She knelt in prayer — the waves their wrath appease,
And, from her vow, well weigh'd in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the chantry of St. Bees.

To aid the votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds like miracles achieved;
So Piety took root, and Song might tell
What humanizing virtues near her cell
Sprang up and spread their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel truth enchained in harmonies

Wafted o'er waves or creeping through close trees,
From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed,
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good, (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died,) in pious memory kept,
Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees."

This Saint Bega is made out by her Catholic biographer to be a very lovely personage. She was an Irish princess, who left her father's house to avoid a marriage which he had planned for her; and, assisted by the virtue of a miraculous bracelet, which was given to her in a vision, she gained the English coast, though not without great danger of shipwreck among the rocks, which she escaped by a vow to build a holy house upon the same inhospitable headland on the Cumberland coast. There she constructed a cell, or, as some think, lived in a cave.

"Beyond those beautiful mountains, St. Oswald was ruling in sanctity and peace, and St. Aidan making his episcopal visitations on foot, [it was in the seventh century,] entering the scattered farms, teaching the little children, and leaving heavenly peace behind him wheresoever he went. The king in his bright crown, the weary, foot-sore bishop, each in his way, doing the work of God, and spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. And Bega too — she in her way is doing the same work. While she sings the Divine praises, and her meditations are

differently attended, sometimes by the heavy thunder of the rolling sea, sometimes by the scarcely-whispering winds, or deep voices of the wood-pigeons in the trees, she is spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. Her prayers, her intercessions, her acts of austerity, her self-imposed loneliness, her virginal sacrifice, are communicating secret vigor to the whole church, and have power in the invisible world to bring out gifts for her fellow-men. *For to love God is the first commandment, and activity for our neighbors, without the love of God, is not the keeping of the second.*"

Truly, this is a maxim sometimes overlooked in our philanthropic times.

But Bega did not omit the kindly duties that show the quality of this goodly trunk of love. She was skilled in medicinal plants, and applied them to the curing of the poor about her; and it is said that she tamed the sea-birds, and even the wolves, who gratefully brought her of their spoils. One hardly requires that this should be literally true, so beautifully does it typify the power of feminine gentleness and Christian love.

After some years of deep seclusion, Bega was forced to fly her sea-side caves by the incursions of pirates, and she sought and found St. Aidan, to whom, says her biographer, "as to the brideman of her Bridegroom, Bega, the bride of Christ, drawing near, disclosed every secret of her soul, and those things that were wrought about her; and sought counsel from him, after what manner she might draw the bands of love and obedience toward her heavenly spouse more tightly." St. Aidan made the recluse into a nun, subject to the rules of an order. "No sooner was she clothed in her black dress than she entered a haven of peace; she was like a pilot resigning the helm to another, now that the mouth of the harbor is gained. For obedience is like Eden, a place, if not of carelessness, at least of child-like security."

Bega built a great monastery and filled it with nuns. While it was rising, though she was not able to work in stone and timber, she made herself the servant of the workmen, cooked their provisions for them, and carried them to them with her own hands; "ever ministering," says the record, "and running backwards and forwards, like a bee laden with

honey." ("He that would be great among you, let him be your minister.")

"Soon the place was full of gentle nuns, spinning and weaving and copying patterns, yet all the while silent and recollected, their hearts stayed on God, and occupied with the sweets of celestial meditation. For she urged them most fervently to the keeping of fasts and watchings, to the singing of hymns and psalms and spiritual songs, and to the study of holy reading. Thus she did Martha's work, that she might not neglect Mary's holy rest, nor, on the other hand, contemn a necessary service on account of Mary's sabbath."

The monastery grew so large and important that Bega's conscience would not let her continue to rule over it; and she importuned St. Aidan till he permitted her to resign it in favor of the holy Hilda, better known, by name at least, to the profane world, if the world of poetry may be so called, than her predecessor. After this, Bega retired to a hermitage, making, however, an annual visit to her friend Hilda and the beloved monastery. Hilda died first, and Bega saw, in a glorious vision, the beatified soul carried to heaven, but in what semblance the chronicler does not tell us. Not long afterwards, she herself was called away, on the 31st of October, "while she was observing the vigil of All-Saints, quitting the world to join their society; that, winter coming upon the earth, all winter might pass away from her, leaving it; and the rain might cease and depart; that eternal spring might shine upon her, and the bloom of roses and the lilies of the valley might appear to her in heaven."

Some such life may have been the model of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, the daughter of a New York physician of some eminence, who, born an Episcopalian under the spiritual reign of Dr. Hobart, became, in middle life, the foundress and first Superior of the "Sisters of Charity" in America. The immediate or more obvious cause of her conversion to the Romish faith seems to have been a residence of some months in Italy, whither she had gone with her husband, for the benefit of his health, but without success, for he died at Leghorn, in December, 1803, after a month's confinement in a wretched lazaretto, where Mrs. Seton and her dying charge had suffered

a whole life of tortures, both of body and soul. Her journal of the period is most touching.

"The matin bells," she says, "awakened my soul to its most painful regrets, and filled it with an agony of sorrow which could not, at first, find relief even in prayer. In the little closet, from whence there is a view of the open sea, and the beatings of the waves against the high rocks at the entrance of this prison, which throw them violently back, and raises the white foam as high as its walls, I first came to my senses, and reflected that I was offending my only Friend and resource in my misery, and voluntarily shutting from my soul the only consolation it could receive. Pleading for mercy and strength brought peace, and with a cheerful countenance I asked William what we should do for breakfast. The doors were unbarred, and a bottle of milk set down at the entrance of the room. Little Anna and William ate it with bread, and I walked the floor with a crust and a glass of wine. William could not sit up; his ague came on, and my soul's agony with it. My husband on the cold bricks, without fire, lifting his dim and sorrowful gaze in my face, while his tears ran on his pillow, without one word. . . . . My William, wearied out, was asleep; Anna, with a flood of tears, said her prayers, and soon forgot her sorrows, and it seemed as if opening my prayer-book and bending my knees was the signal for my soul to find rest. . . . Our capitano brought us word that other five days were granted, and that on the 19th of December we were free. Poor William says with a groan, 'I believe before then.' We pray and cry together until fatigue overpowers him, and then he says he is willing to go. Cheering up is useless; he seems easier after venting his sorrow, and always gets quiet sleep after his struggle. A heavy storm of wind, which drives the spray from the sea against our window, adds to his melancholy. If I could forget my God one moment, at these times, I should go mad; but He hushes all. 'Be still, and know that I am God, your Father.' Dear home — dearest sisters — my little ones — well! either protected by God in this world, or in heaven. It is a sweet thought to dwell on, that all those I most tenderly love, love God, and if we do not meet again here, there we shall be separated no more. If I have lost them now, their gain is infinite and eternal. How often I tell my William, 'When you awake in that world, you will find nothing could tempt you to return to this; you will see that your care over your wife and little ones was like a hand only to hold the cup which God himself will give, if he takes you. Heavenly Father, pity the weak and burdened souls of thy poor creatures, who have not strength to look to thee, and lift us from the dust, for His sake, our resurrection and our life."

After recounting a vision of youthful days at home, she says, —

"All this came strong in my head this morning, when, as I tell you, the body let the spirit alone. I had prayed and cried heartily, which is my daily and hourly comfort, and, closing my eyes, with my head upon the table, lived all those sweet hours over again — made believe I was under the chestnut tree — felt so peaceable at heart, so full of love to God — such confidence and hope in him. The wintry storms of time shall be over, and the unclouded spring enjoyed forever. So you see, with God for our portion, there is no prison in high walls and bolts; no sorrow in the soul that waits on him, though beset with present cares and gloomy prospects. For this freedom I can never be sufficiently thankful, as in my William's case, it keeps alive what in his weak state would naturally fail; and often when he hears me repeat the psalms of triumph in God, and read St. Paul's faith in Christ with my whole soul, it so enlivens his spirit that he makes them also his own, and all our sorrows are turned into joy. O well may I love God, and well may my whole soul try to please him; for what but the pen of an angel can ever express what he has done and is constantly doing for me?"

Laboring incessantly for the body and soul of her sinking charge, she saw always light, bright as that which shone round Peter in his dungeon. Gifted with the warmest heart and the tenderest sensibility, she feels the sufferings of him she loved with a sympathy which left her no thought for her own, yet she was even more solicitous for his acceptance than for his comfort.

"The dampness about us would be thought dangerous for people in health, — and my William's sufferings, — oh! well I know that God is above! Capitano, you need not always point your silent look and finger there. If I thought our condition the providence of *man*, instead of a weeping Magdalen you so graciously call me, you would find me a lioness, willing to burn your lazaretto about your ears, if it were possible, that I might carry off my poor prisoner to breathe the air of heaven in some more seasonable place. . . . No one ever saw my William without giving him the quality of an amiable man; but to see that character exalted to the peaceful, humble Christian, waiting the will of God with a patience that seems more than human, and a firm faith that would do honor to the most distinguished piety, is a happiness that is allowed only to the poor little mother who is separated from all other happiness connected with this scene of things. No sufferings, no

weakness nor distress, (and from these he is never free in any degree,) can prevent his following me daily in prayer, in the Psalms, and in generally large readings of the Scripture. . . . When I thank God for my creation and preservation, it is with a warmth of feeling I never could know until now; to wait on Him in my William's soul and body, to console and soothe these hours of affliction and pain, watching and weariness, which, next to God, I alone could do; to strike up the cheerful notes of hope and Christian triumph, which, from his partial love, he hears with the more enjoyment from me, because to me he attributes the greatest share of them; to hear him, in pronouncing the name of his Redeemer, declare that I first taught him the sweetness of the sound — Oh! if I was in the dungeon of this lazaretto, I should bless and praise my God for these days of retirement and abstraction from the world, which have given me opportunity for so blessed a work."

The end came at last, and sooner than the devoted wife expected. The 19th of December was the much desired day of release from the lazaretto, and the invalid was taken to the elegant residence of Mr. Filicchi, where he lay "the greater part of the day on a sofa, delighted with his change of situation, and with the taste and elegance of every thing around him. We read, compared past and present, talked of heavenly hopes, and went to rest in hopes of a good night;" but in the night the fatal summons came, and a few more days put an end to hope and suspense. Mrs. Seton went through the last duties with a firmness which astonished all about her. The simple people around, who had been prevented by a vain fear of contagion from performing the usual offices for the corpse, exclaimed, "If she was not a heretic, she would be a Saint!" Perhaps they recognized the infallible marks better than their spiritual teachers.

Up to this period, Mrs. Seton had evinced no nearer leaning toward Romanism than might have been predicated of a highly imaginative and warm-hearted woman, who admired and loved Dr. Hobart and his teachings. But the generous and truly Christian kindness of the Filicchi family seems to have warmed into active life the seeds sown by the zealous high-churchman in New York. Those friends in a foreign land offered a home to the widow and her children, supplied her with every comfort and consolation possible, and when

she thought proper to return to her own country, one of the brothers accompanied her. Mr. Antonio Filicchi she thenceforth calls brother, and in a letter written a year afterward, addresses him thus characteristically, and as if the sun of Italy had put to flight every vestige of Anglo-Saxon reserve:

"Do you remember when you carried the poor little wandering sheep to the fold, and led it to the feet of its tender Shepherd? Whose warning voice first said 'My sister, you are in the broad way, and not in the right one'? Antonio's. Who begged me to seek the right one? Antonio. Who led me kindly, gently in it? Antonio. And when deceived and turning back, whose tender, persevering charity withheld my erring steps and strengthened my fainting heart? Antonio's. And who is my unfailing friend, protector, benefactor? Antonio! Antonio! commissioned from on high, the messenger of peace, the instrument of mercy. My God, my God, my God, reward him! The widow's pleading voice, the orphan's innocent hands are lifted to you to bless him! They rejoice in his love, O grant him the eternal joy of years!"

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Seton's change of faith, which was perfected during the homeward voyage of fifty-six days in the society of Mr. Antonio Filicchi, was received by her family and friends without what her Catholic biographer calls "a storm of opposition." He talks even of "persecution," and says that, had she remained a Protestant, she would have "inherited a large fortune." Who the persons were that thus punished her for leaving the Episcopal Church, we are not informed, but conclude they must have been unusually zealous members of that communion. The kind Filicchis stept in, and offered to provide for their convert, but this the proper spirit of Mrs. Seton declined. She wished to exert herself in the support of her family of five children, and although compelled to accept occasional aid from her Italian friends, she labored incessantly for the purpose. The generosity of these friends must have formed a striking contrast with the severity of Protestant relatives. After years of most liberal contribution to her support, Mr. A. Filicchi writes, urging her to draw on his New York agents to any amount she desired: "If you attempt to disregard your brother's direction in this respect, I will not write to you any more. I will try

not to think of you, if possible. My means are to-day double what they were at the date of my subscription, (of $400.) A special Providence is visible in every step of ours. If you are heard so much in Heaven in my behalf, should I be so ungrateful as to desert you on earth? It is mortifying to receive, but mortification is the duty of a Christian." After the removal of Mrs. Seton to Baltimore, and the adoption of her plan for a Catholic school for girls near that city, Mr. Filicchi again writes, — and we mention such particulars with express reference to the example set by these disciples of Rome, not of munificence to secure a convert, for this one had long been beyond doubt or fear, but to further the interests of the religion they professed to believe, and to honor the name of Christ in comforting one of his humble followers: — "To promote the establishment you intimate, you will please draw on my agents for one thousand dollars, charging the same to the account in the world to come of my brother Philip and your brother Antonio. If any thing more should be wanted, you are commanded to quote it to me plainly and positively." The occasion for another thousand came in due season, and was promptly met; and two sons of Mrs. Seton were successively received for mercantile education and profitable employment by these untiring friends, whom we are disposed to class, if not among the Saints, among those who *méritent bien de l'être*, as true and warm lovers of God and man.

The steps by which Mrs. Seton was led to undertake the founding of a sisterhood we need not recount. Through the influence of a benefactor, Emmetsburg was chosen as the seat of the new nunnery; and, whether from some unhealthiness in the site, or in consequence of extravagant austerities, the mortality among the inmates of the convent seems to have been terrible. Mrs. Seton herself lost two daughters and two sisters-in-law; and the small community, in about ten years, some fifteen of its members beside. The weakness and unconscious impiety of the ascetic life, so lauded throughout this biography and elsewhere, never struck us so forcibly as in reading this account of a lovely woman, possessed of almost genuine and undoubted piety, yet whose mind, in

many respects so clear and luminous, "rayed out darkness" of the intensest quality wherever penance was in question. Her immediate spiritual advisers seem to have been men of sense, and their cautions on this head here recorded certainly give no sanction to follies such as were practised by some of the sisters, and evidently encouraged by Mrs. Seton herself. Early death was constantly held up by her as most desirable; and the fact that a death had been hastened by voluntary self-torment had in it nothing to shock her notion of duty to our Maker and Preserver. One of the sisters, being ill, "was directed to bathe her feet in warm water, which the sister infirmarian having brought, she put her feet into it, and immediately withdrew them, observing that the water was too hot; but her attendant insisting that it was not, she returned her feet into the vessel and held them there as long as she was required, although it caused her intense pain, and produced an inflammation from which she suffered for a long time after. By this assiduous practice of the virtues of her state, she soon became ripe for heaven." p. 337.

We should know how to characterize such senseless and unkind behavior if it were practised in our own families. It is melancholy to find it praised by those who should know better. Mrs. Seton's own enthusiasm was so ardent, that we can make allowance for the fruits of her conversion wearing something of a hot-house aspect, as grapes raised under glass have a lusciousness seldom reached by the fruit naturally grown.* But the system, with its will-worship, its egotism under the transparent disguise of self-abasement, its passion-

* Here is part of a letter from Mrs. Seton to a clergyman in Baltimore, exhorting him to that perfect purity of service which excluded even the most natural and innocent gratification. "How much purer is your service when you are above the mist of earthly attraction! One thing I hope you are convinced of, (I, as a wretched sinner, know it well,) that wherever we meet a little proof of human comfort, there is always some subtraction of divine comfort; and, for my part, I am so afraid to cause any such subtraction, that I feel a reserve and fear in every human consolation, that makes them more my pains than my pleasures, yet the liberty of children of God I hope in all. I only mean to say we should be too happy when the providence of God keeps us wholly to himself. . . . You are remembered and loved here too much to make it a safe place for you, unless you were sent by God himself without the least agency of your own, and even then I fear my brother would grow lean."

ateness, induced by a friction no less obvious than that by which we heat sealing-wax till it will attract to itself all the needle-points that are near enough — this is what strikes us painfully throughout the account of Mrs. Seton's life, her sufferings, her labors, and her excellencies. How *can* it be that wise men will try to be "wiser than God," in teaching that, in order to serve him acceptably, we must crush out the very nature he has endowed us with for that service?

Mrs. Seton herself is a most interesting person, and her life and character would well repay a closer study than we can here afford. In selecting her, among the Saints of our age and country, as a specimen of peculiarly devotional self-consecration, we have chosen her as the highest and best instance within our knowledge, and a woman who would have done honor to any faith. Biographers of the good are usually scarcely more than eulogists; but there is no little discrimination in some of the observations of Dr. White, and so many of Mrs. Seton's letters and sayings are quoted, that the whole carries with it in some respects the air of an autobiography.

"Full of kindness and charity to her neighbor, Mother Seton was rigid and austere to herself. We have already noticed the spirit of self-denial which she exhibited by the mortification of her senses. The renunciation of self was plainly visible in the poverty of her dress, her furniture, and other articles which she used; in her abstemiousness at meals, and in the severe observance of rules. She rose generally with the community, at four o'clock, and repairing to the choir, she there knelt erect, never sitting or leaning on any thing, and remained in this posture until after the morning prayers and meditation, which lasted an hour. But her chief aim was to practise that interior abnegation, which is at once the principle and end of all exterior virtue, and which consists in the crucifixion of corrupt nature, and its subjugation under the dominion of faith. This is the cross which she resolutely took up, after the example of her Divine Master, striving always to resist and overcome the views and desires of self, and follow the suggestions of grace. Nor did she find it an easy task to curb her will to the order of Providence; to walk faithfully and with simplicity in the path of obedience, and accept, with peaceful resignation, the numerous trials which it presented. Frequent and painful were the struggles she had to endure, in combating the suggestions of her own mind, relative to the line of conduct which her sanctification, the happiness of her child-

ren, and the welfare of St. Joseph's sisterhood seemed to require. The Almighty, who visited her with these interior troubles, for the purification of her heart and the increase of her heavenly reward, permitted her to experience an extraordinary dryness in her spiritual duties, and to conceive a most invincible repugnance to the directions of her superiors. She thus depicts her situation in a letter to a clergyman:

"Writing on a table opposite to the door of the chapel, looking at the tabernacle, my soul appeals to Him if this is not a daily martyrdom. I love and live, and love and live, in a state of separation indescribable. My being and existence, it is true, are real, because I meditate, pray, commune, conduct the community, &c., and all this with regularity, resignation, and singleness of heart; but yet this is not I; it is a sort of machinery no doubt acceptable to the compassionate Father, but it is a different being from that in which the soul acts. In meditation, prayer, communion, I find no soul; in the beings around me, dearly as I love them, I find no soul; in that tabernacle I know He is, but I see not, feel not. A thousand deaths might hang over me to compel me to deny his presence there, and I would embrace them all, rather than deny it an instant; yet it seems that He is not there for me; and yesterday, while for a few moments I felt his presence, it was only to make me know that hell was gaping under me, and how awful his judgment would be. . . . Not one spark of grace can the soul discern in it all, but rather a continuation of the original fault, of a desire to do, to be loved, to please! So far from the simplicity of grace which would turn every instant to gold, it felt ashamed when it returned to the tabernacle, as if it had played the fool, or acted like those women who try to please company, and show all their ill humors at home. . . . Sometimes I would shudder at the dangers of such a situation, as if it was not as clear as light that it is part of the materials he takes for his work; and so little did he prepare the composition, that I would take a blister, a scourging, any bodily pain, with a real delight, rather than speak to a human being — that heavy sloth, hating exertion, would be willing to be an animal, and die like the brute in unconsciousness. O my good Father, all in my power is to abandon and to adore. How good He is to let me do that.' In this perplexing state, the thought would often occur to her that she was another Jonas, who ought to be cast out, for the safety of those around her. At one time, tortured with a sense of her responsibility in the station she occupied, she desired, like Bega, to resign it. But she lived to be elected Mother Superior for a third term, and in the mean time to perform a round of duties, both as the head of a young and struggling religious community, and as the principal of a boarding-school for young ladies, for both of which

offices she seems to have been excellently fitted. Various passages in her advice to the sisters remind us of Madame Guyon, whom indeed she seems not a little to have resembled, in character and turn of mind."

As principal governess of the school, Dr. White speaks of her qualifications with great particularity, and with the highest praise. In general, (for our space waxes small,) he sums them up thus:

"The young ladies of the school she regarded as a sacred trust committed to her by Divine Providence, and to be cultivated with a solicitude similar to that which the Almighty himself evinces for his creatures. Her direction to the sisters, who had the particular care of them, was, 'Be to them as our guardian angels are to us.' Such was the character which she herself exhibited in this regard."

In another place it is prettily said: "Her part was to visit the classes, to exercise the talent of smiling and caressing, to give the look of encouragement or reproof, and in this way inspire both the pupils and their mistresses with a cheerful zeal in the performance of their duties." On the very difficult point of the treatment of parents, a greater stumbling-block in the path of the American teacher than any other, Mrs. Seton's good sense and natural tact, combined with tender affections and a deep religious sense of duty, is worthy of special remark, since it is matter of deep concern to all interested in education, — parents, teachers, and pupils.

"It was her custom to keep parents duly informed in regard to the proficiency of their daughters, and occasionally to request their coöperation in the correction of their faults, when the ordinary methods had proved ineffectual. In general, however, she thought it more wise not to acquaint parents with the failings of their children, *knowing how peculiarly sensitive American parents are on this point.* According to her view, where the fault is not to be corrected immediately by the parents, but rather by advice and education, it is best not to inform them of it, as they would consider it a reflection thrown on themselves; and although, if you referred the matter to them, they would apparently acquiesce in what you say, in their hearts they would exterminate the fault, whatever it might be, excusing to the children what they condemn to their superiors, and thus rendering fruitless any future efforts for their improvement. . . . Entering fully into the feel-

ings of the parental heart, she knew what they could bear, and what it was inexpedient for them to receive; and with the greatest delicacy did she regulate her communications to the parents, always endeavoring to impart the word of comfort and gratification, and never withholding what it was necessary for them to know. On one occasion, she says, writing to a person who had a daughter at St. Joseph's, 'I have continually deferred answering your obliging letter, always hoping to say something consoling to the heart of a parent, and now with pleasure can assure you that your dear daughter has shown a considerable perseverance in her good determinations for some time past,' &c. Well could parents intrust their children to the direction of so wise and prudent a preceptress; for if she avoided, on the one hand, that weak condescension which overlooks, instead of correcting a fault, she understood, on the other, the necessity of training the heart gradually, and not forcing habits which must be the result of repeated and patient instruction. She thus wrote to a pious gentleman who had a relation at the school, whom he had lectured in too reproachful a tone by way of compelling her to her duty: — 'You and I speak for all eternity, but take a word of advice from your old mother. I am a hundred to your thirty, in experience, that cruel friend of our earthly journey. If you ask too much at first, you often gain nothing at last; and if the heart is lost, all is lost. If you use such language to your family, they cannot love you, since they have not *our* microscope to see things as they are. The faults of young people must be moved by prayers and tears, since they are constitutional, and cannot be frightened out."

We could go on quoting instances to show the mingled strength and tenderness, which characterized this devoted servant of God, but perhaps enough has been shown to give an idea of the whole. A large heart and a sound head she must have had, and God saw fit to try her as silver is tried, till the earthy elements seem to have been wellnigh removed. Two beloved sisters, converted to her faith by her life and loveliness, were successively removed from her very arms; for they had joined her, and one had become a Sister of Charity. The next deep grief was the loss of her eldest daughter, the one who had shared the confinement and suffering at Leghorn, and who had ever given great promise of excellence. This young creature was tried by a painful illness, but shone brighter and brighter to the last — even to the point of rejoicing at the mortifying failure of a matrimonial engagement, which had, at one time, wholly absorbed her interest.

"With all the devotedness that maternal love could inspire," says Dr. White, speaking of Mrs. Seton, "she watched day and night by the couch of her dying Annina, bestowing every care, and administering every comfort, with the most unremitting attention, and exhibiting the most heroic courage and resignation to the will of God. Mother and daughter seemed to vie with each other in the display of Christian sentiment under this painful trial, and it would be difficult to decide which was the more worthy of admiration, the daughter pressing forward to her heavenly home, or the mother generously offering the sacrifice of her first-born child."

This expression reminds us that, in Mrs. Seton's younger days, and long before she became a Roman Catholic, she had, in a moment of agonized apprehension for the salvation of her father, Dr. Bailey, offered her infant child to God as a sacrifice for him. "Leaving her dying parent for a few moments, she went to the cradle where her infant child was sleeping, clasped it to her bosom, and, going out on the piazza of the building, she then raised the innocent babe towards heaven and appealed to the divine compassion, saying, 'Oh Jesus, my merciful Father and God, take this little innocent offering; I give it to thee with all my heart; take it, my Lord, but save my father's soul.'" This incident shows that intense devotional faith was not, in Mrs. Seton's case, the development of any form of belief, but rather the instinct of her ardent and generous nature. The eldest daughter was evidently the inheritor of her enthusiastic temperament. In her dying moments, she desired that the young ladies of the school, fifty in number, should be called to her bedside in companies, according to their ages. "My dear girls," she said, "come and look at your poor Anna; see how I am reduced, who but a few weeks ago was as well, as gay, as playful, and as happy as you are. See me now in the arms of death; look at the state of my breast — the mortification has already commenced." Here, uncovering her neck to let them behold its sad condition after her dreadful sufferings of the night before, — "See," she continued; "the body which I used to dress and lace up so well, what is it now? Look at these hands, the worms will have poor banqueting here! What is beauty? what is life? Nothing — nothing. O love and serve God faithfully,

and prepare for eternity. Some of you, dear girls, may soon be as I am now; be good, and pray for me!" This young lady died at seventeen. And the mother says, in a letter to a friend, written on the occasion, — "You will believe me when I say, with my whole soul — Thy will be done, forever."

Four years afterwards, another daughter, breathing the same spirit, died, after an excruciating illness of six months. The mother quails, but the Saint shrinks not.

"'Our God! Our God!' she exclaims; 'to wait one hour for an object every moment expected — but poor Rebecca's hours and agonies are known to you alone! her meek, submissive look, artless appeals of sorrow, and unutterable distress; the hundred little acts of piety; that All-Soul's Day, so sad and sorrowful; the fears of the poor mother's heart — her bleeding heart — for patience and perseverance in so weak a child; the silent, long looks at each other — fears of interfering in any way with the designs of Infinite Love! O that day and night and the following day!' In full union of her soul with God, and with words of comfort to those around her, her head sank upon the bosom of her mother, while her spirit took its flight above. 'This,' says an eye witness, 'was the moment of victory over nature. When Mother Seton had helped to lay the little corpse on the bed, having embraced it with the tender words — 'my Rebecca, my darling!' She turned towards one of the Sisters, saying, 'my dear sister, bring me a change of linen; now that my chains are broken, I will bless the Lord.' Raising her eyes and arms in a holy transport towards heaven, she exclaimed — 'O my Lord! my darling is with you; she will no more be in danger of offending you. I give her to you with all my soul.'"

But we must not linger thus over scenes which, though thus isolated they may seem overstrained, are yet quite in keeping with the tenor of a whole life. Mrs. Seton's dying days carried out the beautiful consistency of her character. Her constitution had become completely shattered, and, by greater exposure than her delicate health would permit, she contracted, in the summer of 1820, a pulmonary disease, which confined her during four months to her room, and finally put an end to her life. "Notwithstanding the painfulness of her situation, she was ever cheerful, ever ready to receive the visits of the Sisters, and to give directions relative to the affairs of the community. As to the children of the academy,

she delighted to hear them at their innocent sport, and to call them into her room to give them some token of her maternal kindness." She alone possessed fortitude, and peace, and joy, when the last hour came, for all else were overwhelmed with grief at such a loss. When all was over, they bore her body to its resting place, "and there planted the Cross, the emblem of her virtue, and the rose-bush, as her immortal crown," says Dr. White, who gives his account with much sympathetic feeling; and who is there that will not say the *nunc dimittis* and the amen, to such a life and such a death, without asking in what particular form of Christian faith this pure soul received the divine influence?

How cool, after this glowing picture, comes over the imagination and the heart the spiritual image of Mary Lovell Ware, "a perfect woman, nobly planned;" a submissive and unshrinking servant of God and duty; one who loved and followed the Saviour with the docility of a child, yet never, perhaps, addressed to him one impassioned, endearing name, or shed even one of those "floods of tears" with which Mrs. Seton poured out the joys and sorrows of her heart at the foot of the cross. Considering that the two lives had one and the same aim, a stronger contrast can hardly be found than is presented by these striking exemplifications of the power of religion over the soul, nor, surely, a deeper lesson of toleration; but when shall we be as tolerant of uncongenial sectarian peculiarities as we find it easy to be of the sin, against which all sects unite in warring, each after its own natural, inseparable genius? Mrs. Seton would have mourned for Mrs. Ware as for a lost soul, — all the more surely lost for those deluding virtues which would soothe the conscience that needed rather wounding; while Mrs. Ware, calm, reasonable, and self-governed, would look with a tender pity, scarcely consistent with respect, on the dramatic virtues and ecstatic devotions of the more tropical Saint. Can even we critics contemplate, with strict impartiality, the double exhibition of what seems almost like two religions, — passion and reason, dogmatism and induction, statement and inference, feeling and philosophy? We shall content ourselves with attempting to show the reader a saintly character, so different from

the one we have been looking at, that it is probable they agree in scarcely any thing beside strong affections and a determined devotion and self-consecration each to her own idea of Christian duty.

The biography of Mrs. Ware has been so widely read and remarked upon, that we shall attempt no labored abstract of it as a history, but simply recapitulate a few of the leading facts, with their dates. Mary Lovell Pickard was born at Boston in 1798, twenty-four years later than Mrs. Seton, — a very significant fact, considering that the Revolution intervened, and that the great protest of Unitarianism took place after the latter had been withdrawn from the shifting scene. Who knows to what degree the character of either might have been modified, had she been brought up under the same roof, and the same influences with the other? Dr. Bailey, the father of Mrs. Seton, whom her filial piety endowed with "every virtue under heaven," had undoubtedly many good qualities and no little professional skill; but he has come down to us traditionally as a rough and violent man, of somewhat reckless character, noted for profane language and a life of no great carefulness, even in exteriors. Mark Pickard, on the other hand, the father of Mrs. Ware, was a quiet, rather proud and shy English merchant, of literary tastes, and somewhat delicate and feeble in mind and body, as we judge from incidental mention in the memoir of his daughter. His wife was the daughter of James Lovell, and granddaughter of "Master Lovell," a teacher of the classics, a man of intellect and influence, often mentioned in Revolutionary letters and records. This lady possessed those sterling qualities which have power to shape whole families; but in her case, all interest was concentrated in Mary, her only child, from the first a little marvel of sweetness and good behavior. Mrs. Pickard was one of those women of whom we are apt to say, "she looks as if she were born to be an empress," — an expression which usually indicates qualities of mind and person which few empresses have possessed, and which are, perhaps, quite as well bestowed on the little empire of home. She was literary, tasteful, musical, and skilled in all household matters, and found her highest pleasure in imparting to her docile

child all the feminine accomplishments within reach. In 1802, the family went to England, and remained a year and a half, visiting relatives and friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Pickard. Mary, though she was at the time but three years old, never forgot the enjoyment or instruction of that sojourn in the grand old fatherland. At the age of thirteen, she was sent to a boarding-school, but soon recalled by the illness of her mother, who died after a protracted illness, during which Mary was her constant attendant. School again, and the same staid, ever correct and exemplary character throughout, — indeed, *so* correct and exemplary, that we are apt to fancy that there could be but little interest in watching her course. But at sixteen, she began to long for a more decidedly religious life, and, after due deliberation, united herself with the church. The usual guarded coolness of her expressions of sentiment may be judged from the fact, that her biographer thinks it necessary almost to apologize for her warmth in describing this period to a son many years after.

Speaking of the lack of interest in the ministrations to which she was accustomed, she says, —

"The final effect upon me was, by throwing me more upon myself, to open a new source of instruction to my mind; and I can now remember with great pleasure, and a longing desire for the same vivid enjoyment, the hours I passed in my little room, in striving by reading, meditation, and prayer, to find that knowledge and stimulus to virtue which I failed to find in the ministrations of the Sabbath."

How would Dr. Hall have relished the office of father confessor to our Catholic saint, who, on the same topic, — the efficacy of preaching, — thus bursts forth: —

"It seems to me that those who have light and grace already might be trusted to keep them; and I would not stop, night or day, till I reached the dry and dark wilderness where neither can be found, where such horrid crimes go on for the want of them, and where there is such a glorious death to be gained by carrying them. O Gabriel, if I was light and life, as you are, I would shout like a madman alone to my God, and roar and groan and sigh and be silent, all together, till I had baptized a thousand, and snatched those poor victims from hell. And pray, madam, say you, why does not your zeal wave its flame

through its own little hemisphere? True; but rules, prudence, subjection, opinions, etc., are dreadful walls to a burning soul, wild as mine. For me, I am like a fiery horse I had when a girl, whom they tried to break by making him drag a heavy cart, and the poor beast was so humbled that he could never more be inspired by whips or caresses, and wasted to a skeleton till he died."

It were curious to compare the religious experience, emotions, and progress of these two remarkable American women, if there were room here to run the parallel fully. Perhaps the two passages we have just quoted may be taken as suggesting all. Certain it is, that we have every reason to believe Mrs. Ware's feelings were as deep and practical as Mrs. Seton's, and Mrs. Seton's as sincere and operative as Mrs. Ware's. Strange difference to be produced by temperament and association! Various domestic troubles helped to teach the young disciple of Channing — for such had Mary Pickard become, while all her family continued attached to the Episcopal Church — the necessity of something more stable than this world can give as a foundation for happiness. Through all trials she passed nobly, calmly, and with deep humility; fulfilling each duty as it presented itself, yet caring always for the lamp kept burning at the secret shrine, which no hurry of business, such as often fell to her lot, no seductions of pleasure, which seem to have been but little in the way, ever led her to forget. Her father evidently did not quite relish her religious predilections, and he often rallies her on her "fondness for the clergy," — a point of no unusual jealousy among gentlemen not clerical. When she is to return from Baltimore, he writes, "I am afraid you will wait till the end of the month for the parson; your being so fond of parsons is rather ominous; and you had better be almost any man's wife than a parson's."

At twenty-five, Mary lost her father, and felt herself alone in the world. So entirely had she been devoted to one after another of her relatives through long illness and decline, that when this last one was laid at rest, she says, "I seem to hang so loosely on the world, that it is of little importance where I am." But now opened upon her that new scene, which was to render her name a "household word" wherever the Eng-

lish language is spoken. Her only relatives on the father's side were in England, and she had known them only as a child, twenty years before. But to them she was resolved to go, not because they were prosperous and happy, but because some of them, at least, were far otherwise, and her strong feeling of family affection, as well as her sense of religious duty, prompted her to see what was to be done among them. She says, "I go with very moderate hopes about seeing the wonders and beauties. I must be satisfied with seeing people, not things. I shall have no right to travel much, and no advantages not common to the most insignificant; nevertheless, if I can attain my principal object, all the rest will be unexpected gain." A friend describes her at this time as "worn to the bone" by care and trial, and concludes a eulogium upon her by saying, "I am afraid of adoring her, so I may as well hold my peace."

In England, she began by sacrificing all the time and attention that the ill health of the American friend with whom she travelled required, and seeing almost nothing, as a tourist, for the first two or three months. Afterwards, we find her among her relatives at Burcombe House, near Salisbury, where she remained nearly a year. That she found few pleasures in this sojourn, which, though among worthy people, was in a lonely region, where, she says, "except a call from Lord and Lady Pembroke, when they are in the neighborhood, or a visit from some travelling acquaintance, scarcely any one enters the house except the family," we may judge from the following passage in one of her letters: —

"I would not return without seeing and doing all that may be in my power; but that I do look forward with a feeling of desire such as I never knew before, to the period when I shall find myself at home, it would be folly to deny. . . . The greatest evil I find in this state of constant preparation for enduring is that I am getting into a quiescent state of inaction, not being quite enough at ease to exert my own powers freely. I am losing that activity of mind which I rather hoped to increase. . . . I am fated to find trouble wherever I go, and ought to be truly grateful when it is such as I can relieve."

In July, when she was longing to be at home, an opportunity offered for her to visit her father's relatives in the north of

England, and she felt it her duty to go. Her father's only sister, who had been left a widow in very destitute circumstances, was still living, in a distant and obscure village of Yorkshire. This village, called Osmotherly, became the scene of those labors of our heroine which have made her so well known as the "Good Lady of Bleaburn." She went thither for three weeks, and remained three months, writing to her friends at home full accounts of the condition of things, though one would have thought her hands full enough without the pen. The prospects which opened upon her at Osmotherly are well summed up thus: —

"I find that I could not have come at a better time for doing good, or a worse for gaining spirits. My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village; one of them, with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever; his brother died yesterday of the small pox, and two of her children have the whooping cough; added to this, their whole dependence is upon their own exertions, which are entirely stopped now. . . . But, worse than all, one of her (the aunt's) sons has come home in a very gloomy state of mind, and all her efforts have failed to rouse him to exertion. I hope to be more successful, for he seems willing to listen to me."

The inhabitants in general were poor and ignorant, and Mary says, "If they had a parson to write the 'Annals of the Parish,' I really think the arrival of the 'American lady' would stand as the most remarkable event in the year 1825." And well it might. Mary Pickard was nurse, pecuniary aid, and general comforter to the village during some three months of almost universal illness; watching with the sick; prescribing for them; performing the last offices for the dead; supplying the wants of the poor; directing sanitary measures which perhaps saved the total depopulation of the place through ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and poverty; and, withal, caring for the melancholy cousin beforementioned, who harassed his mother and friends by continual insanity and a disposition to self-murder. To the affectionate remonstrances of distant friends she replies, "Don't fear for me. I do not think I am going to be sick, and if I am, it will be for some good purpose. I could not regret what I have done. I could almost say, as Mr. Thacher once said, 'I had better live a

shorter life and a useful one.'" Typhus and spotted fever were the appalling diseases thus heroically and calmly faced; and of one of the sufferers, a little cousin, she says, "I lay with him after the spots came out, not knowing what it meant." Near the end of November, after she had closed the eyes of five of her relatives in Osmotherly, some friends came for her from Penrith, and carried her home with them to recruit her exhausted energies. But in less than a month, a letter from Osmotherly, informing her that her aunt was apparently dying of typhus fever, took her back once more to the scene of her labors. From thence she writes, "We two are the only beings in this little cottage; for I have sent her two sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed in the corner of the room for myself. . . . I have no recollection of ever having had the same degree of good spirits as I have been blessed with for the last six months, — I may say nine; and, save my longing for home, I have had no cause to wish any one thing different from what it has been. God grant I may not be tempted to great presumption. I hope my wishes are humble, though my confidence may be great." Shortly after, she was taken ill, and reduced to the last degree of weakness, but with cheerfulness wholly unimpaired. In a month, she returned once more to Penrith. Meanwhile, it is evident that what she had been doing excited no surprise among her friends at home. One of them writes, "With all these desires for your return, nobody murmurs; everybody says it is much better for you to stay. And Mrs. Bond says, when she expressed her sorrow about it to Dr. Channing, he gave her, for the first time in his life, almost an angry look!"

In June, 1827, about a year after her return home, Miss Pickard was married to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., then a widower, with two children. The disposition of mind in which she entered upon her new duties seems to have savored less of earth than heaven. She was one who habitually spoke of the "*blessings* of responsibility," instead of its burdens. She was indeed a helper to her excellent husband, whose biographer speaks of the year that followed this marriage as one of the most active and useful of his ministry. They both, in

after life, spoke of the "Eden of Sheafe Street," so lovely was the memory of this their early married home. But only a year of such happiness was allotted to them. Mr. Ware lost his health, and Mary once more found that Providence had intended her for a nurse. On the 1st of April, 1829, Mr. and Mrs. Ware sailed for Europe, with the hope that the voyage and a sojourn abroad might restore Mr. Ware's strength. A young child was to be left behind; but the wife said, — "I felt I had done all poor human nature could do; the rest was in God's hands — it was all in God's hands." She said, in after years, that this was the most trying period of her life. One of her husband's most distressing symptoms was a total depression of spirits; a sense of helplessness, a fear of uselessness, agonizing to such a spirit as that of his wife, so tender, so sympathizing, so ready to take all troubles upon herself. The experiment was unsuccessful, and, after fourteen months' absence, the pair returned home, sadly, and bearing with them a young infant, born in Rome. Mrs. Ware's power of endurance was now for the time exhausted, and a long and protracted illness followed her arrival at home.

The remainder of her married life was but the conclusion of this beginning. Repeated illnesses of Mr. Ware, the birth and loss of children; labors incessant and out of measure; failing strength on the part of the devoted wife — these filled up the years till Mr. Ware died, in September, 1843. We could gladly dwell upon the beautiful submission and admirable conduct of Mary Ware in these hours of deepest woe. Perhaps one little circumstance may be taken as a key to the whole. "A Sunday intervened before the body was removed for burial, and that day Mrs Ware went, with her children, morning and afternoon, to their accustomed place of worship; desiring it for their own sacred communion, and believing it most in accordance with *his* feelings." Would that this holy example might sink deep into the hearts of those who allow custom and convention to warp the course of feeling and emotion *from* the church instead of *to* it, when bereavement throws the soul upon its highest resources for support and consolation! Mrs. Ware desired, too, to associate the idea of death in the minds of her children, not with restraint and

gloom, but with the place of prayer and praise, and the presence of cheerful worshippers. "It was a holy season," says one of the daughters, "those days after dear father left us; no bustle, no preparation of dress, no work done but what was absolutely necessary; it was like a continued Sabbath."

Something more than six years of life remained to Mrs. Ware in her widowed state. These were passed in straitened circumstances, and painful efforts at occupations uncongenial and wearing, particularly that of teaching, which, undertaken at that time of life, was trying in the extreme to head and heart. An insidious disease supervened, a disease involving distressing operations, and obliging her to look death in the face, till she learned to welcome his aspect as that of a friend and deliverer. Beautiful, indeed, is the picture drawn on the mind by the account of her long decline; and the close proved all that could be desired, fit cadence to a life whose movement had been governed throughout by a hidden music. She died on Good Friday, and in the calm hour of an April twilight, surrounded by friends whose countenances beamed with the glory they felt was about to be revealed to her, and holding to her loving heart her husband's precious lines, written when he once had the thought that he must die without again beholding her. His words would serve for her epitaph, if we imagine them the offering of the multitudes she had helped, comforted, and instructed: — "Dear, dear Mary; if I could, I would express all that I owe to you. You have been an unspeakable, an indescribable blessing. God reward you a thousandfold! Farewell *till we meet again*."

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852. 2 vols. 4to. pp. xvi. 492 & 573.

AMONG the hamlets and decaying villages of the Turkish

province of Karamania, Tersoos holds an almost metropolitan rank, and one of its inhabitants might still take to himself the credit of being "a citizen of no mean city." To be sure, deposits washed down from the mountain have filled up its ancient harbor, so that only wherries can approach where fleets used to ride at anchor. But the surrounding plain is inexhaustibly fertile in corn and cotton, while the mountain pastures in the rear sustain numerous herds of goats and buffaloes, whose spoils, added to the productions of the soil, create an active commerce, to the annual amount of half a million of dollars, at the nearest port on the Mediterranean.* Its houses of a single story are chiefly constructed from the ruins of the larger and more stately edifices of the ancient city. Beyond these, there are very few vestiges of its former magnificence.

But, during the first century of the Christian era, Tersoos was the capital of the Roman province of Cilicia, and the object of peculiar favor and munificence with successive emperors. It was the chief centre of the East for travel and commerce. The river Cydnus flowed through the town in a deep channel, two hundred feet in width, and its wharves were crowded with mariners and merchandise from every portion of the empire and its dependencies. In the diversity of its population it was a microcosm. The native "barbarian" stock was diminished and depressed, but not wholly extinct. The descendants of an early Greek colony constituted the wealthiest and most influential caste, and their language was that of the law and of general intercourse. Numerous Roman officials and mercantile residents were assuming their places by the side of the Greeks in social respectability, and above them, of course, in the municipal and provincial administration. Separated from all these by their religious faith and ancestral customs, but intimately associated with them in the various departments of active life, were large numbers of the Hebrew race, whose migratory instincts had anticipa-

* Of the extent to which modern Geography is a mythological science we have a curious instance in Tersoos. Of two standard authorities now before us, one makes its population 7,000, and its port at a distance of "four hours' journey," while the other rates its population at from 25,000 to 30,000, and places its port "about seven or eight miles from the town."

ted the fulfilment of that prophetic doom, by which they were to have a home everywhere and nowhere. East of Rome there was probably no place, where there was a freer commingling of people from every quarter of the civilized world, or a more favorable position for obtaining an intimacy with the languages, habits, customs, and opinions of the various nations. A commercial entrepot is also fraught with liberalizing influences. Men brought together for mutual gain suppress the ruder aspects of their characters, and conciliate one another's good will by reciprocal complaisance and courtesy. Even the virtual antagonism in which they needlessly imagine themselves in their business transactions, (for to this day, men are slow to acknowledge reciprocal advantage as the true mercantile standard,) tends to assimilate them at every other point. In such a community, religious bigotry loses much of its moroseness and asperity, and the very persecutor is inflamed rather by unwise enthusiasm in behalf of his own creed, than by sentiments of malignity and cruelty towards those who differ from him. To "become all things to all men" was not unnatural to a native of Tarsus; and, when St. Paul adopted this maxim in the service of his Divine Master, he was only employing in sacred uses a facility of adaptation, which had grown out of his early training, and the necessary influences of his birthplace.

Tarsus was also celebrated as a seat of learning. Strabo says, that in all that appertained to philosophy and general education, it even took precedence of Athens and Alexandria. It was the residence of several eminent luminaries of the Stoic school, among whom were Athenodorus, the tutor of Augustus, and afterward governor of Cilicia, and Nestor, the tutor of Tiberius. It was not inconsistent with the superior freedom of the Hellenistic Jews to become conversant with Gentile learning, and some of the Apocryphal writings comprised in the Romish canon of Scripture are much more largely imbued with Platonism than with the spirit of Moses and the Prophets. Especially at the chief seats of erudition, was the current faith of the Jews deeply tinged with the academic philosophy, of which, in numerous instances, Hebrews of the Hebrews occupied the foremost places as professed

teachers and expositors. That St. Paul had enjoyed a generous culture, in part under Grecian auspices, before he was shut up, in the school of Gamaliel, to the exclusive study of the Targums and the Rabbis, is evident from the freedom and fluency of his style, from his literary citations and allusions, and from his dialectic acumen and skill. That, on its Jewish side, his education was thorough and perfect, his teacher's name alone is ample warrant. Gamaliel was the most learned Jew of his age, and was reckoned among the seven who alone were honored with the title of Rabban, (literally *my master*, but equivalent to *most excellent master*.) It is a saying of the Talmud, that "the glory of the law ceased" at his death. He was a Pharisee, and, as such, not only held in reverence the entire canon of the Old Testament, but probably attached even greater weight to the oral traditions of his sect, and to the (so called) religious writings in the then vernacular dialect. And it should not be inferred, from his prudent counsel in the case of Peter, that his Pharisaism set loosely upon him. That counsel savored as much of the fox as of the dove, and, taken by itself, it only indicates a keen insight into the springs of human action, and a shrewd perception of what would have been the only feasible way of extinguishing Christianity, if it were indeed, as he deemed it, a base-born superstition. There is extant a prayer against heretics, bearing his name, from which it would seem that he relied on the divine vengeance to do what he dissuaded his fellow-countrymen from doing.

A Frenchman, who understands English but imperfectly, may impart to our children a pure Parisian pronunciation, but is wholly unfit to give them a knowledge of the idioms of his own language, and to enable them to appreciate its rhetorical niceties and beauties. For these ends, the best teacher is he who has superadded a thorough French education to the native use and the lifelong study of the English tongue. The same principle holds good in ethical and religious training. Mere conversance with the doctrines to be taught can qualify one only for the dry, technical statement of their terminology. In order to illustrate, defend, and enforce them, it is absolutely necessary that one should be familiar with the position, principles, and habits of those whom

he wishes to render proselytes. Christianity needed for its first preachers men who were not only good Christians, but who knew, from experience, the kind and measure of the opposition with which their faith would have to contend. And it was especially essential, that he who was to take the lead in Christianizing both Jew and Gentile, both the learned and the ignorant, should thoroughly understand the mental condition, the current experience, and the established beliefs of these several races and classes. We trace, in St. Paul's early history, a Providential training for his peculiar mission. He could talk intelligently to the Greeks about their superstitions, and could cite their own poets in confirmation of his doctrines. When "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him" at Athens, and constrained him to make a public harangue on the Areopagus, he was able to meet them on their own ground, and his speech before them is a masterpiece of philosophical condensation and precision, both in thought and style. He understood the intense nationality of the Romans, and the hardihood and persistency of their characters, as contrasted with Grecian fickleness and Oriental effeminacy; and knew how to frame his appeals to them so as to bring over their undivided energy of mind and heart from a hostile to a friendly attitude toward the Gospel. And as for the Jews, he had occupied in their capital a central point of observation, or rather of experience, and his own remembered self-consciousness revealed to him the impregnable and the accessible points of their moral nature, showed him through what avenues of approach he might get the control of their convictions and sympathies, and might enlist all that was noble in their local and ancestral attachments in behalf of the Christian commonwealth and its metropolis, the "Jerusalem which is above." We cannot overrate, among his endowments as a religious teacher, the thorough negative knowledge of Christianity which he had obtained prior to his conversion. He could best comprehend the positive truth of revelation, by his conversance with the various expressions of the formula *humanity minus Christianity*,—with the morbid anatomy of the human heart, not yet touched by the healing hand of the Saviour. For the modern teacher of religion, it

is not enough that he be a sincere and good man, and a learned theologian; he must be familiar, not alone with the dialect of Christian circles, but with the idioms of the exchange, the forum, and the workshop, with the habits of thought and modes of feeling which it is his province to transform; and, next to the Bible itself, for the training of one who shall do good service in the Church, we would place, first, the Greek and Roman classics, and then, the open university of the busy world. By classical study, as in no other way, he learns what natural religion could not do, and what revelation has done for the race, — what, how profound, how vital, were the needs for which philosophy and the spontaneous religion of blindness and ignorance proffered no supply, — how dependent we are on Christianity for truths which seem attainable without its aid. By intimacy with the active walks of life, he gains precisely the same knowledge with reference to individuals, the same perception of susceptibilities, wants, and yearnings, which revelation alone can meet. By such discipline was St. Paul prepared to be, not the mere scholastic expositor of a frigid creed, but the thoroughly skilled ambassador of reconciliation from heaven to man.

There is reason to believe that St. Paul's social position in early life was much above mediocrity. He inherited from his father the citizenship of Rome. A Jew, or a native of Tarsus, could have obtained this only by purchase, or in reward of distinguished services. If in the former way, the cost was larger than a poor man could have paid, or one in obscure life would have cared to offer; if in the latter, the implication of a prominent and influential place in society is still more direct and certain. Then, too, there are numerous tokens of a high-bred courtesy in St. Paul's speeches and epistles. His style of address, in his recorded speeches, before men in exalted stations, is equally free from sycophancy and from rudeness, betraying at once the tact of an accomplished, and the dignity of a Christian, man — the unstudied ease of one who knew how to render to all their due, and the integrity of one who would on no account render to man what is due to God. In his epistles, there is a pervading ease and grace of manner, indicating at once the politeness of a generous heart, and fami-

liarity with its choicest conventional expressions. His very rebukes are conciliatory. He prepares the way for needed censure by merited commendation. He suggests unpalatable truth at once with considerate gentleness and unmistakable emphasis. He shows equal delicacy in the reluctant asking, and the grateful acknowledgment, of favors. He always seems to be receiving a kindness while conferring an obligation. His numerous salutations are free from stiffness and awkwardness, gracefully diversified in their form, admirable always for their simplicity, and often for their positive rhetorical beauty. All these traits betoken a man who had grown naturally into the best modes of social intercourse, and with whom the language of refined courtesy was as a native dialect. In all these points, the Epistle to Philemon might be collated with the acknowledged models of the most courtly style of epistolary composition, such as the Letters of Cicero and Pliny in ancient, or of Lady Montagu or Lord Chesterfield in modern, times; and the comparison would result largely in favor of St. Paul. A similar reference, as to the apostle's rank in society, might be drawn from the high, though cruel official trust ceded to him in his early youth by his own fellow-countrymen. Then, too, we find him, at a subsequent period, sustaining at one time the charge of four men, who had taken upon themselves the Nazarite vow — an office which implies the command of no inconsiderable pecuniary resources. It is worthy of remark, also, that alike in Judea, before Festus, Felix, and Agrippa, on his voyage to Rome, and while retained in bondage in the imperial city, where he was permitted to live in his own hired house, he was always treated as a prisoner of distinction. Nor is our conclusion from these facts invalidated by his trade as a tent-maker; for it was customary among the Jews, of whatever condition in life, to teach their sons manual occupations. From his trade, we may hazard a not improbable conjecture as to his father's condition and calling. A chief staple of commerce in Tarsus was the cloth of goats' hair, (*illicium*,) universally used for the better sort of tents, which persons of opulence were accustomed to carry with them on their journeys. If St. Paul's father was among the leading merchants of the city, what more natural than

that he should have trained his son to the manufacture of one of the principal commodities with which his ships were freighted?

We dwell not on this point because the mere accident of birth attaches to him the slightest preëminence above his colleagues from the fishing-boats on the Galilean lake. But he lived at an age when the lines of social distinction were sharply drawn, and had not begun to be blended or crossed by the gospel of human brotherhood; and whatever advantage of social position he possessed must have opened for him avenues of influence, which were closed against the original apostles, and must have won for him larger freedom of access, and a more willing audience with the persons of exalted station, and even royal dignity, before whom he was not infrequently permitted to plead the cause of Christ and Christianity. Then, too, the higher his previous position, the larger was his sacrifice in joining the company of unlettered rustics and fishermen, and bearing with them the reproach of the despised Nazarene. And the farther he was removed from the condition of those who had little to lose by becoming Christians, the more improbable is his conversion on any theory of naturalism — the stronger the certainty that he indeed had a vision of the Saviour on the way to Damascus, and was miraculously called to the apostleship.

We might speak, also, of the influence of nature in St. Paul's education. He was, indeed, so profoundly occupied with the great themes of Christianity, that he alluded to the phenomena of the outward universe in but a few instances, yet in these with deep and vivid feeling. Still, there pervades every manifestation of his spirit a fervor, a glow, a torrent-like rush of thought and feeling, an overcharged intensity of emotion, which indicates not only quick and strong native susceptibilities, but a soul stimulated from without by familiar conversance with the grand and beautiful in nature; — in fine, a style of character which it is impossible for us to associate with tame, even quiet, scenery. Tarsus was situated on a plain of unsurpassed fertility and richly variegated beauty. In the rear of the city rose the lofty, bald, snow-crowned cliffs of Mount Taurus, piled against the northern

and western sky, summit against summit, crag upon crag, rolling up their mist-wreaths to meet the ascending sun, and arresting midway his declining path. From these cliffs, translucent as glass, made deathly cold even under the summer solstice by their melting snows, tumbled rather than flowed the river Cydnus, over perpetual rapids, and frequent waterfalls of unsurpassed beauty and of grandeur hardly equalled on the Eastern Continent, till only as it approached it became tractable to the oar, and navigable thence to the great sea. And in full sight of the city lay spread the vast Mediterranean, the ocean of the ancient world, whitened with the sails of a multitudinous commerce, alternately serene as a land-locked lake, and lashed by frequent storms into commotion wild and grand as that with which the Atlantic breaks upon its shores. Thus, by the divine ministry of mountain, sea, and river, no less than by the intercourse of the thronged city, and in the world-renowned schools of Stoic and of Jew, was God training the great apostle for his world-wide and world-enduring mission.

But what was this mission, which demanded for this man alone such vast endowments, and such prolonged and diversified culture and experience, while it was enough for his associates in the sacred college that, in every other aspect simple and illiterate men, they should be wise only in the lore of inspiration? We doubt whether the magnitude of the work assigned to St. Paul has been duly considered and appreciated. In an important sense, (though immeasurably inferior to that in which we apply the title to the God-born Saviour,) he was the Founder of Christianity. Christ planted the seeds of his religion in the decaying trunk of Judaism, as those of the mistletoe are lodged in the ancient oak. It was as a reformed sect of Jews that the earliest Christians not only were regarded, but regarded themselves. The original apostles were still punctilious Hebrews, and held Christianity as a supplementary code to that of Moses. They were at first scandalized and horror-stricken at the thought of abjuring the ceremonial law. When they reluctantly began to gather in Gentile converts, they stretched the yoke of Judaism before the gate of the church, and sought to compel their proselytes

to stoop under it, at first as the essential, and afterwards as the most hopeful, condition of enjoying the privileges of Christian citizenship. And there was divine wisdom in this arrangement. It was well that the heavenly exotic should gain richness and strength, should reach forth boughs of ample shade and sufficing fruitfulness, before it should be severed from the parent trunk, and trusted without support to the winds and storms of a hostile world. But the hour had arrived when the more vigorous vitality of the younger plant could no longer find adequate nourishment in its parasitic condition; and Paul was the appointed agent for the needed and predetermined separation. In his mind, and under his administration, Christianity was first regarded and treated as independent and sovereign. Under him grew up the organization, by which it was thenceforth to assume its unshared place, to discharge its undivided office, and to overshadow and supplant the growths of uncounted ages. This bold and delicate mission demanded not alone devotion and zeal, not alone intimate conversance with the mind of Christ. He to whom it was intrusted needed a profound acquaintance with Judaism as it then was, its traditions, its philosophy, so that the separation might be effected, on the one hand, without leaving the least radicle or fibre of the transplanted scion in the ancient stock, and on the other, without marring the venerable, though effete majesty of the tree which God had planted for the healing of the nations, and whose "branches he had made strong for himself." For this work, also, there was requisite a thorough knowledge of those other religions and philosophies which were to vanish before the growth of Christianity, but each of which, by the germs of truth which it embodied, might offer special vantage-ground for the tilth of the spiritual husbandman. It was needful, too, that the chief agent in this divine enterprise should have become familiar with the customs, prejudices, needs, and susceptibilities of the so many and diverse nations, that were to be sheltered and fed by the same "tree of life." We can conceive that all this might have been wrought by a series of miracles; but in the Christian economy we find no superfluous miracles. Whatever it is competent for man to do is committed to his agency,

while the hand and voice from heaven become visible and audible only as they are needed to impart verities undiscoverable by human wisdom, and to set the seal of omnipotence where else there could be only doubt or darkness.

Of St. Paul's character, the most prominent traits might be comprised under the generic name of integrity. By this we mean much more than honesty and veracity. He was always bound by the law of his own convictions. He suffered his whole interior life to transpire with perfect freedom in every form of outward manifestation and utterance. He seemed incapable of indirection or concealment. We do not call this frankness in him; for frankness is an ambiguous term. We often apply it to a shallow nature, which has no recesses where it could retreat from view, — to an excess of social feeling, which imparts itself from a mere communicative instinct, — to vanity, which exhibits itself for its own glory. But when a profound, self-controlling, modest spirit utters and acts itself with entire openness and transparency, at the perpetual risk of misinterpretation, obloquy, and abuse, it can only be from rigid uprightness of purpose, from an ever-active conscience, from the pervading sense of accountableness to the ever-present Witness and Judge. St. Paul was honest as a persecutor of the infant church, and threw his whole energy and fervor of spirit into the vindication of waning Judaism. He gave instant heed to the heavenly vision that arrested him on his sanguinary career, and became at once a bold and earnest preacher of the faith that he had sought to destroy. In all his subsequent defences, he never cloaked nor palliated the cardinal error of his early life, but expressed its full magnitude and enormity as a drawback to his claims and merits as an apostle. While, in his Epistles, he never speaks of himself obtrusively, he does so always without disguise or reservation, expounding fully the grounds on which he can demand regard, submission, and deference, urging his personal rights on the score of service and obligation, and at the same time referring, with equal explicitness, to his own defects and infirmities. With similar plainness and directness he deals with the characters of his converts, calling moral actions by their right names, reproving what is blame-

worthy, without reticency or equivocation, and often hazarding his popularity by telling the literal truth.

His affections were warm and ardent. St. John has always been regarded as the paradigm of the loving elements of the religious character; but in this respect, St. Paul has always impressed us even more deeply. Had he had a less vigorous and cogent mind, he would have been termed "all heart," and his heart is fully commensurate with his mind. Even in the process of abstract reasoning, he cannot repress his emotional nature; but often breaks forth into a rapturous doxology, as if his very logic were forged in the hot glow of worship and thanksgiving. And how tender are his expressions of sympathy for his benighted fellow-countrymen, how earnest his good wishes for his persecutors, how more than paternal his fond solicitudes for the subjects of his spiritual pastorate! With an impulsive, impetuous nature, and with perpetual trial of his equanimity, he has not left on record an ungentle word; and his unexplained dissension with Barnabas is the only indication that he had "like passions with other men." He is not intent merely on the primal duty of preaching the gospel; but we can trace almost numberless instances of careful and considerate kindness to individuals and communities.

His catholic, tolerant spirit, as regards error, is worthy of emphatic note. Though uncompromising in his adherence to the truth, he is no iconoclast. He takes his starting-point from what is common to him with those whom he would draw over to a higher ground. Is he discoursing to an audience of Jews? He seizes on the concessions of the Pharisees, and claims their sympathy as maintaining the resurrection of the dead, which they cannot demonstrate, while he can. Are his hearers idolatrous Athenians? There is among their shrines one with an inscription that gives him his text, and under cover of expounding its enigmatical legend, he preaches Christ. Instead of harshly condemning involuntary blindness, he extends the divine amnesty over the times of ignorance. He expresses his complacency in the rightly intended efforts of all who had labored to diffuse a knowledge of the gospel, though among them were those who had regarded him

with distrust and oppugnancy, and had sought "to add affliction to his bonds." As to all non-essentials in practice, he is the consistent advocate of the largest liberty, if only within the bonds of charity. For those wedded to the ritual of the abrogated religion he has not a word of censure, but commends their scrupulousness to the forbearance of those of more enlightened conscience. Even as to social intercourse with idolaters, he removes every restriction not absolutely demanded by Christian integrity; and in mixed families and communities, is solicitous to leave all the bonds of kindred, friendship, and neighborhood intact, choosing to win the unbelieving by every lawful compliance and amenity, rather than to repel them by creating a class of harsh and morose separatists.

What St. Paul was in person we can infer but vaguely. He quotes those who speak of his "bodily presence as weak and his speech as contemptible;" and there is reason to believe that the "thorn in the flesh," to which he refers, was the close-clinging consciousness of a physical nature ill adapted to win respect and deference. Yet, wherever he appeared, he seems to have commanded profound attention, and to have awakened lasting interest in the truths that he dispensed. If insignificant in outward aspect, his presence exerted a controlling influence. If lame in speech, results prove him to have been the most eloquent man of his age. We can conceive that he may have derived added power from the very infirmities of which he was so painfully conscious. The most ample physical endowments are overprone to fasten regard on the orator, rather than on his cause. The brilliant harangue attracts more praise for its rhetoric than heed to its doctrine. Nay, there is prone to adhere, to those who are eloquent by the gift of nature, the suspicion of excessive self-reference; and many are the earnest men in professional and public life, the efficacy of whose words would be greatly enhanced by diminished symmetry of form and feature, or by something less than faultless accent and modulation. On the other hand, a spirit of superior brightness and energy, when lodged in a diminutive, feeble, or deformed body, frees itself to an amazing degree from all bodily circumscription, works itself loose

from organic laws, and becomes endowed with a power of action and influence far beyond the measure of its apparent means and opportunities. Thus too, a slender, shrill, harsh, or intractable voice, when laden with great thoughts and fervent emotion, either rises into an eloquence as far above artistical rules as it is wide of them; or else, in its utter inadequacy there is an inexplicable charm, which brings hearers into that close intimacy with the speaker, in which his spirit seems to be transfusing itself directly into theirs, rather than communing with them through the medium of language. We conceive of St. Paul's person as in itself unattractive, but as irradiated in countenance, gesture, and mien, as absolutely transfigured and glorified, by the vividness of his spiritual perceptions, the intensity of his zeal, the fervor of his piety. His voice, too, may have been beneath the capacity of culture; yet it must have swelled and surged, grown majestic in its intonation and rhythm, trembled with deep emotion, risen into grandeur, as it spoke of Christ and heaven, and struck the most gentle chords when moved by pity and sympathy. Such a soul as his could have assimilated the meanest apparatus of bodily functions to its own intense and noble vitality, could have become transparent through the most opaque medium, could have made itself profoundly felt even with a stammering tongue or a barbarous dialect.

It would be superfluous for us to attempt to trace St. Paul's itinerary. It would embrace almost a complete geographical list of the provinces and dependencies of the Roman empire. According to Lardner's chronology, his martyrdom occurred in the thirtieth year of his apostleship. During this entire period he was in active service; for his prolonged seasons of imprisonment hardly constitute an exception to this statement, since his pen at such times replaced and multiplied his bodily presence; nor have we reason to suppose that he was ever confined in such a way as not to afford him large opportunities of social intercourse. Though capable of extreme rapidity in his movements, (considering the means of transit at his command,) he was equally capable of persistent labor on the same ground; and, as the case seemed to require, either made a hurried visit, and left the "seed of the kingdom" to

the hospitalities of the soil, or remained stationary for months, or even years, watered where he had planted, fenced in what he had reclaimed from the waste, and trained other cultivators to assume the charge on his departure. And over the churches which he had thus established he maintained a watchful oversight, holding frequent communication with them by letter, deciding their controversies, directing in the discipline of heretical or refractory members, and sometimes convening the elders for his paternal counsel when he had not time to appear in public, or to meet the whole body of believers. Asia Minor was as his peculiar diocese, with Corinth and Macedonia as outlying parishes; and within this immense region, on both sides of the Ægean, there can hardly have been an individual disciple who did not look upon the great apostle as his or her own superior pastor, and we might almost say, there were few who had not seen his face, and hung upon his words.

But it is mainly through his Epistles that St. Paul wields, at the present day, upon the church, equally a transmitted influence of opinions, true or false, which have sought support from their text, and a direct agency in the piety and zeal that derive nourishment from their spirit.

These Epistles hold an important place among the evidences of Christianity. They at once establish their own genuineness, and furnish ample confirmation of the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. We refer not merely to the unmistakable identity of the Paul of the Acts of the Apostles with the reputed author of these pastoral letters, nor yet to the numerous latent and undesigned coincidences in St. Luke's narrative and the Epistles, which have been so happily disinterred by Paley, in the Horæ Paulinæ. These Epistles imply, at the time of their authorship, the existence of precisely the condition of things that must have existed if Jesus Christ lived and taught, died and rose from the dead, when, where, and as he is said to have done in the Gospels. They discuss such questions as must needs have arisen in the course of Christian experience, — cases of casuistry, scruples of the morbidly conscientious, the limits of toleration and fellowship, the marks and tests of religious

character and progress; in fine, questions parallel with those which every devout mind in Christendom is asking at the present day. Such discussions we do not find in the Gospels, which contain simply the elements and fundamental principles of Christianity, in the form in which they needed to be first delivered to those who were just emerging from the twilight of Judaism. Moreover, the questions which St. Paul discusses in his Epistles are such as could have been asked only by the merest novices. Now this must have been precisely the case if the Gospels are both authentic in their history, and the genuine works of their reputed writers. The date of St. Paul's Epistles is limited by abundant testimony to the first century of the Christian era. Had the Gospels been of later origin, had they emanated in their present form from a post-apostolic generation, it is impossible that they should not have borne numerous marks of the then condition of Christian experience, — that they should not have adapted the words put into the Saviour's lips to the then existing exigencies of the Church. That they contain only the rudiments, and not the diversified applications, of Christian doctrine, can be accounted for only by the theory that they are literal history, written by men who had direct access to the historical fountains. In concurrence with this evidence, St. Paul's Epistles prove that authentic Christian history had its beginnings thus early, — that Christianity had its clearly defined existence among the religions of the world, its strongly attached adherents, its recognized laws and standards. They are thus fatal to the "development theory," according to which Christianity could hardly have assumed its definite shape and consistency, or the person of Christ from that of a wise and virtuous Jewish peasant have towered by mythical accretions to the vastness and grandeur which it evidently bore in St. Paul's belief, before the close of the second century.

The importance of these Epistles, as a portion of the canon of Scripture, it is impossible to overrate. If we wished to get a clear and full insight into the principles and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, so as to regard all its provisions in the light in which they were regarded by its

founders, it would not be enough to make ourselves familiar with the contents of that document. Its articles are brief, sententious, abstract. It brings up no actually existing cases, by which we can see how it works. We should therefore deem it essential to study, in connection with it, the earliest decisions of the Supreme Court, when the bench was filled by men who had assisted in the formation of the government, and were in intimate communion with the minds of all its illustrious founders. We should feel confident that these men applied the provisions of the constitution as it was intended that they should be applied. Were there any ambiguous questions of interpretation, we should receive their solution as authoritative, and we should shape our judgment in new cases now occurring by the analogy of their *dicta*. To the Christian Church Jesus gave its constitution in his teachings and his life. It is written out in perfect clearness, yet still with great conciseness, and with very few detailed applications. But in St. Paul we have a judge on whom the Master's spirit rested, and who held for many years the chief place in the ecclesiastical administration. To him were brought, for adjudication, numerous subjects of doubt and controversy, and his decisions remain on record in our canonical Scriptures. The questions of those earlier ages have indeed long since passed away. But their discussion and decision show us the working of Christianity as the constitution of an organized body of believers. And strictly analogous questions, depending on the very same principles for their solution, are constantly recurring. The heart's inmost experiences, needs, and cravings are the same in America, in the nineteenth century, as they were in Europe and Asia, in the first; and those who will acquaint themselves with these writings, can hardly derive from them less instruction and edification than those to whom they were originally addressed.

Yet we cannot but express, in all candor, our belief that the Epistles of St. Paul have been a copious fountain of false doctrine; nor has there ever been a heresy so absurd, or a vagary so wild, as not to resort for its proof-texts, primarily, to this portion of the sacred volume. In saying this we are only stating a patent fact, and are not giving vent to any loose

theory as to the authority of these Epistles or the divine inspiration of their author. We see no cause to question either, and abundant reason for affirming both. We do not believe that St. Paul either Judaized or philosophized beyond the scope of genuine Christianity. We believe that he was the disciple of no human master, but literally "received from the Lord that which he delivered" to the churches. Our ground is none other than the entire reliableness and the plenary authority of the Christian canon. But the errors of faith and practice, that have been derived from these Epistles, have originated in one of two ways. First, from a misapprehension of their nature and uses. They have been regarded as primary and independent treatises on Christian theology, rather than as writings of specific purpose and limited application. The phraseology by which St. Paul characterized or refuted ephemeral crudities and follies, and which is closely circumscribed in meaning by the history of the times, has been generalized into universal propositions. His contemptuous estimate of the heartless routine of an effete ritual has been extended to the fundamental laws of personal and social duty; and Antinomians, of the foulest type, have justified their abominations and impurities by the very terms in which he inculcated a faith that makes men virtuous, in opposition to a ceremonial law which left them to unrebuked iniquity. Even the loving service of Christian commemoration has been hedged round for the timidly conscientious with his righteous rebukes and denunciations of the hardly half-converted Corinthians, who assimilated the Holy Supper to the orgies of Bacchus. In fine, his Epistles have been treated, not as the commentaries of a divinely inspired man on the original and complete revelation through Christ, but as a supplementary revelation of paramount magnitude and importance. Thus, instead of tracing principles in their authoritative applications, men have transmuted the applications into principles. Even where no grave falsity or error has been derived from this source, a false view of these writings has tended to render the terminology of religion harmfully technical and complex, and to obscure the simple beauty of the truth as it fell from the Saviour's lips, by incorporating with it words and phrases,

which derived their origin and their sole fitness from conditions of the Jewish and Pagan mind that have long since passed into oblivion.

Another mode in which these Epistles have led to much theological error, has been the habit of aphoristical interpretation, — the treating of separate sentences, and fragments of sentences, as if they were complete in themselves, without admitting of modification from their context. This vicious habit is by many supposed to have grown from the subdivision of the Bible into infinitesimal paragraphs; but this statement reverses the order of historical sequence, nor can we conceive that so ridiculous a style of division and arrangement should ever have been projected, had not the way been prepared for it by corresponding modes of consultation and exegesis. Now, though the garbling of any book is an atrocious wrong to the author and his subject, the Gospels can probably bear this treatment better than any other book whatever that is continuous in its form. They consist chiefly of discourses addressed to the ignorant and prejudiced, generally in the open air, often before noisy and shifting multitudes; and these discourses, except when they assume the form of parable, are aphoristic in their character, as if the divine Teacher meant that he who heard but a simple sentence should carry away a definite idea or impression. Then, too, the Gospels contain, for the most part, statements of truth and duty, without reasonings. Consequently, the diversity of interpretation as to their teachings has been comparatively slight, and of the proof-texts that load the quiver of the saint militant, almost none are drawn from this compartment of the Christian armory. But with St. Paul the case is directly opposite. Of independent sentences, isolated sentiments, statements unmodified by what precedes or follows, there are almost none in his writings. A verse taken by itself is more likely to denote the opposite of what he means, than it is to present his meaning with anything like definiteness or adequacy. He often traces out his adversary's line of argument, or assumes his postulates, in order to demonstrate the falsity of his inferences from them. He sometimes holds an imaginary colloquy with an objector, and gives *in ipsissimis verbis* the very fallacy which it is his aim

to expose. Thus the quoter of single sentences is constantly liable, not only to misapprehend what the apostle writes in his own person, but to ascribe to him sentiments which he cites only to refute or condemn, — an error like that of employing Satan's words as authority from holy writ.

But is not St. Paul desultory? We apprehend that such is his reputation in the Church at large, especially among those whose reading is confined to the vernacular version of his Epistles. No writer makes more profuse or discriminating use of the Greek particles than he does; and whether a reader shall trace the continuity of his discourse, or shall see only abrupt transitions and trackless involutions of thought, depends very much on his conversance with the Pauline use of illatives, connectives, and that whole delicately organized network of conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs, which confuses and bewilders where it does not guide. But the mere classical scholar is at fault as to these Epistles; for St. Paul often uses particles, (as well as other words,) in accordance not with Greek but with Hebrew idioms, in the acceptation in which they are employed by the writers of the Septuagint. To refer to a single instance, which may stand for a score; καί, in his Epistles, is far from being the simple connective which it is in a language as inexhaustibly rich as the Greek in the minute auxiliaries of speech; but it performs the numerous, diverse, and opposite offices which are imposed in the Hebrew on that servant of all works, — the Protean prefix! Thus, the accurate Schleusner enumerates, in the New Testament, no less than *thirty-four* undoubted significations of καί, besides *seven* which are contended for, though doubtful, in single passages. Now, King James's translators, nobly and faithfully as they executed their work, in the main, lived before the age of critical scholarship, whether in the classical or the Hellenistic Greek. They paid very slight attention to particles, and, in their version, connectives and disjunctives often stand in each others places, while many delicate shades of meaning, indices of progress or transition that are expressed by these seemingly insignificant words, are left wholly untranslated.

But St. Paul demands close attention in every reader. His

style is involved from the very fulness of thought. His sentences are absolutely loaded down with meaning. He embraces in a single period exceptions, qualifications, subsidiary thoughts, related ideas, that would fill a long paragraph in an ordinary writer. His parentheses are frequent and protracted. He often leaves his main subject to follow out a collateral train of argument, to make a fervent appeal to the conscience, or to give utterance to devotional feeling; and these digressions are long, and sometimes branch out themselves in different directions. But he always resumes the thread of his discourse, and never finally drops a discussion till he has finished it. He always has a definite end in view, and advances steadily in pursuit of that end, with a vast profusion of argument and illustration indeed, but without ever losing sight of his purpose, so that all his material is brought to bear upon the subject in hand.

To all other causes of ambiguity, we must add the difficulty of fully entering into the circumstances under which these Epistles were written, and the condition of those to whom they were addressed. A letter, from its very nature, demands some good degree of acquaintance with both parties in order to be understood. The Epistle to the Romans is but dimly intelligible to one ignorant of the controversy about the obligation of the Jewish ritual between the Hebrew and the Gentile converts. Much, in the Epistles to the Corinthians, otherwise obscure, receives light from the character of that metropolis of sensuality, in which it is more strange that Christianity should have gained a foothold, than that it should have succumbed to surrounding corruption. Each of these letters was designed to meet some specific exigency. But the means of understanding them are within easy reach, and have been greatly multiplied in the lifetime of the present generation. They require, but they more than reward, the most diligent study; and, whether regarded as the productions of a mind second to none among mortals, as illustrative of the early history of the Church, or as prominent among the monuments of special divine inspiration, they claim at Christian hands the most reverent regard and the most faithful investigation.

Were we to define their most prominent characteristics, we should select the concurrent agency of mind and heart, of reason and emotion, in their composition. The Apostle is severely logical, and at the same time full of intense feeling. His closest arguments are pervaded by sublime devotion and fervent charity. The members of his logic are warm with religious life; and yet never for a moment relax themselves in the glow, or permit you to feel that reason has yielded her throne to piety or love. Thus his writings are equally devoid of cold reasoning and of feeble sentimentality. They will bear alike the test of rigid analysis, and of the higher criticism of the affections; and at the same time command the respect of the logician, and meet the aspirations of the saint. We feel, in reading St. Paul, that we are communing with the loftiest spirit of his race. His Epistles, apart from their sacred character, seem to us the master-works of human genius; but when we regard them as emanating from a mind overpowered and flooded by light from the Infinite Intelligence, our admiration of the choice and noble instrument of divine communication is merged in praise and gratitude to Him who kindled such a luminary in the spiritual firmament.

The work named at the head of this article is a noble monument of the zeal, ability, and piety of its authors. It makes no pretension to critical acumen, and should, therefore, not be condemned for the lack of it. Its aim is, not to interpret the Epistles, but to relate the history of St. Paul. The Epistles have their chronological places assigned to them, always on good, and generally on satisfying grounds, and they are given in a carefully accurate and slightly paraphrastic translation, with a few brief illustrative notes. But the object had in view was to collect all possible materials for the illustration of the Apostle's life, from his birth to his martyrdom, to convey a vivid impression of his personality, with its forming and surrounding influences, and to present a detailed view of the successive scenes of his labors and sufferings. To this end, geography and archæology, numismatics and topography, literature and art, are laid under copious contribution. The work is enriched with maps and plans covering the entire field of St. Paul's journeys and voyages. It comprises also the complete material for a Pauline picture gallery. It con-

tains not far from fifty plates, in the highest style of artistical beauty, and more than twice as many wood-cuts of coins, buildings, and single features of natural scenery. The typography is perfect, and the publishers have spared no expense to carry out the design to the utmost extent that can be desired for use or ornament. While it is a luxury to read volumes of such faultless taste and elegance, they furnish ample material for the profounder work of exegesis; and they are all the more valuable, because the authors have kept clear of debatable ground, and have produced, not a work which can be deemed the property of a sect or party, but one which neither derives nor loses value from their position as members of the Church of England, and professors of a peculiar modification of Christian doctrine.

As regards style, we might, were we in a fault-finding mood, speak of the lack of simplicity and directness. Undoubtedly the story is told in more words than is absolutely necessary. Imaginary or barely possible incidents are sometimes dwelt upon with needless prolixity, and the preaching vein is occasionally worked to waste. But these are minor blemishes, compared with the conscientious fidelity, the open-hearted candor, and the earnest piety, the traces of which are manifest on every page. The authors are thoroughly enamored with their work, and evidently had in view, not a mere book-making enterprise, but the honor of divine revelation, the extended influence of the precepts of their religion among the followers of Christ, and the awakening of a more earnest spirit of investigation, as regards the history and records of the Christian faith. We close our grateful notice of their labors by such extracts as our limits will allow, from their admirable Introduction.

"After we have endeavored, with every help we can command, to reproduce the picture of St. Paul's deeds and times — how small would our knowledge of himself remain, if we had no other record of him left us but the story of his adventures. If his letters had never come down to us, we should have known indeed what he did and suffered, but we should have had very little idea of what he was. Even if we could perfectly succeed in restoring the image of the scenes and circumstances in which he moved, — even if we could, as in a magic

mirror, behold him speaking in the school of Tyrannus, with his Ephesian hearers in their national costume around him, — we should still see very little of Paul of Tarsus. We must listen to his words if we would learn to know him. If fancy did her utmost, she could give us only his outward, not his inward life. 'His bodily presence' (so his enemies declared) 'was weak and contemptible;' but 'his letters' (even they allowed) 'were weighty and powerful.' Moreover, an effort of imagination and memory is needed to recall the past, but in his Epistles St. Paul is present with us. 'His words are not dead words, they are living creatures with hands and feet,' touching in a thousand hearts at this very hour the same chord of feeling which vibrated to their first utterance. We, the Christians of the nineteenth century, can bear witness now, as fully as could a Byzantine audience fourteen hundred years ago, to the saying of Chrysostom, that 'Paul by his letters still lives in the mouths of men throughout the whole world; by them not only his own converts, but all the faithful even unto this day, yea, and all the saints who are yet to be born, until Christ's coming again, both have been and shall be blessed.' His Epistles are to his inward life, what the mountains and rivers of Asia and Greece and Italy are to his outward life, — the imperishable part which still remains to us, when all that time can ruin has passed away.

"It is in these letters then that we must study the true life of St. Paul, from its inmost depths and springs of action, which were 'hidden with Christ in God,' down to its most minute developments, and peculiar individual manifestations. In them we learn (to use the language of Gregory Nazianzene) 'what is told of Paul by Paul himself.' Their most sacred contents indeed rise above all that is peculiar to the individual writer; for they are the communications of God to man concerning the faith and life of Christians; which St. Paul declared (as he often asserts) by the immediate revelation of Christ himself. But his manner of teaching these eternal truths is colored by his human character, and peculiar to himself. And such individual features are naturally impressed much more upon epistles than upon any other kind of composition. For here we have not treatises, or sermons, which may dwell in the general and abstract, but real letters, written to meet the actual wants of living men; giving immediate answers to real questions, and warnings against pressing dangers; full of the interests of the passing hour. And this, which must be more or less the case with all epistles addressed to particular Churches, is especially so with those of St. Paul. In his case it is not too much to say that his letters are himself — a portrait painted by his own hand, of which every feature may be 'known and read of all men.'

It is not merely that in them we see the proof of his powerful intellect, his insight into the foundations of natural theology, and of moral philosophy; for in such points, though the philosophical expression might belong to himself, the truths expressed were taught him of God. It is not only that we there find models of the sublimest eloquence, when he is kindled by the vision of the glories to come, the perfect triumph of good over evil, the manifestation of the sons of God, and their transformation into God's likeness, when they shall see Him no longer 'in a glass darkly, but face to face,'—for in such strains as these it was not so much he that spake, as the Spirit of God speaking in him;—but in his letters, besides all this which is divine, we trace every shade, even to the faintest, of his human character also. Here we see that fearless independence with which he 'withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed;'—that impetuosity which breaks out in his apostrophe to the 'foolish Galatians;'—that earnest indignation which bids his converts 'beware of dogs, beware of the concision,' and pours itself forth in the emphatic 'God forbid,' which meets every Antinomian suggestion; that fervid patriotism which makes him 'wish that he were himself accursed from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen acording to the flesh, who are Israelites;'—that generosity which looked for no other reward than 'to preach the glad tidings of Christ without charge,' and made him feel that he would rather 'die, than that any man should make this glorying void;'—that dread of officious interference which led him to shrink from 'building on another man's foundation;'—that delicacy which shows itself in his appeal to Philemon, whom he might have commanded, 'yet for love's sake rather beseeching him, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ,' and which is even more striking in some of his farewell greetings, as (for instance) when he bids the Romans 'salute Rufus, and *her who is both his mother and mine;*'—that scrupulous fear of evil appearance which 'would not eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that he might not be chargeable to any of them;'—that refined courtesy which cannot bring itself to blame till it has first praised, and which makes him deem it needful almost to apologise for the freedom of giving advice to those who were not personally known to him;—that self-denying love which 'will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest he make his brother to offend;'—that impatience of exclusive formalism with which he overwhelms the Judaizers of Galatia, joined with a forbearance so gentle for the innocent weakness of scrupulous consciences;—that grief for the sins of others, which moved him to tears when he spoke of the enemies of the cross of

Christ, 'of whom I tell you even weeping;' — that noble freedom from jealousy with which he speaks of those who, out of rivalry to himself, preach Christ even of envy and strife, supposing to add affliction to his bonds, 'What then? notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice;' — that tender friendship which watches over the health of Timothy, even with a mother's care; — that intense sympathy in the joys and sorrows of his converts, which could say, even to the rebellious Corinthians, 'ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you;' — that longing desire for the intercourse of affection, and that sense of loneliness when it was withheld, which perhaps is the most touching feature of all, because it approaches most nearly to a weakness. 'When I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened to me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother; but taking my leave of them, I went from thence into Macedonia.' And 'when I was come into Macedonia, my flesh had no rest, but I was troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears. Nevertheless God, who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted me by the coming of Titus.' 'Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me; for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia; only Luke is with me."

Nor is it only in the substance, but even in the style of these writings that we recognize the man Paul of Tarsus. In the parenthetical constructions and broken sentences, we see the rapidity with which the thoughts crowded upon him, almost too fast for utterance; we see him animated rather than weighed down by 'that which cometh upon him daily, the care of all the churches,' as he pours forth his warnings or his arguments in a stream of eager and impetuous dictation, with which the pen of the faithful Tertius can hardly keep pace. And above all, we trace his presence in the postscript to every letter, which he adds as an authentication in his own characteristic handwriting, 'which is the token in every epistle; so I write.' Sometimes as he takes up the pen he is moved with indignation when he thinks of the false brethren among those whom he addresses; 'the salutation of me Paul with my own hand, — if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema.' Sometimes, as he raises his hand to write, he feels it cramped by the fetters which bind him to the soldier who guards him, 'I Paul salute you with my own hand, — remember my chains.' Yet he always ends with the same blessing, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you,' to which he sometimes adds still further a few last words of affectionate remembrance, 'My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.'"

"In conclusion, the authors would express their hope that this biography may, in its measure, be useful in strengthening the hearts of some against the peculiar form of unbelief most current at the present day. The more faithfully we can represent to ourselves the life, outward and inward, of St. Paul, in all its fulness, the more unreasonable must appear the theory that Christianity had a mythical origin; and the stronger must be our ground for believing his testimony to the divine nature and miraculous history of our Redeemer. No reasonable man can learn to know and love the Apostle of the Gentiles without asking himself the question, 'What was the principle by which through such a life he was animated? What was the strength in which he labored with such immense results?' Nor can the most sceptical inquirer doubt for one moment the full sincerity of St. Paul's belief that 'the life which he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God, who died and gave himself for him.' 'To believe in Christ crucified and risen, to serve Him on earth, to be with Him hereafter; — these, if we may trust the account of his own motives by any human writer whatever, were the chief, if not the only thoughts which sustained Paul of Tarsus through all the troubles and sorrows of his twenty years' conflict. His sagacity, his cheerfulness, his forethought, his impartial and clear-judging reason, all the natural elements of his strong character are not indeed to be overlooked: but the more highly we exalt these in our estimate of his work, the larger share we attribute to them in the performance of his mission, the more are we compelled to believe that he spoke the words of truth and soberness when he told the Corinthians that 'last of all Christ was seen of him also,' that 'by the grace of God he was what he was,' that 'whilst he labored more abundantly than all, it was not he, but the grace of God that was in him.'"

ART. IX. — 1. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the Service of her Majesty, Queen Anne; written by himself.* By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of Pendennis, &c. New York: Harpers.

2. *The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy.* By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harpers.

3. *The Book of Snobs.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Appletons.
4. *The Luck of Barry Lyndon.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Appletons. 2 vols. 16mo.

There are few novelists who combine creative powers and a knowledge of the human heart with the faculty of delineating actual life and manners. The pathos and sublimity of Richardson, wellnigh smothered as they are by pompous sentiment and a cumbrous phraseology, are among the miracles of literature; but for any picture that he has left us of English life in the eighteenth century, he might have been destitute of eyes and ears. Scott was doubtless a keen observer of manners as well as of men; but poetry and romance-writing spoiled him for depicting the tamer features of modern society; and he was fain to acknowledge that the "bow-wow" style was that which he managed best. Smollet's characters, admirable as they are, are mostly oddities; and his scenes, with all their humor, are the extravagances of nature, not its ordinary displays. The creations of Godwin, like the conceptions of the transcendental philosopher, are all evolved from his own *ich;* they are possibilities, deduced by *à priori* reasoning from the first principles of metaphysics. Miss Burney, on the other hand, gives us clever sketches of society, but she never penetrates below the surface; she makes us familiar with the company at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, but not with the more secret motives of conduct. In short, there are, as it seems to us, but three English novelists, — Fielding, Jane Austen, and Thackeray, — who both reveal the springs of action, and exhibit its outward aspects and local peculiarities; whose characters are types of classes, and in whose works we find reflected various phases of human nature as well as of English life.

We can have no hesitation in putting Fielding at the head of the English novelists. Nor has he inferior claims to the first place among English humorists. Humor, indeed, is the very element in which all his instincts and perceptions act. By it, he distinguishes truth from falsehood, right from wrong. He scents a falsehood by its absurdity; he detects roguery

by the ludicrous figure it makes in the disguise of honesty. He has no stern moral code by which to judge men; he never picks up a stone to throw at a sinner. Like the amiable Parisienne in the "Paysan Parvenu," he is heartily in love with virtue, and not at enmity with vice; "*aimant de tout son cœur la vertu sans inimitié pour le vice.*" With hypocrisy alone he is at war; for hypocrisy is always the great antagonist of humor. Yet even in this contest he will give no unfair blow; he leaves Humor to fight the battle alone. Virtue and Morality may assist as bottle-holders; but they are not allowed to engage as principals. And when at length the wretched Blifil is driven from the scene, it is not with execrations, but amid shouts of jubilant laughter.

This unity of feeling and conception is the source of Fielding's exquisite art. He has an unwavering faith in his own genius, and in every impulse of his nature. He never mocks himself; he does not show us a gem, and then depreciate it. He delights to deck his Amelia and Sophia with all the beautiful qualities of womanhood, as a lover adorns his mistress with flowers and pearls. He exhilarates himself with draughts from his own imagination; and we can well believe what he tells us, that no one ever laughed or wept so much in reading his books as he himself had done while writing them. His pathos is as natural and as genial as his humor; the one parts from the other, and returns to it by imperceptible gradations, like the showers and the sunshine of April. The story flows gently on through an agreeable succession of incidents and scenes; and the harmonious tone that thus pervades them gives to his works a charm that belongs to no other novels in the language.

In placing Jane Austen in the same rank with Fielding and Thackeray, we do not expect to meet with general assent. In this country, at least, her writings have not acquired popularity. This may, perhaps, be owing to the narrow limits and almost unbroken level of the society which she paints. She has none of those bold conceptions which stamp themselves indelibly on the mind. There is no Parson Adams or Squire Western, no Becky Sharp or Major Pendennis, in any of her novels; no characters whose strongly marked features

stand out in full relief, and whose names have become as familiar in men's mouths as those of celebrated men. If you speak of Sir Thomas Bertram, of Fanny Price, or of Mr. Collins, the allusion will require explanation. But this is owing, not to any deficiency of skill, but to the perfection of her art. She passed her life in the sphere of a respectable, but not high-born Englishwoman — familiar with the better classes of society in country towns; with the *beau monde* she seems to have been altogether unacquainted. She gives us only such characters and scenes as faithfully represent the manners of the society in which she lived. To have admitted incidents and persons, which, however real in themselves, did not belong to the ordinary features of the life which she portrays, would have destroyed the harmony of the picture. Nothing more commonplace can be imagined than the routine of action which forms the groundwork of each of her tales. But neither is it possible to imagine a more faithful delineation of any phase of society, or a more admirable constructive genius than that with which, from these materials, she forms a work of art. Her plots are so skilfully framed, that, while the interest of the story is always preserved, she never oversteps the bounds of probability. She never has recourse to the clumsy expedients of common novelists, who involve themselves in labyrinths from which they can only escape by a *coup-de-main* — who win the game by moving their knight diagonally, or making their bishop leap over a pawn. The *dénouement* of her plots is as simple as the development; the difficulty is solved by natural, yet unforeseen methods. Her talent is essentially dramatic. The authoress herself is never visible, never even peeps from behind the curtain. The characters are not described; they exhibit themselves in action and in speech; and there are no prose works of fiction in which the individuality of all the actors is so well maintained. Miss Austen's humor is rich and suggestive. She is not, however, a *humorist*, who sees that every object may be viewed in a sportive light. She never satirizes a class. She finds a theme for comedy only in those peculiarities which are laughed at by all the world; but she exposes these traits with a bold, yet delicate touch. "Mansfield Park"

has more variety of incident than any of her other works, and is, on this account perhaps, a more general favorite. "Pride and Prejudice," however, is superior in wit and humor; while the plot of "Emma" is equal to that of any of Ben Jonson's comedies. "Sense and Sensibility," the earliest of her stories, is the least pleasing of them all; yet in none does she exhibit so profound an insight into human nature; and we have never read the work without astonishment that the most subtle play of motives, and the most delicate traits of character should have been thus faithfully portrayed by a woman at the age of twenty-five.

From Miss Austen to Thackeray is an abrupt transition; for they have no qualities in common, except those which belong to all writers who give us faithful pictures of life and manners. Between the author of Vanity Fair and the author of Tom Jones, on the other hand, there is a certain similarity, obvious to every reader. The source of this resemblance cannot lie deep; for we gather from the works of these two writers very different impressions of their personal characters; and it is in the character that we must seek for the root of all that flowers in the intellect. An unaffected manliness, a singular freedom from vanity and from all the pretences and disguises in which not merely common natures, but genius itself too often lies enmeshed, we should attribute to them both. But the simplicity of Fielding is that of a flowing, vivacious spirit, whose unconstrained movements have a natural charm and grace. One can imagine him everywhere in social life, the centre of a group, delighted with his animation and with a wit that so easily harmonized with the tone of his society. Among women and children, men of culture and boon companions, he must have been equally at home, admired by all, by some — and not the worst of them — beloved. In Thackeray, on the contrary, you would probably find the plain demeanor of a man of sense and experience, who does not fascinate his company, and does not try to do it; whose qualities are not those of the cynosure and the general favorite, and who is far above aiming at a distinction that does not naturally fall to him. With all his admiration of beauty and grace, — to which, indeed, he renders on all occasions the genuine

homage of an artist, — he is the last man to be unconscious of the bounds of his own nature, or to struggle against them. It even pleases him to exaggerate the phlegmatic temperament, and the incapacity to dazzle and captivate, of that imaginary observer of men and manners, — Mr. Spec, or Mr. Brown, or the Fat Contributor, — behind whose masks he hides his own penetrating eyes. It is a "fogy" who paints the tender passion in those soft and glowing colors; the chivalrous ardor with which Mr. Solomon Pacifico talks of Erminia is nothing more than that respectful admiration with which, in his youth, it was the custom to speak of every charming woman. It is with the manners of an earlier generation that he affects to be most familiar. He often speaks of the period when he himself was young, ardent, and enthusiastic, as one which belongs to a distant past, and sometimes assigns to it the date of 1812. Are then the biographical dictionaries all at fault, which inform us that Thackeray, W. M., was born in 1811; and had he already assumed the *toga virilis*, and become the victim of Miss Emily Blenkinsop's charms, at a time when the statement of the said dictionaries would lead us to infer that he was only a baby in long clothes? We suspect it is not age, but premature wisdom that has checked the swift current of his blood; for this tone is not peculiar to his later works, but belongs also to those which were written fifteen years ago. The season of illusion, it would seem, was a short one with him. He had not paid many visits to the theatre when he discovered that the ballet girls were not fairies; and if he still recollects Miss B.'s dimples and smiles, it is because real beauty and goodness leave a glow in the heart long after its fevers are all over.

But if Thackeray's character wants the polish and brilliancy of Fielding's, the intrinsic qualities of the metal are, it must be owned, superior. Fielding was a man of generous impulses, who tasted to the day of his death the bitter fruits of self-indulgence. Thackeray's heart is not less noble; but he is inured to the discipline of self-denial, and wears in the hidden shrine of his conscience the laurel of self-conquest. If he has not escaped the taint of that speculative spirit which questions further than reason can reply, this is but a

necessary stage in the development of a thoughtful and earnest mind. But his will is too robust, the energies of life are too strong within him, to yield to the benumbing influence of speculation. He shakes off the fatal lethargy; and the doubt which he cannot satisfy by argument he dissipates by action. On the whole, there could not be a greater contrast than between the buoyant Fielding, draining the sweet cup that life holds to his lips, — reckless of "next morning's" headache, and of the sharp necessities that follow unthrift, — and the melancholy, but strong and self-sustaining Thackeray, who feels the general woe, and fights bravely in the common cause of humanity.

Such a man has a right to look the world boldly in the face. And surely no eye was ever keener, no speech ever franker, than Thackeray's. The heart of every reader of his works confesses his insight into its most secret emotions. And yet it is not in sounding the depths of the soul that his peculiar and unrivalled excellence lies, but in noting all the external indications of character, in seizing, with a comprehensive glance, the multifarious and minute peculiarities of habit or appearance, by which thought and feeling betray themselves to a penetrating gaze. He is the greatest of observers. In the masquerade of Vanity Fair he recognizes every one; the choice of the disguise betrays the wearer, or the manner in which it is worn. No man watches with such vigilance the by-play of life. The petty artifices of vanity, the covert leers of slander and envy, the insolent courtesies of varnished vulgarity, the stolen glances of timid affection, the unbreathed sighs of patient suffering, — all these he surprises on their passage, and interprets as if by intuition. He sees the soul, not naked, but draped in the customs and formulas of artificial life; and he points out how awkwardly the garments fit, and what a sorry figure it is that struts about before the admiring crowd, padded with honors and dignities, or, it may be, with virtue and respectability. He is not a detective officer, who follows a criminal to his secret haunts, and drags his dark deeds to light. It is while engaged in his open and regular pursuits and amusements, at dinner, in the theatre, while reading the newspapers, or driving in the park, that the suspected

party is under our author's *surveillance*. By the appearance and the manner, at such times, — the dress, the gesture, the traitorous communications of the quivering lip or knitted brow, — he reads the emotion and deciphers the thought. To be an adept in this mystery, — to be able to discover character by those "trifles light as air" that distinguish one man from another, or the same man from himself at a different time, in actions and habits common to all, — requires a knowledge of those minute details of art and science which have so much to do with men's appearance and behavior. For example, if you would qualify yourself for the observation of human nature in a fashionable sphere, you must first obtain a competent knowledge of dress, gastronomy, and etiquette. It is evident that these have been with Thackeray matters of especial study. He knows the table of precedence at every court in Europe, from imperial Versailles to high-transparent Pumpernickel; he has confidential interviews with the distinguished *chef* of the "Sarcophagus;" and his acquaintance with the minutiæ of costume is extensive, historical, and precise. His familiarity with all the points of female attire, the command he shows of the vocabulary of the mercer, the dressmaker, and the *modiste*, confound the male reader, and appall the ladies.

Thackeray, therefore, unlike most novelists, never makes us acquainted with his personages by unveiling the process of their thoughts, taking up the train with the event that suggests it, and following it down to the act that results from it. He reverses this order, — exhibits the action, and then points to the delicate thread which connects it with the motive. If he sits beside the Misses Twigg at the play, and those young ladies, as well as their *chaperon*, Mrs. Captain Flathers, suddenly whisk away the neat little bouquets, which they have just before been exhibiting with considerable pride, and trample them under their feet, or cover them with their handkerchiefs, he glances around, and presently the secret of this disturbance comes to light. The Misses Cutbush have just entered the opposite box, with bouquets like little haystacks; and the small nosegays, which had quite satisfied their fair rivals until now, have become odious in their jealous little eyes. Such instances as this exemplify one of Thackeray's

chief peculiarities. He draws our attention to some little incident, and then by innuendo, rather than explanation, points out the trait which it illustrates. This is very different from the manner of Fielding, who delights to watch a thought or an emotion as it rises in the mind, to trace it through all its eddies, and to follow it to its confluence with other feelings, or until it is absorbed into action. We shall quote a single example from Tom Jones. The gamekeeper, "Black George," who is under great obligations to Tom, has found and appropriated a purse containing five hundred pounds, which the heedless foundling received from Mr. Allworthy when dismissed from his house, and lost on his way across the fields. Subsequently, George is the bearer of sixteen guineas, which Sophia sends to her lover.

"Black George, having received the purse, set forward towards the alehouse; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, that his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his five hundred pounds; — that having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute breach of trust, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case. Avarice presently treated this with ridicule, called it a distinction without a difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all pretensions of honor and virtue were given up in any one instance, that there was no precedent for resorting to them upon a second occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not Fear stepped in to her assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real distinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honor, but of safety; for that the secreting the five hundred pounds was a matter of very little hazard, whereas the detaining the sixteen guineas was liable to the utmost danger of discovery. By this friendly aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a complete victory in the mind of Black George; and after making him a few compliments on his honesty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones."

Fielding, as we see, exercises over his characters an abso-

lute right of property. He establishes himself in the inmost recesses of their minds, and displays the secret thoughts which no conjecture founded on action could have revealed. Thackeray takes no such unfair advantage of the offspring of his imagination. Having placed them before us, he retires among the spectators, and discovers more than the rest of us, not because his position is better, but because his sight is keener. We open one of his books, as we enter a company of strangers. What we first notice is their outward appearance — their features and dress, their occupations and their peculiarities of action; and on these observations we found our conjectures as to their characters. Major Pendennis is disclosed, seated at his breakfast-table in a club-house in Pall Mall. His boots are the best blacked in all London; his linen is spotless; his buff waistcoat bears the crown of his sovereign on the buttons; he wears a checked cravat, which will not be rumpled till dinner time; and his coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, are "perfect of their kind, as specimens of the costume of a military man *en rétraite*." At a distance you would take him to be not more than thirty years old; but, on a nearer inspection, the factitious nature of his rich brown hair appears, and you notice "a few crows'-feet round the somewhat faded eyes of his handsome mottled face." On that table — "by the fire and yet near the window" — which by prescriptive right is now his own, his letters are laid out, the seals and franks of which excite the wonder of the younger *habitués* of the club. While the waiters bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveys his letters through his gold double eye-glass, which he carries so gaily, you would hardly know it was spectacles in disguise. One letter, marked "Immediate," in a pretty, delicate, female hand, he puts under the slop-basin, to be read after he has disposed of the notes of invitation from the Marquis of Steyne, the Bishop of Ealing, &c., &c. When at length the humbler epistle obtains an audience, the major's countenance assumes such an expression of rage and horror that Glowry, the surgeon, who has been watching him with ill-concealed envy while he read the letters with the large seals and the franks, thinks his respected friend is going into a fit, and

feels in his pocket for his lancet. And thus we are gradually led into an intimate acquaintance with the Major, just as our knowledge of a real person begins with his outward man, grows deeper as we get a closer view of his peculiarities of conduct and opinion, until at last we know him more thoroughly than he himself imagines, and can tell how he acted and what he thought on occasions when we were not present. We obtain the same knowledge of Thackeray's characters as we do of the persons whom we see most nearly and most frequently, and not a whit more. We think of them afterwards as we do of absent acquaintances; — we recall distinct images of bodily forms. In this respect, we know them better than we know the fictitious personages of any other writer. The depths of Hamlet's soul are revealed to us; but who ever imagines a Hamlet that is "fat, and scant of breath?" The simple nature, the honest, kindly hearts of Parson Adams and of My Uncle Toby are as clear and transparent as the waters of a summer's brook; but although we have some description of their personal appearance to assist us, we should doubtless have much difficulty in recognizing either of them if he were to enter the room. But Major Pendennis and Captain Costigan — how could we mistake their lineaments, when a faithful daguerreotype of each lies before us on the table? Nor is it only the principal actors who are thus carefully costumed. Where there is no opportunity to bring out individual peculiarities, the stamp of caste and profession is at least made plainly visible. If "Jeames" does but enter the room to announce that the carriage is at the door, our attention is forced away from the most interesting dialogue, and fixed upon the plush and the calves, the mincing tones and the dislocated aspirates. The characteristics of a particular class are always depicted with minute fidelity. Many of the characters are admirable specimens of the genus to which they belong. Morgan, for instance, is the very type of the English valet, — the most serviceable animal of the whole race, but with an extraordinary mass of vulgar insolence underneath the intensely servile exterior. The Irishmen in Thackeray's books, both as regards brogue and all the well-known propensities of the Hibernian nature, are certainly

the best to be found in either comedy or novel. The military portraits are not less faithful; and the British army — or the representative portion of it — entertains, for the delineator of its "heavy young dragoons," its dashing light-guardsmen, and its veteran *braves*, those sentiments of grateful esteem which it might be expected to feel. With what truthful and delicate touches does Thackeray portray childhood! No Nellys or Evas, but veritable children, are those that he sketches. The selfish indifference with which Master George Osborne repays the lavish affection of his mother, is painfully true to nature; and the boy's resemblance to his father in this particular is wonderfully maintained. Little Rawdon Crawley, among the fox-hounds at Queens Crawley, should have been painted by Landseer; and how like an infant Jove does he launch that innocent thunderbolt at the redoubtable Becky, when, following the example of her sister-in-law and the other ladies in the drawing-room, she calls the child to her, and caresses him, and he, looking up in her face, his large eyes filled with a grave surprise, says, "you never kiss me at home, mamma!" The little housekeepers, in the "Curate's Walk," are in our author's happiest style; and the following sketch, from the same paper, of a group of ragged children in one of the streets of St. Giles, is worthy of Murillo.

"There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small coalman. A half dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend. I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward, holding it before her like a tray. At first, her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased. For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighboring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. "He's

give her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present. She walked on to the apple-stall, meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross; and one after another, they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall."

Nor will it be disputed that Thackeray's heroines, whatever objections there may be to them as specimens of that class, have such virtues and such foibles as are peculiarly feminine. No portraiture of the female mind that shall be complete, and altogether satisfactory, is to be expected from one of the other sex. It is hardly possible that any being should see deeper into the mind of a being of another race, than the point where those qualities lie from which arises the interrelation of the two races. If a mortal should undertake to write the life of an angel, it would be only that of a guardian angel, weeping, praying, and rejoicing for the sinner over whom it watched. If a human being should write the memoirs of a dog, they would be merely those of humble Tray, trotting at his master's heels, and pining away at his grave. What dramatist ever puts a soliloquy into the mouth of a woman, of which the subject is not love or a lover? Thackeray himself acknowledges this difficulty, or rather impossibility for a man, of fully comprehending the female character, in a remarkable passage in Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew.

"When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman, perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and, if referred to, saying with a smile of perfect humility, 'O, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor Polly,' says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J's. head goodnaturedly; 'attend to the house, my dear, that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses, and ministers

to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them, with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband; every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good humor, for all which we value her, — what are they but admirable duplicity. We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile; what are these but lies, that we expect from our slaves? Lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues — brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me — on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbor. I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner, after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good humor. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls — poor dear little Saphiras — set off laughing; there is that story about the goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time; and your poor mother sits there, and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on, and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet, and a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say, that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me — far from it; by a timely removal she was spared the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate, in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her. . . . My dear Nephew, as I grow old, and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt."

If men are unable to penetrate the important secrets of the sex, women are no less unwilling to reveal them. It is only one who has herself overleaped the bounds of tyrannical custom, who ever ventures to depict that struggle which, at some

period of life, a proud and ardent woman can hardly fail to pass through. And when such a picture is presented by a Dudevant or a Hahn-Hahn, the sex itself is always foremost to cry out against it, as unfeminine and monstrous. It is in fact a betrayal — a revelation of internal weakness to the common foe. To suffer with a smiling face, is the supreme duty of womanhood. The *femme incomprise*, who whimpers and complains, is an object of scorn to her sisters; just as the Indians repudiate one of their own tribe, who, captured and tormented by the enemy, is unable to repress his groans. Ambition, — aspirations for self — by which the angels fell, is also the deadliest sin of our terrestrial angels; while in man, it is a virtue that leads to honor and reward. Hence women are divided by a strong barrier into two classes; women who submit, and women who rebel; women who are tender, loving, devoted, who sacrifice self, and think only of their husbands and their children; and women who are ambitious, independent, indignant at their trammels, who seek for a career, who cannot sink their own aspirations in those of another, and who think and strive only for themselves; women whom society smiles upon and approves, and women whom society suspects, and in extreme cases disowns. Whether all the restrictions from which this great breach originates, are necessary and natural, or whether the victims only are to blame, it is not our province to inquire. Thackeray, who paints the world as he finds it, reproduces again and again these two contrasted classes of women. His Becky and Amelia, his Beatrix and Lady Castlewood, are the magnetic poles of repulsion and attraction. If the former class display intellect superior to that of the latter, this we think is entirely natural. It is the active and original mind that is most likely to stray beyond the limits which a law, not altogether free from an arbitrary character, has assigned to it; and the experience that it thus gains, sharpens powers which might have rusted from want of exercise. After all, the qualities of Becky Sharp are just those by which men commonly attain success in life, especially in political life; her maxim was the same as that which every obscure man adopts who looks forward to fame; "she had her own way to make in the world; there was no

one to take care of her." And if she sometimes makes use of methods not quite legitimate, consider the difficulties of one who had no beaten track to walk on, but was forced to make the ladder by which she was to climb. Had she been placed in a position which afforded free play to her talents, mankind would have applauded the very character which it now condemns. There is no great queen whose actions are recorded by history, who, if she had developed in a private sphere those qualities by which she acquired glory on a throne, would not have been put under the ban of society; while a Mary Tudor is made infamous for having done what all the good women — the Amelias and Lady Castlewoods — would have done, had they been in her place, sacrificed her own better feelings to the obligations imposed on her by the superior sex.

The picture, therefore, which Thackeray gives us of the female mind, is a correct, but, as we have already said, not a complete picture. The struggle that ends in resignation, the impatience that at length folds its wings in despair — the mind, in short, of which we obtain a glimpse in "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," that, with intellect and imagination chafing beneath their trammels, is yet curbed by the pious consciousness that abnegation is the highest act of the free will — Thackeray does not attempt to exhibit. On one side, is the woman who triumphs over the prejudice of education, because she has never known the restraint of principle; and on the other, the willing slave who never questions the righteousness of her destiny, whose heart may sometimes beat a little against the bars, but whose intellect is always quiescent. But the world cries out against this representation, and finds these fond mothers and devoted wives weak and foolish. Yet this we think one of Thackeray's highest merits, that he has not, as most writers have done, put into one category the folly that springs from love, and the folly that has its source in selfish blindness; that he has shown how love and self-sacrifice are holy and beautiful things, even when they are but instincts, and receive no light from the intellect. Besides, Thackeray's aim is not to cultivate our taste for what is rare, but to quicken our appreciation of what is common; and we cannot but think that the ordinary effect of the existing

constitution of society, is to divorce the intellect from the affections. Where there is no weakness there will be no submission; where there is no folly, there will be no blindness; where there is no blindness there will be precious little love. Amelia is a fool, you say, to make an idol of Osborne, and bring her daily offering to his selfish shrine; a fool to let that boy who succeeds to his father's place in her heart, grasp its tender fibres with the same rude and heedless hand, and thus prodigally to sow where she could reap no harvest but bitter tears. We grant the folly. But ask your own heart what is its sweetest yet most painful memory. Do you never dream that you are back again in those old years, when thoughtless love was thus squandered upon you? Do you never wake with a remorseful pang, sharper than any that the ambiguous deeds of the hardened present can inflict, and think what a blessed thing it would be if you could stanch the wounds which your barbed arrow made, and expiate that ignorance and self-engrossment by watchful, tender care? And if this be so, can you now criticize the extravagant love which you abused, and sneer at it as folly, and blame the indulgence which spoilt you, and made you selfish, and tell how you would have been a wiser and a better man, if you had been more wisely trained? But you have had no such experience — you never suffered from such indiscreet affection, or you were thoughtful and grateful, and have no need to look penitently at the past? You are fortunate. But others are less so; and among these is Thackeray. For it is not the voice of a mere observer that we recognize in this reiterated tale of the fond desperation of a loving nature torn by the jagged rock to which it clings, but the trembling tones of one who speaks from the emotions of his own heart. Here, if anywhere, we get an insight into the man himself, and catch the echo of his own experience, his sufferings, and his errors, —

> "Was er irrte, was er strebte,
> Was er litt, und was er lebte."

However different the persons and the scene, this tale interweaves itself more or less with the action. Osborne, Pendennis, Esmond, Barry Lyndon, contrasted as they are in character and fate, — this experience is common to them all; or rather

it is the author himself whose hand, at the slightest suggestion, strikes involuntarily the mournful chords of vain regret and self-reproach.

In truth, with all his great powers of observation, Thackeray is in a remarkable degree *subjective*. And this is the source of the great artistic defects from which none of his works are free. He sees deep into the characters he conceives, but he never loses his own individuality in theirs, never allows them to move freely along, and pass the thread of the story from hand to hand. He is a spectator, as we have said, but a noisy one, who continually interrupts the performance by his commentaries. The persons of his drama never soliloquize, never make such reflections as the scene would naturally provoke from them. Soliloquy and reflection abound, but it all falls to the share of the author, or of his fictitious representative. Hence the failure, to a certain extent, when he adopts the autobiographical form of relation. Esmond, Barry Lyndon, even Yellowplush, talk always in the Thackerayan vein, — utter statements peculiar to him, and seldom very appropriate in them. The story does not flow with a steady current, like Fielding's; there is no succession of scenes, connected only by sufficient explanatory remarks, as in Miss Austen. Scene, narration, and remark are presented to us in bits, and so intermixed with one another as to form a *quartum quid*. The Aristotelian rule, that there should in every work be a beginning, a middle, and an end, was never so sinned against as by Thackeray. Except by the number of pages, you have seldom any clue by which to conjecture how far you have advanced, or when you are to expect the *dénouement*. Two thirds of Pendennis seems more like the prelude than the actual story; all the important action is crowded into the rapid and masterly scenes at the close. Esmond is still more tantalizing. The story is never fairly set agoing throughout the three volumes. We make several successive starts, under the guidance of a train of incidents, and in company with certain personages; but before we have got far the steam is let off, the passengers all leave, and we are obliged to take a new conveyance, with precisely the same results. If the style be the purest, the plot is the

weakest, of any novel in the English language. It may be said that, as the work assumes the form of an autobiography, the features to which we object maintain the verisimilitude. But want of connection and broken threads in a narrative are endurable only when they are unavoidable; and a novelist gains no more by adopting the restrictions of biography, than a dramatist by preserving the arbitrary unities of time and place. Yet some of the scenes in Esmond are the most perfect which Thackeray has given us. The author, in the person of his hero — himself prematurely wise and observant — comes forward on the stage; and his remarks, made thus *vivâ voce*, as it were, are appropriate to the occasion. But these scenes are few; the principal persons in them are not always those in whom we are most interested; and the action assigned to each character is too meagre to give vitality and strong interest to the book.

We have called these peculiarities of Thackeray defects. But the tendency from which they arise is among the inherent qualities of his mind, and the source, in no small degree, of his originality and power. It is not in his nature to content himself with the contemplation of men's actions, or with the exhibition of their characters; — to be absorbed in art, and to think only of the most effective mode in which to embody his conceptions. He cannot hold up a corrupt heart or a brainless head, and call it — in anatomical phrase — "a beautiful specimen." He cannot, like Fielding, hunt Human Nature for the mere sport of the thing; nor hide his own feelings in impenetrable reserve, or leave them to be inferred by the reader, as Miss Austen does. He copies faithfully the image painted by any object upon the retina of his imagination; but he transcribes not less minutely the emotions of his own heart. Every incident which he relates leads to some utterance of his feelings. His tone changes with the theme. His irony often reminds us of Fielding's, but it is never, like Fielding's, sustained throughout the work. From playful banter, he falls into a strain of melancholy reflection, or rises to stormy invective, and withering scorn. His works make us as well acquainted with his opinions and character as if each were a chapter of his autobiography. Hence it is that the critics have

had so much to say about Thackeray's "views of life;" hence their wise admonitions that he should alter those views, that he should see the world's affairs in a more cheerful light, — in other words, that he should dance when he is inclined to weep, and, in short, be a different man from what Nature and the Fates have made him.

In *range* of observation, Thackeray is certainly unrivalled by any other novelist. Miss Austen's sphere, as we have already said, is an extremely limited one. Fielding is a literary vagrant, who meets indeed in his rambles with a great variety of characters, but seldom stays long enough amongst any respectable or stationary portion of society to become thoroughly acquainted with its usages. But Thackeray is familiar with the customs of every class. "Vanity Fair" is not a "fashionable novel," and yet in what other work shall we find so truthful a picture of what is called "high life"? As for "Pendennis," the book should have been entitled "London." It should be read with a map of the great metropolis spread out upon the table. The out-door and in-door life of the West-End, of the Inns of Court, and of Paternoster Row, are all represented with wonderful spirit and accuracy. In the "Book of Snobs," Thackeray traces the vein of vulgarity and meanness through all the strata of English society. Never was satire so keen and unflinching. It is the boldest book ever written by a man who had no personal pique to gratify. We are not surprised that the author of it should have been blackballed at the clubs; the wonder rather is, that the doors of private mansions do not "grate harsh thunder" when he stands before them, and that "Jeames" does not positively refuse to take up his name. That private hospitality should have been so freely extended to him during his visit to this country, is a matter of less surprise; for it is a peculiarity of the American people, arising doubtless from the strength of its patriotic feelings, that, while we cannot bear even the softest touch upon any sore spot in our national character, we are so far from any desire to conceal our individual foibles, that we thrust them, as it were, with artless unconcern, into the face of every observer. As long as Thackeray was pledged, therefore, not to write a book upon the country, he

was at liberty to enrich his experience by an ample survey of our domestic manners. Yet there is much in his appearance and in his character to disarm the fears of even a sensitive mind. We forget the keenness of his mental eye, when we perceive that his bodily vision is imperfect without the aid of spectacles. His wisdom seems no longer premature or alarming, when we observe the venerable complexion of his hair. His language may be stern and severe, but his voice, soft and pleasant, is incapable of giving due expression to any but kindly sentiments. And in revenge of an intellect so powerful and scrutinizing, Nature has given him a warm and generous heart, that will not suffer him, like other satirists, to poison the arrows which he sends with such unerring aim.

ART. X.— *Writings of* PROF. B. B. EDWARDS; *with a Memoir, by* EDWARDS A. PARK. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE give a hearty but sad welcome to these literary remains of a thorough and modest scholar, and one of the purest and best of men, whose decease, somewhat more than a year since, deeply afflicted not only a large circle of private friends, but the lovers of sacred and liberal learning throughout the country. The sermons, essays, and reviews contained in these two volumes are but a small part of the numerous productions of a pen which, for twenty-five years, was hardly a moment idle. They have been collected in obedience to the wishes of numerous friends, and contain a fair, though of course not a complete, nor in some respects an adequate, exhibition of that mind whose activity produced them.

The life of a student, a teacher, a man of letters, an author, offers few salient points of interest. He performs no brilliant exploits, achieves no startling victories, makes no display, attracts from the crowd no notice. Yet for the little that is said of his outward life, there may be ample compen-

sation in the larger sweep and power of thought to which he may have attained, and the intimacy with which he may come home, by his works, to the "business and bosom" of every intelligent man. And yet, far within those outer limits of intellectual authority which are reserved for the favored ew, are there lesser circles, distinguished as by "light within light," where move and shine those whom the world could ill afford to spare. By the ordering of Providence, a great genius appears but rarely; otherwise, it would not be a genius, since that which constitutes it such is just that in which it differs from and excels all other men. Yet every age is fortunately favored with its men of finer mould, of more delicate sensibility, of ample and exact learning, of rare patience, and courage, and faith, without whom how dull, and cold, and motionless, and retrograde it would be.

In our country, and perhaps in every free country, the tendency towards politics is so strong, and the temporary honors of office so engrossing, that we are all the more glad to see placed before us, in its full attractiveness, the record of the unobtrusive but honorable life of a quiet and retiring scholar. He may not stand among the commanding thinkers, any more than among the restless actors of his time; but it is none the less true that his mind may be fresh and original in its action, and his services to his generation and his race amply deserving a permanent record.

Bela Bates Edwards was born in Southampton, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1802; and it in some degree indicates the character of his mind, to say that he ever shrunk from the publicity which seemed to be implied in the coincidence of his birthday with that of the nation. His early life was quiet and secluded, marked by no striking incident, yet by its quiet discipline, its familiarity with rural scenes, and its intellectual privileges, it was a fit preparation for the responsibilities and labors to which he was afterwards called. At the age of eighteen, he entered Williams College, and having spent one year there, followed President Moore to Amherst, where he was graduated in 1824. His college life was marked by the same diligence and scrupulous fidelity which characterized his after years. A classmate and room-

mate speaks of him as a "model student, — quiet, assiduous, modest, and eminently successful."

It was during his residence at Amherst that his intellectual conviction of religious truth gave place to a deep sense of its personal necessity, and he was led to a thorough and serious purpose of holy living. Yet no one was more averse than he to any thing which might seem like a parade of religious feeling. He shrank with instinctive delicacy from making his innermost and profoundest emotions the subject of familiar conversation. What he thus carefully guarded in himself he as fully respected in another; and he always approached a human spirit, in the hours of its solicitude, with a gentleness and tenderness as beautiful as they are unusual.

In less than a year after receiving his first degree, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. His course there, however, was interrupted at the close of a year, by an invitation to a tutorship at Amherst, the duties of which sometimes unwelcome office he discharged for two years with singular fidelity and success. During the latter part of his residence at the college, he was elected Assistant Secretary to the American Education Society, which devolved upon him the duty of editing its quarterly journal; and about the same time, he was solicited to become an Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Nor was this all; for while his mind was divided upon these questions, there came another request, to add to his perplexity, in the form of a proposition to prepare himself for a Professorship at Amherst. All the considerations which led him to accept the first of the above-mentioned offers, do not appear in the Memoir; but we find him, in the autumn of 1828, residing at Andover, performing the duties of Secretary to the Education Society, and at the same time pursuing his theological studies. It was an effort which demanded of him unremitting and severe labor, and imposed duties which he himself afterwards thought incompatible with each other. Yet it was a mistake which many an ardent student in each of the learned professions has made, in the attempt to gather up, within the shortest time, the advantages of many studies, or to unite with the labors of acquisition the satisfaction of

conferring a practical good. In his own case, the effect was to diminish the healthy tone of both body and mind, and to produce for a time gloomy and despondent feelings.

After leaving Andover, in 1830, he spent nearly six years in Boston. These were among the most laborious, yet happy and hopeful, years of his life. He had been married to one whose tastes and acquisitions were like his own. The way was thus open to that profound domestic tranquillity and enjoyment, from which he derived so much strength and hope. The years spent in Boston were marked by literary plans and labors. The American Quarterly Register, established at first as the journal of a benevolent society, assumed, under his guidance, an entirely new character, and became the depository of a vast amount of information on all topics connected with education, literature, and the progress of society. Besides a large amount of statistics, every number contained biographical sketches and essays of permanent value. It is easy to see, in glancing over the volumes, each one becoming more ample than its predecessor, what an unusual amount of editorial labor must have been required in the preparation of them. He says, in one of his letters, "My wrist *gets worn out* with my continual use of the pen;" and in another, "I have written eight hours to-day — four sheets of literary notices;" and in another still, "It has been an immense labor to prepare the statistical tables of the Register. This devolves on me chiefly. I have spent six hours to-day in correcting one page of a proof-sheet." For a time, the space devoted to statistics in this Quarterly left a wrong impression on the minds of most who read it, concerning the character of its editor, as if he were a mere antiquarian, a collector of facts, to whom one fact was about as valuable as another. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The fine poetic element, the love of all noble and inspiring truth, was not even held in abeyance, much less smothered, during this period of drudging toil. But he had a distinct idea, which he wished to carry out in the Register, and which involved large labor with small reward and much self-denial.

"I have a strong hope," he once wrote, "that the Register may be

made what no work in the English language has ever been, and that it may be more valuable for posterity than for the present age. I am ready to give up my life for coming generations. But I cannot succeed in making this publication what it ought to be, the best in Christendom, unless I become very parsimonious in regard to my time. All the men who have been very useful in the world, have taken sacred care of their minutes. Indeed, I now feel very unhappy if I am long away from my appropriate employment. Idleness, or simple visiting, even with those whom I love most, has very few charms for me. I have had vacations for ten years, and they are now closed. The sources of my pleasure must be deep, or I shall enjoy very little. Visiting disqualifies me for prayer and meditation. Therefore I must renounce it, where it has no useful purpose, and find my pleasure in my duty." Again he wrote: "The Register will give an opportunity to speak to an audience of twenty-five hundred ministers and scholars, who will carry an influence to two millions of other minds."

Vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

Mr. Edwards had an insatiable love of knowledge in every department and branch, and stored his mind with an ever-accumulating mass of facts, but only that he might use this knowledge in the furtherance of his literary and benevolent projects. While engaged laboriously upon a publication demanding such constant and careful oversight, he attempted, also, to establish another periodical, of a different and higher character. The first number of the American Quarterly Observer appeared in July, 1833. Its object was to occupy ground common to various religious denominations, and to discuss the subjects of politics, philosophy, literature, and morals, on the most enlarged basis, as connected with the development of Providence, and the well-being of the whole human race. He meant, by bringing the great truths of Christianity to bear directly upon the various topics proper for such a work, to elevate and purify literature, while, at the same time, he might do something to enlarge the scope of thought, to refine and elevate the taste of those by whom the work would be most largely supported. It has been regretted that this plan, conceived in so catholic a spirit, promising enough of the popular in the subject and mode of discussion, and as much of the profound and exhaustive as could be obtained from a wide circle of able contributors, could not

have been more amply sustained. Some of Mr. Dana's choicest essays first appeared here, and not a few delicate and beautiful criticisms by the editor himself. We doubt still whether any better plan could be devised of a Review neither merely learned and professional, nor limited by denominational sympathies, and yet imbued more entirely with a religious element, than would be expected in a strictly literary or scientific work. Two Reviews, with much of a common spirit, though with different purpose, could not be sustained by the class of patrons on which both would mainly rely; and, in 1835, the Quarterly Observer became united with the Biblical Repository, of which work Mr. Edwards remained editor, until its place of publication was removed to the city of New York. While speaking of his editorial labors, we may as well state, that when the Bibliotheca Sacra was established at Andover, in 1844, he assumed the charge of it in connection with Professor Park; a charge which he did not relinquish until he left Andover for the last time. The labor which he performed in connection with all these periodicals was large, incessant, anxious, and distracting. Hardly a single number of these Reviews was issued, without bearing ample marks of his diligence, fidelity, and sound judgment, in elaborate essays, or in minor criticism, and in the full account of the current literature and science of the world, often amassed with a labor and care quite unsuspected by those who glanced hastily at the result. Had he concentrated more energy upon fewer articles, had he diffused his strength with less liberality, he would doubtless have left productions more finished and of yet greater fulness and vigor. Perhaps he himself began at last to feel, that he had been too benevolent and careless. He had for several years, indeed, been concentrating his energies upon studies most precious to him, and, had he lived longer, would have shown with what richness and beauty he could bring the rich materials of knowledge and wisdom to bear in illustration of his chosen pursuit. His connection with the press, although so constant, was always subservient to the claims of some other duty which served as the main employment of his life. When it was too late, we think he felt that he had spared himself too little. We cannot forget the mingled

satisfaction and sadness with which he remarked, a few days before starting on his last journey southward, that "he had done with the Bibliotheca Sacra, except as an occasional contributor." He seemed to feel at last, what others had long felt, that he had overworked himself, and to be glad of a prospect of rest. We need not speak more fully of the learning, the comprehensiveness, the variety of discussion, the delicate taste, and sound judgment, exhibited in the Review which he edited for so many years. His object was to concentrate all the talent he could command, and, at any rate, to admit nothing which his own labor could supply, to fulfil the expectations of others, or satisfy his own still more severe taste.

In the autumn of 1837, Mr. Edwards was appointed Professor of the Hebrew Language in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and on the resignation of Professor Stuart, in 1848, was transferred to the chair of Biblical Literature. This was a situation peculiarly fitted to his tastes. It led him to studies of which he was fond, and to that intercourse with young men, through which he hoped to make his influence most widely and beneficially felt. So strongly was he attached to his position here, that he declined a solicitation to the Presidency of Amherst College, mainly, as we suppose, because he thought it would be attended with a sacrifice of his favorite pursuit, at a time when he hoped to be able to bring them to a result honorable to the Biblical learning of his country. He felt that the broadest and most liberal course of study was necessary to fit him to expound the Scriptures. Classical literature and modern science, history, and poetry, philosophy and art, antiquarian researches and modern travels, came in as a part of a regularly ordered system of investigation, the results of which he intended to lay, as a filial contribution, at the feet of David or Paul. The Bible he did not indeed regard as intended to teach scientific truth, least of all did he consider its chief interest to lie in its poetry or mere morality. Sooner than have been suspected of that, he would have almost abjured his cherished learning, — but neither did he fear that the Scriptures and true science would be found contradictory. On the contrary, he felt that all learning and all art would but illustrate them the more fully,

and in proportion as philosophy carried its investigations wider and deeper, with a truer method and a purer spirit, would the harmony be more marked. Hence he had a plan and purpose in all his pursuits; his recreations were studies. There were with him no idle moments. He was greedy of time and opportunities, and made his enjoyments and labors to coincide. A love of poetry of the highest order was one of his strongest characteristics; and his ideas of the honor due to it, and of its necessity for the full and harmonious cultivation of the mind, were worthy of Sir Philip Sidney, or Milton, or Wordsworth. He thus writes of the influence of the study of the Hebrew Scriptures on the imagination and taste:

"The poetry of the Hebrews is sometimes represented as Oriental, an Eastern fashion, local, factitious, artificial, adapted to men living a migratory life, under an ardent sky, and not adapted to a severe European taste. But the Hebrew poetry is no such thing. It is European; it is Occidental, for all ages and generations; it is universal in its character; it is everlasting as the affections of man. It furnishes food for that imagination, whose birth was not for time, but for all eternity. Peasants can feel its force; philosophers kindle at its inspiration. Strip the Old Testament of its poetry, and it is not the Old Testament; it contains truth, but not the truth that God revealed. Take out of it the element of imagination, that which makes it poetry, and the residue is neither poetry nor prose. It may be truth, but it is not the truth which we need. No error can be greater than to call the Hebrew poetry mere costume. There are some truths which are poetry in their very nature. Men, the world over, have imagination, and love poetic truths, and these truths were necessary for them, and therefore part of the Bible is poetry." Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

"Amid all the drudgery and perplexities of his editorial life," says his biographer, "his rule was never to let a day pass by, without refreshing his taste with the perusal of some lines from a favorite poet, such as Virgil or Spenser." These he often read aloud of an evening to his family, with a relish and discrimination that was the delight of all who heard him. The taste thus cultivated, he brought to bear in the lecture-room, where the fulness of his mind was ever overflowing, watering and refreshing all the banks of the channel through which his instruction appropriately flowed.

"The best illustration of unity in discourse," writes one of his former pupils,* "which I had then heard, was casually thrown out by him in his nice analysis of the train of thought in a Psalm. In a similar connection, a passing hint would gather up the legitimate characteristics of lyric poetry. His comparison of the Hebrew, the Homeric, and the Virgilian descriptions of a storm, gave us exemplifications of the highest order of criticism. These hints of his, and the like, were unobtrusively dropped, and easily overlooked; but there were not a few who remembered them with interest, and who felt greatly indebted to him for the broad and elevated scholarship to which he pointed the way. In this manner he did much to form their literary taste, enlarge their circle of thought, and liberalize their mode of thinking; and all this was accomplished, not by digression, but in the pursuit of his appropriate work." Vol. i. pp. 169, 170.

He was, indeed, a model of a Christian scholar, with the noblest spirit, with purposes broad, comprehensive, and elevated, with sympathies wide and various, of thorough learning, a diligence that never was weary, a modesty that allowed too little to himself, and a charity and candor which often gave to others even more than their due. It would not be easy to find a mind in closer affinity with whatever is noblest in life. The higher objects seemed invariably to control the lower. There was no room in his soul for the lodgment of an unworthy thought, even for a moment. This was one source of the power of his influence. Every student felt that he uttered no sentiment, stated no opinion, and would defend no doctrine, which he did not entertain with the utmost sincerity of conviction. In his teaching, there was a rare union of exactness and delicacy of mind, an entire absence of a harsh and polemical spirit, and a thorough devotion to truth. His learning commanded the respect of his pupils, his sincerity and rectitude and carefulness obtained their fullest confidence, his gentleness won their love. Yet his gentleness and delicacy never lapsed into weakness and indecision, and on points of speculative belief or practical conduct, where many, apparently bolder than himself, might waver, he walked with the most unhesitating and invigorating manliness and freedom. He never turned away an inquirer with a coarse joke, or con-

* Professor Bartlett, lately of the Western Reserve College.

cealed a difficulty under an attempted witticism, or solved a doubt by denying all ability or credit to the skeptic. He never adopted an unscholarlike method, one that would not stand the test of a fair and honest mind. Hence the authority of his opinions went far with those who were making up their own. The editor* of the recent American edition of Coleridge's works says of him, speaking of the confidence which *his* confidence in an opinion inspired in the mind of a pupil,—

"In reference, for instance, to some of the more able objections of a sceptical criticism to the inspiration of the Scriptures, my own mind, I distinctly remember, relieved itself by falling back upon the character and authority of my instructor. I could not have done this in reference to an ordinary mind, or to a common instructor. But I knew that the mind of my teacher, in this case, was one of singular candor and fairness, and would give opposing views all the weight they were entitled to; that it was a learned mind, fully conversant with the subtlest and ablest objections of Rationalism; and still a mind most *vitally* convinced of the truth of the doctrine of plenary inspiration. This fact had great weight with me, and although ultimately every mind must be rationally convinced of the truth for itself, and by the truth itself, still I cannot but think that this authority of a wise, learned, and honest teacher over the mind of a pupil, in some stages of his progress, is of the highest worth in preserving it from final scepticism. It braces and steadies the mind in a moment of weakness and irresolution, and enables it to take breath for a stronger and more successful effort of its own. Vol. i, pp. 168, 169.

Nearly allied to this trait, is what another correspondent † calls "his conscientious exactness as a teacher."

"I say conscientious, for it was a moral, as well as an intellectual trait. The habit of his mind led him to be exact, and he thought it wrong not to be. He labored to verify all his statements and all parts of them. Hence, we not only relied on their substance, but loved to preserve them in the precise *form* in which he gave them, being sure that every word had its place, for a good and indispensable reason. I would not for the world have changed the language nor the order of his translations, so faithful, so express an image of the original, so sure, and true, and *necessary*, did they seem, as you traced them word by word."

* Prof. Shedd, of Auburn, N. Y. † Prof. Putnam, of Dartmouth College.

We should be glad to dwell much longer on his character and methods in this sphere of his life, because we are persuaded it is so worthy of commendation to those engaged in what is too often a thankless office, and so encouraging too, since there is in these volumes abundant indication of the strength and value of the friendships then formed, and of the thorough appreciation of the value of his quiet and unobtrusive services by more than a few.

We have spoken of his candor. It was a remarkable trait of character, and quite unfitted him for being a polemic, or a sharp and bitter critic. The polemic may have a great, sometimes an essential, work to perform, yet he does it often at great expense to himself. For such duties Mr. Edwards was by nature unfit. He was ever more inclined to discern the favorable aspect of another's character or of a literary work, than its weak points. His judgments were therefore lenient, and he would find points of sympathy in those far beneath him, or whose sentiments, in many respects, were quite diverse from his. For the same reason, discourses or books, in which fault-finding, or a bitter satirical spirit was prevalent, were most distasteful to him. We remember hearing him say of Forsyth's Italy, a book of great talent, but the most of it written in a harsh tone, that he could not read it without destroying his enjoyment of works of art, and even the power of appreciating many of those beauties which the critic highly praised.

"'The longer I live,' he wrote in 1839, 'the more I think religion to consist in candor, kindness, forbearance, hoping for the best. The way of the world is to be sometimes extremely lenient, but at other times cruel as the grave, and overbearing as a torrent.'"

And again he wrote, in 1846,

"Pure religion, I am more and more convinced, so far as it has regard to our literary pursuits, consists in humanity, and courtesy, and honorable feeling, refined and perfected for Christ's sake. Better than all the creeds in the world without this humane temper, is the heart of him who weeps with those who weep, and is prompt to show those little delicate Christian kindnesses which are a cordial to a broken spirit." Vol. i. p. 114.

The same love of truth, and nothing but the truth, led him to judge, with great fairness, foreign nations and religious sects with which he had little sympathy. He was intolerant of nothing but evil. A malignant temper, under whatever show of wit or splendor it was exhibited, got no favor from him; but the good that was in another, though it magnified his own deficiencies, or those of his party or sect, was still his delight. Strict Protestant as he was, and of the New England stamp, few could set forth with more fairness and fulness the really strong points of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy. The neology of Germany was deeply offensive to his moral nature and his most thorough convictions of truth; yet he duly honored — and we may say, no more than duly — the speculative tastes and unflagging scholarship, for which Germany has become distinguished.

For several years before his death, Professor Edwards had premonitory symptoms of that pulmonary difficulty to which he was finally compelled to yield. The winter of 1845–46 he spent at the South, finding in the climate of St. Augustine something to reconcile him to the interruption of his pursuits, the absence of libraries, and of that free and ample literary fellowship which, from long use, had become a necessity of his nature. Those who saw Mr. Edwards but seldom, and were familiar only with his graver appearance, would be surprised at the quickness of his observation, and the keen relish with which he enjoyed every timely exhibition of humor and wit. He watched, as we might suppose he would have done, with intensest interest, the operation of slavery at home; and, though apparently seeing none of those exhibitions which figure most largely in philanthropic novels, he returned with a deeper conviction of the inherent and inseparable evils of the system. It was the more natural that he should have regarded the condition of the negro race at the South with interest, from his own intimate connection with societies formed for the amelioration of the condition of the free blacks throughout the United States. He had been prominent in forming the Massachusetts Colonization Society, and to the last, his convictions of the soundness of its principles, and those of the Parent Society, were unshaken. He was

active in the formation of the "American Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race," in 1834, and labored diligently to carry out its plans.

Although his health was benefited by his southern residence, it was seen that a longer relaxation from labor was necessary, and therefore, without returning to Andover, he sailed from New York for England, April 22, 1846. The next autumn and winter were spent in Germany and Italy, and the whole tour was one of almost unmixed and enthusiastic delight. Never did pilgrim visit the shrines of saints with more joy than did this lover of every excellence the home of the poets, or the scenes of historic renown. He thus writes of his visit to Wordsworth and to Abbotsford.

"*September* 8, 1846. — Our visit with Wordsworth at Ambleside was in every respect such as we could wish. He received us with the utmost good feeling, and entertained us between one and two hours. He is a tall and venerable man, with white hairs, erect person; as seen in front, not resembling his portraits. His eyes have a wild expression. I asked him if his health was good. 'Very good, thank God, for a man who is seventy-six, though I cannot walk eighteen hours out of twenty-four, as I formerly sometimes did.' He conversed about the scenery in his neighborhood, Dr. Arnold, O'Connell, the Alps, Italy, etc. He said that the two most interesting cities he had seen were Venice and Edinburgh. He said that his sister, the Emmeline of the poems, has in manuscript two journals, one of a tour in Scotland, which he thought to be a model of that kind of writing, and which would be published after her death. She is now very old and infirm in body. She sat in front of the house, and recited to us some exquisite lines of her own recent composition, expressive of her gratitude to God and her brother. He introduced us to Mrs. Arnold, who lives in a perfect paradise. She received us most kindly, and gave us a fragment of a letter of her husband. It was touching to hear the people in the vicinity speak of Wordsworth, one of them not without tears. They said he never passed them without a kind word. About Abbotsford, what shall I say? We were almost in a delirium. One of our party actually shed tears on seeing Sir Walter Scott's hat and cane. Is not that dwelling a phenomenon? The interest at Waterloo, compared with that, is fading away. It is the Mecca of all civilized lands, — hallowed and immortal. In the course of a week we read a large part of his Life anew, and his Lady of the Lake four times over. His publisher [Mr. Cadell] told us that the sale of his works is as great as ever.

[Mr. Black, another publisher, informed me that Cadell] had made out of them, in ten years, an independent fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds. Sir Walter's autograph is sold now for several pounds sterling. The great benefit of visiting England and Scotland is the fresh and deep interest which it throws over what you have been blindly reading about all your days. It seems as if a mist had dropped from my eyes. You can hear the shrieks of Mary as the conspirators broke in. You can see the bodies of the Covenanters as they were dragged from the Grass-market to the pit in the old Gray Friars burying-ground. Did not Dr. Chalmers remind you of Dr. Beecher? What a good, hearty, loving Scotch soul he is? Did you hear Mr. Guthrie preach? — altogether the most eloquent man I have heard abroad. I sat as one among 'four-and-twenty elders' under his pulpit, and I could have remained there till the next day; he discoursed most ravishingly. I am told, however, that he is quite unequal." Vol. i. pp. 188 – 190.

His nature was formed for enjoyment, and England afforded to him as abundant materials of delight as it could to any man, familiar as he was with her history, literature, religion, and philanthropy. In the scenery, the antiquities, the men, then for the first time made familiar, he found abundant scope for the delighted activity of every faculty. On the Continent, there awaited him still other sources of enjoyment. The whole world of art burst upon him at once as a new creation, and he, whom some had mistaken for a dry lover of antiquarian lore, or a laborious gatherer of statistics, was found glowing with the rapt enthusiasm of a worshipper in presence of paintings and statues, of whose power and beauty he had never before formed a conception.

"Nothing, on the whole," he writes, shortly after entering Belgium, "has made so deep an impression on me as the paintings by Rubens at Antwerp. They have given me, I may say with a little vanity, a new sense. I have never known before, I am sure, what a work of art in this department really is, — such individuality, such consummate groupings and contrasts, such perfect life and nature, such coloring, such an instantaneous conviction that it is the work of genius, while a second or third visit only deepens the impression, and discloses new wonders. These paintings have spoiled every thing else in that line that I have ever seen. I would give the whole of Texas, Oregon, and California [this was written when the possession of the first two by our

government was still a question, and that of the last hardly thought of] for one portrait by Rubens in the museum at Antwerp. Vol. i. p. 192.

His residence in Switzerland and Germany was very refreshing to him. He sought out, with the interest of a pilgrim, every spot marked with a peculiar fame, and his letters and diary are filled with pleasant, and sometimes playful memorials of his impressions.

"Zurich," he says, "is one of the most pleasant and thriving cities I have ever seen. I visited every known object connected with the name of Zwingle, saw his house, pulpit, manuscript sermons, and bought some *fac-similes* of his correspondence with Lady Jane Grey. At Constance, I saw the very spot, in a meadow, about twenty rods outside of the walls, where Huss met his fiery and glorious end." "At Augsburg, I stopped at the 'Drei Mohren,' where Charles V., Bonaparte, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. ——— had put up before me. [The blanks here indicate an American, thought to be somewhat fond of connecting his name with those of famous people.] I was much interested in the fine old city of Nuremberg. I spent a Sabbath there in the two cathedrals, both, for a wonder, *Protestant*, and crowded with hearers both parts of the day. The music, in which every German and one American joined, would have lifted George Herbert's soul to heaven."

He crossed the Simplon in November, to spend the winter in studying the riches of art and nature in that still wonderful Italy, to read the Latin classics on the spot where they were written, and to rejoice, in spite of much unpropitious weather, in exuberant spirits and uncommonly good health. Of the paintings at Bologna, he writes: —

"Nowhere in the world are so many masterly pictures *so near together*. They are not of the earth, but of heaven. It does really seem as if these great men had a special inspiration; all might be termed *divine* as well as Raphael. In these Bologna pictures there is scarcely any thing which goes counter to true theology or Christian feeling. O that we could have one of them in the United States! How rich we should be! And yet we met an opulent Philadelphia lady in Venice, who was not pleased with the old masters! Raphael's Transfiguration in the Vatican has clothed the passages in the Gospel relat-

ing to the subject with a fresh and inconceivable interest." Vol. i. p. 214.

"I do not think it strange that the Italians attribute a special inspiration to Raphael; such perfection, such heavenly beauty, such nature, such an impression of spotless innocence, pervade his great works, and these works are so numerous, and nearly all are so finished, as to lead one to feel that he was endowed by the Almighty with gifts in this department such as never fell to the lot of any other man. But I must not fill my letters with this rhapsody." Ibid. p. 215.

"Well, we are now in the Eternal City, in pleasant chambers, No. 44 Via Gregoriana, on the Pincian Hill, very near the top of that long flight of steps which leads up to the church Trinita dei Monti. What a city this is! I had no conception of its exhaustless riches in art and antiquities. I thought that I had seen some fine objects in Dresden, in Munich, in Venice, in Florence. But here they are accumulated in amazing variety and richness. When I walked up to St. Peter's, and under its vast dome, I felt that I had never seen any thing before. Why did you not tell me of those colonnades in front? What a fitting introduction to the majesty of that temple! I had formed some idea of the church itself, but I was ignorant of the foreground and fore-court, worthy of the metropolis of the Christian world, as I hope it will one day become." Ibid. p. 216.

Though somewhat of an invalid, and enjoying so much, as these extracts sufficiently testify, Mr. Edwards did not give himself up to pleasure. He amassed large materials for accurate descriptions of universities, libraries, and the means of education generally, some of which he afterwards published, besides doing much towards collecting the elements of a more thorough work on some of the countries of Europe, which his subsequent precarious health never allowed him to arrange. Nor in the midst of his extreme enjoyment, and all the excitement of foreign travel, did he forget his home, or his duties to his country. His "heart untravelled ever turned" westward.

"*O felicem diem!* (as Cicero would exclaim,) when I shall revisit my country, — now dearer to me than ever, and superior in many important respects to all which I have seen in Europe, — and when I shall again see Boston, Newton, and Cambridge, and that circle of towns so highly favored of heaven, — vastly more so than one is apt to feel, unless one have been like myself banished far away, — and when I shall resume my duties at the Seminary, where, although I am absent in body, yet my heart remains ever." Ibid. p. 177.

A true patriot, (we almost revolt at using the word, yet, abused as it has been, it had a meaning to him,) a regard for his country's honor, no less than a sense of propriety, would have prevented him from lending himself to those who would defame his native land. Be her faults what they may, and he was keenly sensitive to them all, the laurels gained at her expense, whether at home or abroad, would have turned to ashes on his brow. He would have despised himself as much as he would have mourned over her. His brief foreign residence only fitted him to come back with a wiser heart to the quiet duties of his professorship, and to form wider and still more liberal plans for the prosecution of his own studies, and for directing those of others.

After returning from Europe, refreshed and reinvigorated, he had before him several years of careful, but thorough and effective labor. Some of his best productions are referable to this period. He was gradually drawing in and concentrating his powers upon what had truly been his life's labor, seen from far and anticipated long, anxiously, but with hope and joy. One of his favorite schemes was the formation in Boston of a Puritan Library, which should include all the Puritan literature of this country and of England; the general and ecclesiastical histories of the times; the "Apologies," "Defences," "Rejoinders," "Appeals," "Statements," &c., of the various sects of Dissenters; manuscripts of distinguished men; portraits, prints, and miscellaneous memorials of those whose fame New England should specially cherish, and which could nowhere else find an appropriate depository. Such a library and museum, he thought, would be valuable as a centre of patriotic and religious reminiscence for New England, while it would serve as a memorial of the theological and literary labors of the Puritans. It would be of great service to future historians, would promote brotherly feelings among the descendants of that stern race, and would insure the preservation of valuable documents from the otherwise inevitable accidents of time.

But the still more cherished purpose of his life was formed in connection with the studies of his own professorship. For years he had been gathering large and abundant materials for

an Introduction to the Old and New Testaments. He had nearly prepared for the press commentaries upon Habakkuk, Job, the Psalms, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Had he been permitted to finish these works, we believe that we should have seen volumes, to say the least, as choice as any which the press, prolific in Biblical literature, has ever produced, and how much more rich than the majority in Christian wisdom! He was aiming to give to these the ripest fruits of his studies, his reflections, and experience; and little remained for him to do, by way of preparation, except the fulfilment of one almost passionate desire, namely, that he, with his own eyes, might look upon the hills and plains of Judea, and might himself reverently wander

> "in those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which [eighteen] hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

To be compelled to give up this last purpose was one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. Even after he knew that the relentless grasp of a disease, which never loosens its hold, was upon him, did he hope that his days might be prolonged by a voyage and journey eastward. A second visit to the South had no attractions, and he concluded to go only in obedience to the urgent advice of his physicians. To his friend, R. H. Dana, Esq., he wrote: —

"Some parts of our Southern States have an excellent climate, but that is all. It is a wearisome life to be among slaves, without any old things about you except the sandy plains and the almost motionless rivers. One county in England, or one small city in Italy, has more points of interest to me than forty of our new States. Perhaps it ought not to be so. There is noble scenery in many parts of our country; but how much it adds to scenery, if there is also an historical interest, or some relic of the past. Some of my friends seem to think that climate is all that is needed for a person like me, forgetting that the mind has much to do in the restoration of the health." Ibid. p. 352.

Still, in accordance with the opinions of his friends, in the autumn of 1851 he turned his face again southward, and, accompanied by his family, rested at last in Athens, Georgia.

The winter proved one of uncommon severity. Exercise in the open air, for the sake of which, mainly, he had consented to the journey, was forbidden him for much of the time. One study and occupation after another had to be given up, yet he was reluctant to believe that his wasted strength would never return. He uttered no complaint, and walked along the last sorrowful and suffering path with deep humility, but yet with the confidence of faith. His biographer, in a striking and touching passage, thus describes his lowliness of spirit.

"So long as our friend could hold a book, he continued to read his Hebrew Bible. One morning, after he had perused at family prayer the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm in the original, he rose to lead the devotions of the circle around him; he poured out the affluence of his imagination and his heart, in the seraphic spirit of that Psalm, calling on every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord; — 'praise him with the sound of the trumpet, with the psaltery and harp'; — but when he came to the individual petitions for himself and household, his voice broke down at once, his whole style sunk from that of an angel to that of the publican, and all his words and tones were those of a stricken, bruised, crushed penitent. No other man can repeat the thoughts which he uttered, more than the sentiments of Plato can be transferred into our ruder speech. Words could not express them. They overflowed the appointed channels. They came out in the trembling lip, the curved frame, the tremulous, broken, whispering voice. While thinking of himself, he never cried out with the Apostle, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith'; but when he heard the words quoted, 'Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,' he seized at them; those were just the words. 'Yes,' he said, 'I can put myself in the place of the thief.'" Ibid. pp. 355, 356.

When ordinary books were laid aside, he retained still his old poetic tastes, and, together with his Bible, the authors which had long been his delight ministered still to his comfort.

"On one of his last days he called for the reading of Bryant's Hymn to the Evening Wind. On several of his last Sabbaths he exclaimed, 'How I should love to hear 'Thine earthly Sabbaths' sung by the great congregation!' On the very Lord's day preceding his death, he asked that the doors of his room might be thrown wide open, so that

he might see the fields glistening in the sunlight, and might inhale the fresh breeze of spring. He was enchanted with the vernal scene, with the boughs putting forth their tender leaves. His soul was alive with happy thoughts, all the happier because it was the Sabbath morning. He recited the words:

> 'As when to them who sail
> Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Arabie the blest——'

'Take out Milton,' he added, 'and read that figure.' It was read. 'It is one of the grandest in the language,' he remarked; 'and another like it is in those lines:

> 'Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green.'

At one season of the year, the hills of Judea may be distinctly noticed, clothed in green, beyond the river.' And then he meditated on the scenes beyond the river. That was the very month when he had hoped to be in Palestine; but he was hastening onward to a holier land than Canaan of old, — fields greener than those which line the Jordan. His eyes were holden, however, that he should not know it. He did not suppose that he was soon to die. He rarely alluded to the subject of his demise. He expected, — his malady and his natural hopefulness made him tenacious of his expectation, — he deemed it his sacred duty to cherish the belief, which, in the influence of the mind over the body, so often makes the believed event come to pass, — and some of his medical advisers encouraged him to hold fast the hope, — that he might live to complete the volumes, with the plan of which his soul had been charmed. He expressed his thankfulness to his Heavenly Father for the slightest symptom of returning strength. 'Although the past week has been unfavorable,' he wrote on the 14th of February, 'yet I hope, through the mercy of God, that I am rather gaining from week to week. Even if my gain is but little, I ought to be encouraged.' But a sudden alteration came over him, on the morning of the 19th of April. At the break of the next day, about five hours before he died, it was announced to him that his end was near. The thought was new to him. But he believed it. Neither then, nor ever before in his sickness, did he utter one word of murmuring. He felt no terror. When asked if all was peace, he answered with his wonted caution: '*So far as I can think, it is.*' One of his last expressions was like the dying words of Neander, to whom he had a marked resemblance: 'I am weary; I am very weary.' With a clear

mind, he sent his love, his ardent love, to his old friends, expressed his unmeasured confidence in the Bible, — the first and last book of his life's study, and then he breathed out his spirit, just as an infant falls asleep. He died as he had lived, and as all who knew him expected that he would die, — humble, self-distrustful, considerate, loving. He walked thoughtful along the banks of Jordan; he stepped his feet in the waters, carefully and silently; he reserved his triumphs until he had pressed the solid ground of the other shore." Ibid. pp. 356 – 359.

He died at Athens, Georgia, Tuesday, April 20, 1852. The body was immediately taken to Charleston, and thence to New York and Andover, where he was, the next week, buried beside his little son, in the quiet and beautiful cemetery on the hill. A more precious burden was never borne along that grass-grown pathway; richer dust was never gathered to its kindred dust within that secluded inclosure. The form which many delighted to watch in its thoughtful movements, along the well known thoroughfares, will sleep there undisturbed till the morning of the resurrection; but his life cannot fail of accomplishing much of that for which he consecrated it to the highest objects, and his memory will be fragrant for many generations.

It was during the vacation at the Theological Seminary, that the funeral took place. On the reassembling of the students, a funeral discourse was delivered by Professor Park, from the text, *The Disciple that Jesus loved.* Mr. Edwards would have shrunk, almost as if wounded, from even so remote a comparison of himself with the least of the sacred company; yet never was text more fitly chosen. Seldom or never has a human life more beautifully corresponded to the example here referred to.

We find that we have left ourselves little room for gathering up the scattered threads to interweave them into a fuller and more complete estimate of his life, and of the value of his labors. But this, with many of our readers, will by no means be necessary. We might compare him with Dr. Arnold for fidelity, and enthusiasm, and devotion to the noblest purposes, and with Neander for learning, diligence, and thorough *un*worldliness of character; and indeed, with many more of the finer

and more generous scholars and men of our times and of other times. For, in the breadth and catholicity of his sympathies, he seemed to resemble those who differed widely from each other. But we must refer our readers to the memoir itself for a more full delineation of his character, to many elements of which we have not so much as alluded, feeling confident that the more thoroughly it is studied, the more worthy will it seem of admiration.

Of the writings of Professor Edwards, we have reserved to ourselves too little space to speak as they deserve. He never uttered a sentence for the mere sake of saying it, nor ventured a criticism for the purpose of exhibiting his own skill. In his own department of Biblical interpretation, he never disguised a difficulty, or satisfied himself with a partial explanation, nor did he state an obnoxious truth in terms less ample than it seemed to require. A hearty lover and worshipper of truth, he was less frequently seduced than most men by the "idols of the market, the theatre, or the cave." It is possible that the simplicity and directness of his writings may, at first, prevent some from fairly estimating their substantial excellence. But we value them as indicating the methods by which he was always educating himself for some higher unattained good, as well as for the truths they establish. His style is instinct with life; not a cold, though beautiful form, but a soft, pliant, breathing, living creation. One feels that he is in contact with a living mind; that a vital energy, ever active, yet not over stimulated, is causing this abundant production; the fields seem to grow more verdant as we wander through them, the trees are bowing to the earth with their load of ripe and ripening fruit, and the birds are singing among the branches.

Among the more interesting of these writings, as showing the spirit with which he came to his work, is the Inaugural Address, delivered on taking the chair of Hebrew at Andover. It is marked by his usual fullness of thought and refined taste. He delivered it at a time when all the consolations of the Book, in connection with which his instructions were to be given, were needed by him. Few who were present that day, can forget the subdued and touching tone in which he uttered the sentence near the close, "yet the experience of almost

every day warns us that the fairest earthly hopes bloom only for the grave." It was a fit caution against too sanguine expectations to any one just entering upon a new enterprise; but to his heart it had a deep significance, for he had lately been called to part with a little son, to whom he had given a name which he always loved to speak, George Herbert, and who, although not four years old, had become the almost constant companion of his father in his walks. The depth of anguish occasioned by this affliction was in accordance with the profoundness of his love, and with the hopes which he had garnered up in this child. For a long time, his heart refused to be comforted, and there is one who will always remember how an allusion, months afterward, to West's painting of "Death on the Pale Horse," seemed to strike him almost like a blow.

"Our little George," he writes after his death, "the delight of our existence, left us on Saturday morning last, at eight o'clock." — "We shall see his face no more. The dispensation is doubtless ordered in infinite justice and mercy, but now clouds and darkness seem to rest upon it. Our habitation is desolate and our hearts are sick with grief. It appears to me to be impossible to live without him. He had so identified himself with every thing which I did, that it seems like tearing away a part of my own life. I have sometimes said, with the disciples, 'Let me go and die with him.'" Vol. i. p. 348.

To those who knew Professor Edwards but slightly, it might seem strange that he was listened to with so much delight as a preacher, and was called so often to address public assemblies on occasions where the graces and freedom of oratory are usually expected. But those who heard him felt the charm, though they might not be able to detect its causes. It lay not only in the richness or beauty of thought, of thought saturated with affection, but also in an indescribable heartiness and sincerity; in a high moral earnestness with which he seemed inspired, and which impelled every utterance, — that sweet informing spirit which would imperceptibly melt into the heart of the hearer, and, before he was aware, allure every gentle and pious affection to meet it. His manner would perhaps, at first, be uninteresting to a stranger; and yet it was so honest and unaffected, — that countenance, with

its noble expanse of forehead, would so light up as he rose to the climax of the thought which moved him, that it must have been a hard, or coarse, or superficial nature, which would cling to an outward infelicity, and not rather be deeply touched by the beauty and strength of the soul. How distinctly we can see him, now stooping over the pulpit, (his eyes, from some slight defect of vision, requiring him to bend close to the manuscript,) and then, as the sentence drew to its close, rising to the full erect posture, and standing for a moment, still and firm, as if planting himself anew on the truth he had just developed, his countenance beaming with a suppressed radiance, and his eye moving gently for an instant over his hearers, as if looking to recognize some sign of sympathy.

The address, in these volumes, which will give the best idea of Mr. Edward's method on such occasions is, perhaps, that on The Roman Catholic Religion in Italy. We would gladly stop to give an analysis of it, and a few extracts, to show the candor and excellence of the discussion. But we pass to the selection of one or two passages from the Review of Wordsworth, written in 1836, which show both his own spirit, and the love with which he regarded the poet whose works he was so familiar with. He is enumerating some of the causes of the unpopularity of the poet.

"We fear, however, that the causes of this general dislike to Wordsworth lie deeper. We apprehend that there are certain things connected with the intellectual and active habits of the people of this country not wholly favorable to a proper estimate of a great poet. This tendency in the general mind is developed in various ways. There is a resolute repugnance to the authority of distinguished names. In past ages, concurrence in judgment on the part of a few leading minds was considered to be *probable* evidence of the soundness of that judgment. But such concurrence now is regarded as a suspicious circumstance. The illustrious dead are dragged forth to meet the ordeal of a keen and unsanctified criticism. We cannot comfort ourselves with the memory of Socrates, but we must be confronted with the charges of some sophist or some tanner. We cannot exalt the human mind by recalling the names of Lord Bacon and of Robert Hall, but at the risk of hearing bribery laid at the door of the one, and opium-eating at that of the other. Every point in the moral character of a great man must be vindicated, before we can touch the productions which he has left as a precious legacy for all time.

"This habit of eagle-eyed and unhallowed criticism prevails in this country. A great name must have some opprobrious mark attached to it, because the man who wears that name is not absolutely perfect, or because the ardor of true genius has not been, in every instance, united to a most scrupulous accuracy. Now when we open the pages of an author of any repute, we need to cherish reverence and humility. We must have some faith in his power to enlighten and instruct us. We must not carry a hard heart in our bosoms, nor a tomahawk in our hands. We must throw aside prejudice, and be ready to weigh, inwardly digest, love, and treasure up. Wordsworth has spent a long life in the study of his noble art. He is *educated* in the mysteries of his calling. In addition to a large measure of natural sensibility, he has qualified himself by a patient study of nature and of the human faculties. Is he then not entitled to our confidence? May we not challenge for him, as a passport to his writings, what multitudes in our days are so willing to abjure, — a worthy name, a high authority?

"There is, moreover, in this country, too much of *sectarian* judgment. An author must be of our political or religious creed, or we cannot tolerate him. He must entertain precisely the same notions with ourselves on the questions of liberty, church and state, the authority of bishops, etc. If one of another communion furnishes a book of poetry, our first questions are: Does he believe in the divine right of kings? Is he sufficiently anti-popish? Is there not some political or religious heresy couched under his hexameters? Such extreme suspiciousness shows that we are in some doubt about the foundations of our own faith. It also indicates a state of heart totally unfit to come into the presence of a master-spirit of our race. It may be important, in some respects, to know that Lord Bacon was a churchman, and a chancellor, and not wholly free from the sin of believing in alchemy. But what have these things to do with the general estimate of his writings? So of Wordsworth. His views on church government, and on republicanism, may not coincide with those generally entertained in this country. But can we not rise superior to such considerations? Is he not a man and a poet? Does he not treat of *human* sympathies? Does he not speak a universal language? Has he not shed a benign light on the truth which is never to perish, — on questions interesting to man in all states and stages of his being? We look on the poet as the benefactor of our race. In perusing his works, we feel a new interest, not alone in our English descent; a new bond of affection, not alone for our mother speech. The poet has enlarged the sphere of human knowledge; he has quickened the sympathies of our common humanity." Vol. ii. pp. 186 – 188.

"In what sense Wordsworth is a religious poet, will be apparent from subsequent extracts. He is an earnest supporter and a devout member of the Church of England. The government, the rites and ceremonies, the doctrines, and all the glorious recollections of that communion, are cherished themes, and pervade much of his poetry. Whether he might not have more distinctly recognized the great truth of the Christian system, we shall not now attempt to decide. The spiritual being of man, his dependence and moral weakness, his immortality, the glories of the Divine Existence, are illustrated frequently and with great force. With some expressions of the early moral innocence of children, the efficacy of the initiatory Christian rite, and the tenderness with which some errors are mentioned, we cannot sympathize. The language at least is liable to misconstruction, and it does not well accord with sentiments elsewhere exhibited. Wordsworth will be read in the better days of the Christian Church. His pure strains will be a feast to regenerate spirits. Beside Spenser and Milton and Cowper, he may take his seat on the hill of Zion. For the world's benefit, we are anxious that he should be fully identified with the *elect spirits*. Long has he contended for this high distinction. Sweet and immortal his reward!" Ibid. pp. 197, 198.

We here take our leave of these volumes, expressing our thanks to Professor Park for his labor in preparing them, and only regretting, that it was not thought best to give more copious extracts from that correspondence which we more than conjecture must exist, and which even in the glimpses that we have of it, affords the best picture of an inward life so beautiful and true. We may seem to have spoken in the language of eulogy rather than of criticism; but on a deliberate reviewal, we think we have kept within the limits of strict justice and truth. It is almost superfluous, after what we have written, to commend them to the attention of the student, as affording a rare example of the true spirit of a scholar, and especially to the younger members of that profession with which Professor Edwards was connected, and for which he spent the best energies of his life.

ART. XI. — *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States; collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of Congress of March 3d*, 1847. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL. D. Illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Capt. U. S. A. Published by Authority of Congress. Parts I., II., and III. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1851–53. 3 vols. 4to. pp. 568, 608, & 635.

EACH of these volumes is thirteen inches long, eleven inches broad, nearly three inches thick, and weighs exactly ten pounds. An aggregate weight of thirty pounds of "Historical and Statistical Information" about the Indians is enough to daunt even a painstaking critic, who has scruples about the practice of reviewing books before reading them; but these volumes are as attractive in external appearance as they are ponderous. All the resources of the typographical art, of the paper-maker, the designer, and the engraver, have been lavished upon them. It is a luxury for the eye to rest upon the large expanse of their faultless pages, whose virgin whiteness is broken only by the firm impression of the well-cut types, every letter standing out with as much clearness and precision as if engraved in agate. And that the reader may not be sated by mere typographical wealth, the volumes are adorned with a profusion of engravings, all in the most finished style of art. Many of these are of the most costly kind of line engraving upon steel; some are richly colored lithographs, some are admirably executed woodcuts, and others still are specimens of some refinement in the art which we cannot more particularly describe. On the whole, the volumes are the most sumptuous that have yet appeared in our country, and their publication may fairly be said to form an era in the art of American bookmaking.

The volumes merit attention in another respect, besides their beauty and costliness. As there are no Lord Kingsboroughs in this country, willing to lavish a princely fortune upon the publication of a single magnificent work on Indian

antiquities, the enterprise was necessarily assumed by the government. Congress passed a law in 1847, appropriating the modest sum of $5,000 to enable the Department of Indian Affairs, "under the direction of the Secretary of War, to collect and digest such statistics and materials as may illustrate the history, the present condition, and the future [?] prospects of the Indian tribes of the United States." Of course, this appropriation was soon found to be inadequate; $10,000 were added to it by the act of September 30th, 1850, and five months afterwards, $19,361 were given for the same purpose. In July, 1852, three other appropriations, amounting altogether to $28,875, were made for this object; but as Congress was now apparently alarmed at the probable extent and cost of the publication, a proviso was added to the bill that "the work shall be completed in *five* volumes, and that at least one volume shall be published in each year" till the series shall be finished. If the labor is to be thus expedited, however, more money must be paid for it; and accordingly, on the 3d of March last, a bill was passed appropriating the additional sum of $17,620.50 for carrying on this national enterprise. It appears, therefore, that the aggregate expense of the undertaking *thus far* has been $80,856.50, or that each volume has cost somewhat over $26,000. As two other volumes are yet to appear, the whole expense may be estimated at $130,000.

The liberality with which this work has been supported appears the more extraordinary, when contrasted with some instances of government parsimony in enterprises of a similar character. When the Scientific Results of the Exploring Expedition were published, the wisdom of Congress limited the edition to *one hundred* copies. Considering the vast expense of the Expedition itself, and of the preparation of the scientific Reports and the drawings by which they were illustrated, a full corps of *savans* and artists having been engaged upon them for several years, this limitation of the number of copies was not merely ill-judged, but ludicrous; for the expense of type-setting and engraving being once incurred, the comparatively trifling charge for paper and presswork would have been the only cost of an edition of 1900 extra copies. Yet these Reports did not need the factitious value which is attached

to them by their rarity; they are treasures not merely for the bibliomaniac, but for the scientific world, who have given them a high rank in the highest class to which such publications belong. And this is not the only instance of the ill-timed economy of Congress in respect to the few scientific works of merit and interest, the publication of which has devolved upon the government. The invaluable reports of the explorations of Nicolet and Fremont, the geological surveys of Foster and Whitney, and the annual reports of the distinguished head of the Coast Survey, appear in dingy pamphlets the typography of which would be a disgrace to a penny newspaper. What lucky accident or skilful management has rescued Mr. Schoolcraft's Indian researches from a similar fate, we cannot tell. Those who are conversant with the manner in which the annual appropriation bills are framed, and with the influences under which they are passed by both Houses of Congress, might probably solve the mystery, if they saw fit. But we seek not to enter into their secret. These costly volumes, we repeat, have a national character. They are not merely published under government patronage; they form a government work, devoted to a great national object. Commenced at the instigation of the Department of Indian Affairs, carried on under the direction of the Secretary of War, supported by frequent and large appropriations of the public money, and finally published in the most sumptuous style "by authority of Congress," the government is fairly held responsible for them. They will be examined both abroad and at home with interest and attention.

The first volume is devoted chiefly, but not exclusively, to Indian antiquities and the few traces which remain of the history of the aborigines before the whites landed upon this continent. It contains little or nothing that is new, as a collection even of materials previously well known it is very incomplete, and not even an attempt is made to systematize the information, or to deduce from it any general conclusions or theories which may throw light upon the ancient history of the Indian race, or the revolutions which it may have undergone. The only object of the author or editor appears to have been, to bring together matter enough to fill a large vo-

lume, no matter whether it bore an immediate or remote relation to the principal subject, or whether the parts bore any relation whatever to each other. Thus, the history of the exploration of the Mississippi River was sufficiently well known, and the exploration itself was long ago completed. The last step in it was taken by Mr. Schoolcraft himself, in 1832, when, in an expedition under government auspices, he traced the source of the river to Itasca lake, and published a detailed account of his journey in an illustrated volume, two years afterwards. We see no reason for treating the reader with the *crambe decies repetita* of this successful journey, which was neither a difficult nor eventful one, or for prefacing it with a long account of the other explorers of the same stream, from De Soto downwards, or, still less, for intruding the matter into the midst of a volume on Indian antiquities. Quite as little can be said for the intrusion of the meagre and valueless essay, which follows, on the Gold Deposits of California. It contains a very bald account of the discovery which has proved so fruitful and important, of the imperfect mineralogical examination of the specimens first sent to the War Office, of ancient gold mines and those found in South America, and a good deal of loose speculation about the extent and character of the deposits, and the probability of finding other veins of the metal in the more elevated rocks. Not a fact is given which had not been made known in the newspapers long before the publication of this first volume in 1851. Of the whole essay, chapter, or section — whichever the author may please to call it — we may well say,

"The thing itself is neither rich nor rare;"

and when we find it interpolated into a huge volume about the native tribes of North America, we have no feeling

"But wonder how the devil it got there."

Next, in the order or disorder of Mr. Schoolcraft's first volume, is a section purporting to be "Mineralogical and Geographical Notices, denoting the value of aboriginal territory"; — a magnificent title for a small collection of scraps, which appear to have been cut out of the newspapers, about tin on the Kansas river, lead ores in Wisconsin and Iowa, native

silver in Michigan, a recent unsuccessful attempt to obtain salt by deep boring in Onondaga county, and the geography of the Genesee country, in western New York. The astonished reader may well ask, What has all this to do with the North American Indians? And this inquiry seems still more pertinent, when, after skipping ten or a dozen pages, he finds the next chapter or section to relate to the "Existing Geological Action of the North American Lakes." If there were any novelty or value in the facts here communicated, we might pardon the intrusion of them into the discussion of a theme with which they have no conceivable relation or union. But the passage contains nothing which was not familiarly known to every careless voyager over our Great Lakes, who has had curiosity enough to observe the configuration of the shores along which he sailed. The oft repeated and still oftener described phenomena of ancient disruption and upheaval, of abrasion and drift, which the well-trained geologist now hardly stops to notice, are here enumerated as if the only object were to fill out a paragraph, and are sometimes described with wearisome minuteness. Of the value of the general remarks suggested by these desultory notices of very common geological phenomena, the following may serve as a specimen.

"7. CONTINENTAL ABRASION. If we are to regard the Lakes as a grand geological triturating apparatus, converting its loose and shore rocks into a pulverulent state, it may be anticipated that their action on the configuration of the shores will be very considerable in the course of long periods. What is lost in this process in one place, from their rock area, is found to augment the quantity of alluvial soil in another; which, in time, renders the whole area suitable for agriculture. Thus the plough gradually, but surely, follows the tempest and the hurricane; *while the absolute indestructibility of matter is man's guarantee under every change.*

"8. INTEGRITY OF MATTER. The absolute quantity and cubical area of *material matter* (!) of these immense areas is still the same. The elements of which they are composed are seen to be indestructible. No change of combination or position is seen to take from, or add to, the material aggregate. If *physical matter* (!) under the force of tempests, could be destroyed, as well as change its forms, there would result an annihilation of a part or molecule of the original accretion of elements. Wild as their rage sometimes is, casting vessels

on high on these Lakes, the entire volume of them yet retains its integrity."

We shall not dispute either the geology or the philosophy of this passage. Of course, if "material matter" or "physical matter," to adopt our author's happy phrases, "could be destroyed," there can be no doubt that "an annihilation of a part or molecule would result." But what has all this to do with the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes"? The few feeble remnants of them that still linger about the shores of the Great Lakes will not probably continue long enough to witness the final conversion of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior into smiling cornfields.

As Mr. Schoolcraft came down to our own day to speak of the present action of the waters of the Lakes, he makes amends in the next section, by taking a great leap backwards to what he calls "the antique osteology of the Monster Period." We know not which of the geological ages are here referred to, as they are all of "monster" length, and most of the animals which lived in them would appear monstrous if exhibited in a modern menagerie. But no matter; palæontology is an interesting study, and we were prepared to welcome any new contributions to it, even if foisted into a treatise where they do not belong. Whatever may have been thought of the promise of a chapter with such a title, however, it was barren of fulfilment; for it proved on examination to contain nothing but a letter from a correspondent, giving a meagre account of one of those curious "salt licks" in the western States, which seem in a former geological period to have operated as *mastodon traps*, these huge animals frequenting them in quest of salt, and venturing too far into the treacherous morass, becoming inextricably entangled, and perishing ignobly in the mire. Only one complete specimen appears to have been disinterred; and as our author speaks of visiting it after it was set up for exhibition in Piccadilly, London, we may presume that its history and character were pretty well known, before these big volumes, which look like mastodons among our books, were written. But again we ask, how does this concern the Indians?

Our readers must not imagine, however, that these volumes

are like a representation of Hamlet, with the part of the philosophic Prince of Denmark himself entirely left out. Unquestionably a good deal is said about the Indians in them, though very little is said to the purpose. The next section or chapter bears as its title "an Aboriginal Palladium, as exhibited in the Oneida Stone." The Oneida Indians, it seems, were wont to meet in council, on the top of a hill in their territory, around a huge boulder rock, "irregularly orbicular" in shape, which they naturally enough adopted as the symbol of their tribe, and from its name, *Oneota*, came their usual appellation. According to the confused account here given, this word signifies, in the Indian tongue, "the People of the Stone, or, by a metaphor, the People who sprang from the Stone;" though this etymology seems to conflict with the story that the word was originally the proper name of the stone itself, and not of the people who were named after it. Of course, we are treated to a full account and a fine colored engraving of this "aboriginal palladium," from neither of which can we discern that it differed much from other boulders, which are found in great abundance in the neighborhood. Our author made a journey in 1845, with Indian guides, expressly to examine it, and found that its surface was somewhat *rougher* than is common with boulders that have been drifted so far; and this "peculiarity," he sagaciously conjectures, "*may perhaps be* the result of ancient fires kindled against its sides." He also made the interesting discovery, "on closely inspecting this stone," that "minute species of mosses are found to occupy asperities in its surface." We are not told that other boulders on the neighboring hills present similar phenomena; but we may safely believe that they do. It is also said to be "one of the *peculiar features* of this hill of the Oneida or Oneota stone, that its apex shelters from the north-east winds — the worst winds of our continent — a fertile transverse valley." This is certainly rather extraordinary; for it can hardly be said to be "a peculiar feature" of any hill with which we happen to be acquainted, that its apex shelters from the north-east wind some lowland tract in its neighborhood.

An article on the new Territory of Minnesota contains

hardly a word about the few savages who still inhabit it, but gives an imperfect geological and geographical sketch of the country, in which we do not find a single fact of novelty and interest. It is such an article as might be lazily penned, as a contribution to a newspaper, by one who had paid a two days' visit to the region described. It seems to have been introduced for no other purpose than that of bringing in a few other desultory observations made by Mr. Schoolcraft, over twenty years ago, in the course of his memorable journey to Itasca Lake.

The famed inscription on Dighton rock, the discovery of what was pompously but incorrectly termed a "Skeleton in Armor" near Fall River in Massachusetts, and the more recent discovery of a few other Indian skeletons, with some copper implements near them, in the same locality, have already been so thoroughly discussed that we did not expect Mr. Schoolcraft to tell us any thing new about them; and this expectation has not been disappointed. Elaborate notices are given of them, however, and the author comes to what we consider the right conclusion, "that the skeletons at Fall River were those of Indians who may possibly have lived during the time of Philip's wars, or a few years earlier, but that they are only those of Indians." This conclusion is founded upon the very satisfactory reasons, that "the state of preservation of the flesh and bones proves that they could not have been of very ancient date," that the crania show "the conical formation of the skull peculiar to the Indian," "and lastly, the use of copper for arrow heads among the Indians at the arrival of the Puritans is well authenticated." The pieces found were "apparently mere sheet copper, rudely cut into simple forms," and were quite unfit for defensive armor. The author does not mend his argument much, however, when he adds the important information that "both Rome and Phœnicia were well acquainted with the elaborate working of iron and brass."

A detailed account is given of a visit made to Dighton rock, in 1847, by Mr. Schoolcraft, as one of a committee, appointed by the New York Historical Society, to examine the inscription. But the account adds nothing to our previous

information upon the subject, if we except the important facts that the author rode from Fall River to Dighton Four Corners, a distance of ten miles, "in an open one-horse buggy, which afforded a pleasant view of the state of New England cultivation and thrift on a rather indifferent soil;" and that he "crossed the river to the rock in a skiff rowed by an interesting lad, called Whitmarsh, who was not the less so for a lisp." This boy had shown some acuteness and a disposition to facilitate the observations to be made by the visitors, by crossing the river at an earlier hour in the morning, and marking in chalk the outlines of the principal figures in the inscription, so that they stood out very conspicuously when Mr. Schoolcraft approached. A fresh copy of the inscription is here furnished in an engraving founded in part upon the copies previously taken, and in part upon our author's own observations. An inspection of it makes the interpretation given by the Copenhagen antiquaries appear more doubtful than ever. That part of the inscription upon which they chiefly relied — a very small portion of the whole — is here presented with some material variations. Yet our author adheres to the very improbable hypothesis, that there are "two diverse and wholly distinct characters employed, namely, an Algonquin and an Icelandic inscription." That portion which is admitted to be pictographic and Indian in its origin is so rudely done and faintly incised, presenting awkward scrawls, any one of which, like Polonius's cloud, may be easily held to be a camel, a weasel, or "very like a whale," the action of the atmosphere and the tide water having also effaced in a great degree what little *vraisemblance* it may have once possessed, that detached portions of it may now seem meaningless — or alphabetic, which amounts to the same thing; and these portions may naturally seem Runic to an imaginative northern antiquary, or Sanscrit to an Oriental one. A little group, in the lower central part of the inscription, of these unmeaning and half-effaced scrawls, which can be construed, at most, into half a dozen alphabetic characters, is a very narrow basis to erect a theory upon. The present age has seen marvels accomplished in the art of deciphering; witness the labors of Mr. Layard, Col. Rawlinson, and Dr.

Hinckes at Nineveh and Behistun. But really the laborers upon the Dighton rock ought to remember that an inscription cannot be deciphered, even by the greatest learning and skill, if it be not certain that an alphabetic inscription exists.

Mr. Schoolcraft has unwittingly furnished evidence, in this very work, that his hypothesis of the alphabetic character of a part of the Dighton inscription is untenable. He has furnished engraved copies of several other rude inscriptions upon rock, unquestionably of Indian origin, which have been found at different places in the interior of the country. These are certainly pictographic, being such rude outlines of familiar objects as a child three years old will scrawl upon a slate. One of them, quite perfectly preserved, has been recently discovered upon a rock on the south side of Cunningham's Island, Lake Erie. It is larger and more distinct than the Dighton inscription, for most of the objects which it was intended to delineate can be clearly made out; but is not a whit more artistic. Mr. Schoolcraft justly gives it a recent date, as he thinks that figures intended to represent Europeans can be detected in it. Had it been exposed a century longer to atmospheric influences, and also to abrasion and accretion from the ebb and flow of a tide, the indistinct remains of it would have formed a very faithful counterpart to the Dighton inscription. As it is, our author rightly observes that "its leading symbols are readily interpreted." But the following account of them is rather magniloquent and imaginative. "The human figures, pipes, smoking groups, the presents and other figures, denote bribes, negotiations, *crimes, turmoils, which tell a story of thrilling interest, in which the whiteman or European plays a part.*" Another of these rude scrawls on rock is copied in an elaborate engraving from a spot near Esopus Landing, on Hudson River. It is unquestionably Indian, and must have been made at a time subsequent to the landing of the whites. It represents a single human figure, wearing two feathers, and holding a gun. A white, though a schoolboy, would not have had patience enough to carve such a figure in so stubborn a material.

When Mr. Schoolcraft was at Mackinaw, he showed an engraved copy of the Dighton inscription to an Indian of that

neighborhood whom he had observed to have a taste for drawing signs and figures, and who was reputed to be an expert in interpreting Indian pictography, and requested him to decipher it to the best of his ability. The savage readily complied, and furnished an interpretation which we must consider as far more probable than that of the Copenhagen antiquaries. Taking it piecemeal, he explained each portion either as a rude semblance or arbitrary symbol of some object or event familiar to the red men. He made no attempt to connect these together as parts of one legend, though he affected to consider the whole as the memorial of a contest between two hostile tribes. Among the objects or figures which he identified were those of a pipe, a dart, a chief and his sister, a sweating lodge, a war-club, symbols of the sun and moon, and many others. We commend this interpretation, made by the Algonquin priest, Chingwauk, to the serious attention of all learned European antiquaries, who are prone to find Runic inscriptions in the rude scrawls of savages, and to add a new chapter to the history of the world upon the strength of them.

Children and savages are equally fond of gaudy pictures. It is this taste, in its lowest stage, which leads the latter to paint their bodies and faces so hideously when they go out to war, or upon any other grand occasion. Advanced one step farther in the cultivation of the art, if art it can be called, they draw rude outlines of familiar objects, sometimes on the rock, as in the cases we have just examined, and sometimes on skins, the bark of trees, or the trees themselves; and these they smear with the same bright pigments which they use to *dis*figure their faces. At times, when a particular animal is taken as the symbol or *totem* of a tribe, these representations come to have a symbolic character. In a similar manner, a *hatchet* comes to signify *war*, and the *calumet* is the token of *peace*. With a few of the tribe, especially with the priests, these figures may be applied, to a small extent, to mnemonic uses, or, when used for the purposes of a message, may darkly indicate a menace which the sender is unwilling to pronounce distinctly. But savages who have made so little progress as our North American Indians stop here, and sel-

dom accomplish even as much as this in their attempts to communicate ideas by other means than speech. Mr. Schoolcraft grossly exaggerates when he claims for "the art" the term of picture-writing; and we think only of "the art" of book-making when we find over a hundred pages, and about a score of colored engravings, devoted to a detailed exposition and discussion of this profitless theme. Sheet after sheet, covered with sprawling outlines of man, bird, and beast, smeared with bright yellow or dirty red, add nothing to our knowledge of Indian character or Indian history. Engraved copies of Egyptian hieroglyphics and specimens of Mexican picture-writing, introduced ostensibly for comparison, do not enrich or dignify the barren subject; this whole series of plates, and the letter-press with which they are accompanied, might afford amusement to infants, but certainly could impart no instruction to a child five years old.

Indeed, we are compelled to believe that one of the principal objects in getting up the work was to afford a profitable job to the engravers. There are seventy-six plates in the first volume, and most of them are of such common objects as arrow-heads, axes, tomahawks, beads, amulets, spear-heads, gorgets, pipes, and other articles of Indian manufacture, all of which can be found in the national collection at Washington, and in almost every museum in the country. The same purpose, to patronize the engraver, is still more glaringly exhibited in the second and third volumes. In all seriousness, we ask, what useful end is answered by multiplying costly line engravings of such fanciful scenes as those of the landing of the Whites in Virginia in 1584, the Interview of Hendrick Hudson with the Indians in 1609, the Interview of Massasoit with the Pilgrims in 1620, the Defeat of Vasquez D'Ayllon by the Chicoreans in 1518, and De Soto with his party at Tampa Bay, Florida, in 1539? If the object had been to illustrate an annual or gift-book, such engravings might seem appropriate, especially if accompanied by some indifferent stanzas in further commemoration of the scene represented in them. But here they have no historic or antiquarian significance or verity. It will not be contended, we suppose, that the costumes either of the Indians or European actors in these

ancient scenes, or any of the circumstances attending them, are here depicted with historic accuracy. They are just as fanciful as Raphael's painting of St. Cecilia singing so divinely, that the heavens above her open and display a choir of seraphs, duly equipped with fiddles and psalm-books, who sing and play an accompaniment. Equally impertinent for the ostensible objects of this work are the engraved views of the Valley of the St. Peters, the Ruins of Old Fort Mackinac, Esopus Landing on the Hudson River, Pittsburg as it appeared in 1790, and Humboldt Landing, California.

As to the relations preserved between the author and the engravers, we are compelled to believe, in most of the cases, that the text was written in order to illustrate the plates, instead of the plates being designed to elucidate the writer's meaning. Some account has already been given of the manner in which heterogeneous topics are huddled together in the first volume. But the method therein pursued seems order itself when compared with the "confusion worse confounded" of the Second and Third Parts. The want of system is the more conspicuous, as Mr. Schoolcraft seems to have a clear idea of the benefits of a scientific arrangement, and prints, at the commencement of the volumes, a list of the generic divisions of the subject, to which the subsequent matter is to be referred. But the arrangement seems to be made only for the purpose of being departed from. The whole work forms only a huge repertory, in which are jumbled together all the materials that the editor can lay his hands upon, — letters from correspondents, abstracts of old books, vocabularies, statistics, independent essays on general subjects, any matter to illustrate a fine engraving, etc. A reference, near or remote, to the North American Indians is generally perceptible, but not always. Here, for instance, is an essay three pages long, by the editor himself, on the "Importance of the Pastoral State on Races of Men;" and it is followed by one, four pages in length, from the pen of John Johnston, Esq., on the "Means of Melioration." Some notices of the natural caves in the Sioux country, taken from the posthumous papers of Mr. Nicolet, precede a diary kept by Lieut. Whipple while surveying the southern boundary line of California. What distinct

information respecting the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes" can be gathered from so miscellaneous a selection, or collection, of papers as this, we leave our readers to imagine.

As Mr. Schoolcraft has passed a large portion of his life among the aborigines of this continent, with whom he has also connected himself by marriage, we were led to hope that he might at least have gathered from them some interesting traditions of their former state and the vicissitudes through which they have passed, and some distinct knowledge of their religious belief and modes of worship. But even this hope was disappointed, the information given upon these points being meagre and fragmentary to the last degree. The few legends and mythical stories that are narrated, seem to have received so much factitious embellishment in the translation, that they throw little light upon the history or the intellectual habits of those among whom they originated. But our readers shall judge for themselves, as the following is one of the best that is reported. It is entitled "Mondamin, or the Origin of the Zea Maize, a Chippewa Allegory," and purports to have been gathered from the oral traditions of this tribe during the author's residence among them at the Sault Ste. Marie.

"A poor Indian was living with his wife and children in a beautiful part of the country. His children were too young to give him any assistance in hunting; and he had but ill luck himself. But he was thankful for all he received from the forest, and although he was very poor, he was very contented.

"His elder son inherited the same disposition, and had ever been obedient to his parents. He had now reached the age at which it is proper to make the initial fast, which the Indian lads all do at about fourteen or fifteen. As soon as the spring arrived, his mother built him a little fasting-lodge in a retired spot, where he would not be disturbed; and when it was finished, he went in and began his fast. He amused himself for a few mornings by rambling about in the vicinity, looking at the shrubs and wild-flowers, (for he had a taste for such things,) and brought great bunches of them along in his hands, which led him often to think on the goodness of the Great Spirit in providing all kinds of fruits and herbs for the use of man. This idea quite took possession of his mind, and he earnestly prayed that he might dream of something to benefit his people; for he had often seen them suffering for the want of food.

"On the third day he became too weak and faint to walk about, and kept his bed. He fancied, while thus lying in a dreamy state, that he saw a handsome young man, drest in green robes, and with green plumes on his head, advancing towards him. The visitor said: 'I am sent to you, my friend, by the Great Spirit, who made all things. He has observed you. He sees that you desire to procure a benefit to your people. Listen to my words, and follow my instructions.' He then told the young man to rise and wrestle with him. Weak as he was, he tottered to his feet and began, but after a long trial, the handsome stranger said, 'My friend, it is enough for once; I will come again.' He then vanished.

"On the next day the celestial visitor reappeared, and renewed the trial. The young man knew that his physical strength was even less than the day before; but as this declined, he felt that his mind became stronger and clearer. Perceiving this, the stranger in plumes again spoke to him. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'will be your last trial. Be strong and courageous; it is the only way in which you can obtain the boon you seek.' He then departed.

"On the third day, as the young faster lay on his pallet weak and exhausted, the pleasing visitor returned; and as he renewed the contest, he looked more beautiful than ever. The young man grasped him, and seemed to feel new strength imparted to his body, while that of his antagonist grew weaker.

"At length the stranger cried out, 'It is enough, — I am beaten. You will win your desire from the Great Spirit. To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last of your trials. Your father will bring you food, which will recruit you. I shall then visit you for the last time, and I foresee that you are destined to prevail. As soon as you have thrown me down, strip off my garments, and bury me on the spot. Visit the place, and keep the earth clean and soft. Let no weeds grow there. I shall soon come to life, and reappear with all the wrappings of my garments and my waving plumes. Once a month cover my roots with fresh earth; and by following these directions your triumph will be complete.' He then disappeared.

Next morning the youth's father came with food, but he asked him to set it by, for a particular reason, till the sun went down. Meantime the sky-visitor came for his final trial, and although the young man had not partaken of his father's offer of food, he engaged in the combat with his visitor with a feeling of supernatural strength. He threw him down. He then stripped off his garments and plumes. He buried his body in the earth, carefully preparing the ground, and removing every weed; and then returned to his father's lodge. He

kept every thing to himself, revealing nothing to denote his vision or trials. He partook sparingly of food, and soon recovered his perfect strength. But he never for a moment forgot the burial-place of his friend. He carefully visited it, and would not let even a wild-flower grow there. Soon he saw the tops of the green plumes coming out of the ground, at first in spiral points, then expanding into broad leaves, and rising in green stalks; and finally assuming their silken fringes and yellow tassels.

"The spring and summer had now passed; when one day, towards evening, he requested his father to visit the lonely spot where he had fasted. The old man stood in amazement. The lodge was gone, and in its place stood a tall, graceful, and majestic plant, waving its taper leaves, and displaying its bright-colored plumes and tassels. But what most attracted his admiration was its cluster of golden ears. 'It is the friend of my dreams and visions,' said the youth. 'It is *Mon-da-min*, it is the spirit's grain,' said the father. And this is the origin of the Indian corn." Part ii. pp. 230 – 232.

Various statistical returns occupy a portion of each of these volumes. We turned to these with some curiosity, hoping that they might contain definite and precise information, specially collected for the purposes of the work, on which interesting conclusions might be founded, or which might serve at any rate as specific facts for record in the history of the red race. But again we were wholly disappointed. A plan seems to have been drawn out, of great pretensions and even absurd minuteness, for taking a census of all the Indian tribes within the limits of the United States, together with their "Vital and Industrial Statistics." But the courage and patience of the investigator seem to have failed him, after completing the easiest and smallest portion of his task, — the census of the feeble remnant of the Iroquois confederacy, amounting in all to less than 6000 souls, most of whom still reside within the limits of New York and Pennsylvania. A few particulars are also given respecting some members of the Algonquin Group. But the skeleton of the plan is printed at great length, even for those tribes or bands, and in those particulars, in respect to which no information has been obtained. Thus we have page after page of blank columns, or of statistical returns in which the statistics are omitted. For what purpose these were inserted in the volume, if not to give "a fat job" to the printer

or compositor, we cannot imagine. We find, for instance, 176 different columns, or specific heads of inquiry, arrayed against each member of the Algonquin Group; and in reference to twenty-seven such members, just *five* of these columns are filled up, and 171 are left blank. To obtain space for arraying these blank columns in proper order, the names of the twenty-seven Algonquin tribes or bands are printed ten times over, on as many distinct pages. Thus we have one third of a page of actual statistics, and nine pages and two thirds of blanks. Perhaps these numbers indicate very fairly the ratio between the information promised, and the information actually supplied, by these three ponderous quartos. The second and third volumes of the work do not indicate that any progress has been made in completing this magnificent plan of a Census of the Indians; the statistical portion of them consists mainly of a reprint of some forgotten papers, fished up in great part from old Congressional documents, containing estimates or very imperfect enumerations of the Indian Tribes at different epochs.

But we need not carry the examination of these bulky and pretentious volumes any farther; the reader can now form a fair judgment of their character and merits. We have spoken very plainly about them, but not from any feeling of unkindness towards their author or editor, who has gained some reputation for his extensive acquaintance with Indian affairs, and some credit for his former publications. If Mr. Schoolcraft alone had been responsible for the work, and had defrayed its expenses from his own resources, we should have allowed him and his publisher to obtain wisdom by experience; it would have been quite superfluous to caution the public against purchasing the book. Even if this had been an ordinary case of the abuse of government patronage, we should not have meddled with it; as it is no business of ours to look after the peccadilloes of politicians or the peculations of public contractors. But this is a work of lofty pretensions upon a matter of great interest to men of science. If allowed to go forth to the world unchallenged, it will be the means of casting a reproach upon American science, or of impeaching the faithfulness or the fearlessness of those who are set to guard

its interests. Those who are engaged in the study of ethnography, and its kindred sciences, whether at home or abroad, will seek with eagerness to consult a work upon such a subject, got up by the authority of Congress, and published in a style of great magnificence, at the expense of the American government; but after a brief examination, they will probably close the volume, as we have done, with a feeling of impatience and disgust. On this point, we have something more than conjecture to offer. We have the highest authority for stating that Baron Humboldt, having had occasion to examine the work, expressed in strong terms his opinion that it was a crude and worthless compilation, and his great surprise that it should be allowed to appear with the sanction and at the expense of the government of the United States. The aid which Congress can offer to scientific and literary enterprises of a national character ought at once to be liberal, and to be watched with jealous care. If the work really deserves patronage, and is at the same time national in its objects, hardly any appropriation for its encouragement can be deemed excessive. Every government of a civilized people acknowledges its obligations to do something for the advancement of science and the diffusion of knowledge, something for arts, letters, and education. Truly scientific reports of surveys that have been executed for government purposes ought to be published in a liberal style, and to be widely and gratuitously distributed. The people will gladly welcome the information that is thus placed before them, and will not grudge the trifling burden to the national treasury. But in order that this source of patronage for science and letters may not be wholly dried up, its treasures should not be drawn off without a careful scrutiny of the character of the work to which they are to be devoted. The appropriation of nearly thirty thousand dollars a volume for the ill-digested and valueless compilation that lies before us, rich though it be in its exterior and costly in its illustrations, is enough to discredit the whole system of publishing works at the government expense. We have done our share in exposing the nature of the evil; it is for Congress to do the rest.

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Early Buds. By Lydia M. Reno. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 309.

Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians. By Rev. Thomas Larrie, Surviving Associate in that Mission. With Portrait, Map of the Country, Illustrations, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 418.

Considerations of some Recent Social Theories. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 158.

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The Mother and her Offspring. By Stephen Tracy, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 361.

Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of that Work during the Year ending November, 1851. Washington: Robert Armstrong, Printer. 1853. 8vo. pp. 559.

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Les Savanes: Poesies Américaines par Adrien, de la Louisiane. Paris: Jules Labitte, Libraire Editeur. 1841. 12mo. pp. 306.

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ART. I. — *The Institution of the Society of the Cincinnati, formed by the Officers of the American Army of the Revolution, for the Laudable Purposes therein mentioned, at the Cantonment on the Banks of the Hudson River, May*, 1783; *together with some of the Proceedings of the General Society, and of the New York State Society; also, a List of the Officers and Members of the New York Society, from its Organization to the Year* 1851. Printed by order, and for the use of the Members, of the New York Society. J. M. Elliott, Printer, 133 Water Street, New York. 1851. 8vo. pp. 120.

THE neat little volume before us, the title of which we have placed at the head of this paper, is one probably utterly unheard of and unknown by the larger portion of our readers. Nay, the very subject to which it relates — though one of the most curious features in our past revolutionary history — is perhaps equally strange to many of them. And yet it would seem hardly credible that a matter which occupied so large a portion of the thoughts and cares of the men whose actions and sentiments we, in these latter days, are constantly and curiously seeking to trace out and make manifest, could have remained for so long a time obscured to the world at large, and, at best, but imperfectly comprehended even by historical students generally. In the course of our remarks, perhaps the immediate causes of all this may appear more plainly; but

there are other and more philosophical reasons why so much that relates to the earlier days of our country should have hitherto remained in obscurity. The unwearied industry of the writers of this generation has, however, done very much to elucidate the dark pages of the past; and perhaps the wonder is, not that we do not know more, but that we do not know far less of our fathers and their conduct. In this respect, we are fortunate in being a new people; our historians may begin at the beginning, and complete their tale, without being compelled to invoke the aid of superstition or imagination. As a nation grows in power and strength, it continues to delight to dwell upon the story of its birth — *sequi vestigia rerum* — to strive to pierce the misty veil of antiquity that enshrouds its source; even so far as to find a divine sire in the shepherd's hut whence issued the two robber-kings, whose mud-built walls inclosed the cradle of the future Mistress of the World. If we turn over the pages of history, we shall see that, "in the most high and palmy days of Rome," the people were enabled in their legends to invest with fabulous honors the ancients of their state. For them, when his race on earth was ended, the heavens opened to receive their fratricidal chief; for them, the shady groves of Caparella's valley —

> lucos, amœnæ
> Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ —

were hallowed by the footsteps of the goddess who gave wise counsel to their king, around whose brows the thunderbolt of Jove played idly, but smote not. And yet the Alban colonists, who raised upon the banks of the yellow Tiber the first walls of the Eternal City, were really men of no greater mark — no more the favorites of supernal powers — than they whom this mighty land to-day salutes as fathers and creators; their career was signalized by events of as little note as those which attended the planting of the Colonies in America. Had it not been for the magnificent future of Rome, rest assured we should never have heard of its past. Mr. Macaulay well suggests that the faint memories of Arthur and the ancient British glories, as doubtfully preserved by

> "High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay,"

may give us some idea of what we might possibly now know of the she-wolf of the Lupercal, or the deeds of the brave Horatius "who kept the bridge so well," had Rome fallen before the sword of Lars Porsena, or the swarthy arm of the Carthaginian. Therefore, let us not take it amiss that we too have had small beginnings; let us rather be thankful that we are as we are, and that, from being as the small cloud in the west, scarce the compass of a man's hand, the providence of God has raised us up a powerful empire, whose realms extend from the east unto the west, from the frozen waters of the north to the clear blue waves and spicy gales of the tropic seas. And while we contemplate, with all the pride of a Roman citizen, the world-wide domain of our inheritance, let us quietly reflect upon the seed from which all this mighty harvest has sprung. Let us regard events as they actually were, — not judging of their value or importance by what has come after them, — and we shall see from what humble means, with what weak, unpromising tools, the destiny of the New World has been wrought. And we think the contemplation will bring more satisfaction to our minds, more gratitude for that Divine protection, under which we have been but as clay in the hand of the potter, than if we indeed should trace our lineage to a subverted throne, and our first settlements to the migration of a mighty empire. In every step, we cannot fail to recognize that power which moulds the destinies of nations, and in whose continuing care we may more safely put our trust than in horsemen or chariots: *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*

Considered in this light, there are but few events in the early history of the American Colonies of sufficient intrinsic importance to either attract or deserve the notice of an historian. Suppose the later pages of the volume of our national fate to be as a sealed book to the investigator of a future age — let all records of the progress of the New World during the past century be blotted out — let it even be otherwise than it is; and how obscure and trivial would what remained appear in the eyes of those who, in far distant times, should look back into the history of the nations, as we to-day inquire into that of

the Phœnician colonies, or of those days when, "sitting on some pleasant lea," the Etrurian shepherd

> "Had sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn!"

It is mainly in the fact that we know every thing of primary importance about our origin, that the course of our career differs most from that of other nations. The acorn that was planted within the memory of man, has towered into a deep-rooted oak in days when the pen is in every hand; and instead of following with uncertain eye the wandering track of some Phœnician barque or Viking's galley, instead of poring over the dubious inscriptions of the Skald's Saga or an Etruscan tomb, the historian of the United States is as the historian of yesterday. Then, the nation spoke as a child, and it saw as a child, and its future was but visible through a glass, darkly; but in two centuries the child has shot up into vigorous manhood, and few could have foreseen, in its infancy, the advent of the triumphs that have enwreathed its brows.

For, in truth, its germs were of but little worth in the eyes of any contemporaneous human observer. The departure of the emigrants—whether animated by hatred of oppression, love of adventure, or longing after lucre—was scarce observed in Europe; nor did their arrival in America attract the attention of any but a nation of savages. Every thing in the early annals of the Colonies (considered without reference to results which could not then have been calculated upon) bears the stamp of insignificance. The population was small and scattered; the governments weak; the legislation trifling; the battles but skirmishes; the treaties mere bargains. The first symptom of emergence from their original obscurity was the selection, by the two rival empires of the Old World, of the soil of the New as the arena wherein to grapple, in the death-struggle, for the privilege of possessing that which belonged to neither. The union of the Colonies, for the purpose of resisting the authority of Great Britain, was followed by a series of events, certainly interesting in the highest degree to the parties concerned, but not perhaps, *per se*, of the most striking character. A few battles, in which, compared even with the European annals of the present century, the contending forces were

small, and the military genius of the generals not superlatively great; numerous debates, enlivened by very little eloquence; and a few negotiations, which their result alone preserves from oblivion. The peace succeeded, and the acknowledgment of our independence by Great Britain — not extorted, but yielded — the consequence rather of a want of energy and inclination in the ministry, than of a lack of power in the nation. A few years of feeble, precarious, unhonored existence were dragged on, until at length an end was put to the long period of our impotence and obscurity by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Prosperity soon followed, bringing greatness in its train.

To affirm the insignificance of these transactions in themselves, is not necessarily to depreciate the reputation or the abilities of the men who effected them, or to deny their claims upon our gratitude and our admiration. To say the least, they not only did all that patriotism or virtue could suggest, but the result shows that they did all that was required; and we have every reason to be thankful that it was so, and that there was neither temptation nor opportunity for the soldier of these days to seek

> —— "to wade through slaughter to a throne,
> Or shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

But the subsequent stupendous growth and ever augmenting grandeur of their country, have reflected back distinction, and given their deeds an importance not their own. They shine with a borrowed light; for, though there were giants in those days, yet we must not forget "*vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona;*" and in this spirit, it is pleasant to observe with what filial piety this generation seeks to perpetuate the memory of its ancestors and their achievements.

> "Still green with bays each ancient altar stands."

Every town now has its chronicler; nay, scarce a family, sprung from the prolific loins of an early settler, but finds its ramifications carefully collected, till it is traced back to the sturdy Dissenter, or non-jurant Quaker averse to arms, who gave to his race upon this side of the ocean "a local habitation and a name."

Following the train of thought induced by our opening re-

flections, our pen has led us very far astray from the point whence we started: but we have said enough, we hope, to justify the spirit that has impelled us to endeavor to throw some little additional light upon a passage in our national history, in itself comparatively obscure. "Let not ambition mock their humble toil," who bring even their mite to the treasury of knowledge. Every contribution of learning, every new elucidation of a fact previously unknown or misknown, has its value. It is like a solitary book, useless, perhaps, by itself; but, placed in a public library, it may serve to complete and make perfect a series that will remain forever for the benefit of mankind. To say our say about the Society of the Cincinnati; whence it arose; how it has prospered; and what has become of it, — may serve to bring together before our readers some little information not uninteresting in itself, and gleaned from sources not readily accessible to the public generally. And in so doing, we will not be unmindful of the wise words which a great humorist puts into the mouth of one of his personages. "*Bélier, mon ami,*" said Moulineau the Giant to his friend the great Ram, "*Bélier, mon ami, si tu voulois bien commencer par le commencement, tu me ferois plaisir; car tous ces récits qui commencent par le milieu ne font que m'embrouiller l'imagination.*" We will follow the astute Moulineau's suggestion, (though he was but a scurvy fellow of an Anakim, after all,) and begin at the beginning. And as the grave and veracious Diedrich Knickerbocker commences his history of the Nieuw Nederlandts with a learned disquisition, many pages long, containing divers ingenious theories and philosophic speculations concerning the cosmogony and the general population of this earth, down to the period when "that worthy and irrecoverable discoverer" Hendrick Hudson, in the good ship Half-Moon, left the flat shores of Holland, — we will preface our remarks upon the last chivalric order that arose in America, with a brief sketch of the institutions of knighthoo that preceded it.

When we are told of orders of chivalry and knighthood, the idea in our mind is generally that of some steel-clad cavalier or red-cross knight, like Sir Amadis de Gaul or Godfrey of Boulogne, whose chief employment consists in maltreating

the Paynim, slaying giants, circumventing caitiff enchanters, and triumphantly rescuing and wedding distressed damsels. Whether our first impressions of these gentry are derived from Sir Walter or from Ariosto, from Percy or from Froissart, we still look upon them almost as mere creations of the brain, or, at best, as something with which we in this country could never, by the remotest chance, have had any thing to do. And yet, more than one knightly order has sprung from our own soil, and filled its ranks from our own people. We do not allude to the absurd colonial government devised for Carolina, with its burgraves and palatines and margraves; but to regular formal orders of knighthood, with objects, insignia, and appellations peculiarly local and American. But nothing of the marvellous is to be looked for in the records of their history. Our knights, like those of all recent European orders, were but modern imitations of those of Arthur's Court;—

> "Dinadam with lively glance,
> And Lanval with the fairy lance,
> And Mordred with his look askance,
> Brunor and Belvidere."

Nor did their deeds at all resemble those of the Round Table, where, according to Roger Ascham, "they be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit foulest adultries by sutlest shiftes." No; our lions, like Nick Bottom's in the play, shall roar you as gently as any sucking dove; there shall be nothing to frighten the ladies. About the year 1710, "to the extraordinary benefit of Virginia," as old Beverley says, Colonel Alexander Spotswood was appointed governor of that colony. A gentleman, a soldier, a statesman, and a patriot, his foreseeing eye at once perceived the policy of preventing the encroachments of the French by a line of posts between the Appalachian chain and the western waters. In the popular mind of those days, those mountains were regarded as the invincible barrier of the gloomy wilderness beyond, against the advances of civilization. "Their great height, their prodigious extent, their rugged and horrid appearance, suggested to the imagination undefined images of terror. The wolf, the bear, the panther, and the Indian were the tenants of these forlorn and inaccessible

precipices." The failure of Sir William Berkeley's attempt to effect a passage across them had not at all tended to diminish the general apprehension with which the enterprise was regarded; and it remained for Governor Spotswood, with great pomp and circumstance, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed array of the most considerable of the colonial gentry, to vanquish the imaginary difficulties that had been raised by the fears of the populace, and to return, according to the history of the times, "with a glory little inferior to that of Hannibal." To encourage his designs, and to familiarize the minds of men with the passage of the formidable Blue Ridge, he instituted an order of knighthood in commemoration of this achievement, of which he, as the representative of the crown, was the head. The adventurous cavalier, ambitious of winning distinction, was required, as his maiden feat of *derring do*, to carry his arms to a certain distance beyond the Alleghanies; and to do this he was solemnly sworn, on receiving his accolade as a knight of the most noble and military order of the Golden Horseshoe. The device of this order was a miniature golden horseshoe; the motto,

"Sic juvat transcendere montes;"

and we are told that, by royal permission, these insignia were actually added to Spotswood's own armorial achievements. Such are the traditions of the country; but we must add that we cannot at present cite any other authority than the loose statements of Howe; and we doubt very much whether there is any family of Spotswood at this day in Great Britain which bears the emblems we have described. Nor is history more communicative as to the subsequent fate of the first knights of this military order. But the whole story has a pleasant spice of romance about it, that causes us to cherish it as possibly true, until we have irrefragable proof that it is false. Perhaps, after all, a not less interesting memorial of Spotswood's fame exists in the fact, that he was the first iron-master in America who erected a regular furnace.

The only account we have of "The Albion Knights of the Conversion of the Twenty-three Indian Kings" is in the less apocryphal than rare description of the Province of New

Albion by Beauchamp Plantagenet, printed in the year 1648. According to him, Sir Edmund Plowden, the Governor of New Albion, (which is supposed to have existed somewhere in the neighborhood of Salem, New Jersey,) was created by the king Earl Palatine thereof; and, by the privileges of that rank, enjoyed the same rights as of old belonged to Chester, Durham, Lancaster, and Pembroke: that is, according to Bracton, regal privileges in all things, saving legiance to the king; possessing therefore the power of creating provincial, local, and feudal barons, knights, bachelors, &c. Who were the knights of the Conversion of Albion, and what were the means by which they were to accomplish their ostensible work of converting the twenty-three Indian kings who happened to be seated in their vicinity, we are left at a loss to guess. But, as we fortunately possess an engraving of their "Order, Medall, and Riban," our readers may extract some information from our description. The medal appears to have been surrounded with scroll-work, and to have had engraved on its face the arms of the Earl Palatine and those of his order, within a circle of twenty-two rudely executed human faces, each of which, in respect to

——"what seemed its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

The twenty-third noble savage, who, like the lucky penitent in the song, "has a human carcass to his scull," is placed in a kneeling posture immediately under the shield, which he supports with his right hand, while his left grasps a bow. Around all this again is inscribed the motto of the order. DOCEBO· INIQVOS·VIAS·TVAS: ET·IMPII·AD·TE·CONVERTENTVR. Two distichs explain the meanings of the knightly and of the Plowden arms.

Plowden's Arms.
True Virtue mounted aloft on Honour high,
In a serene Conscience as cleare as skye.

Albion's Arms.
All power on life and death, the Sword and Crown:
On Gospel's truth shine Honour and Renown.

"These be brave words;" but we cannot exactly find that they lead to any definite conclusion. If Sir Edmund ever had a

province under his command, it is as likely as not that he founded the order in question,* and, perhaps, found it as useful a way as any to get rid of the landed proprietors whom he discovered already established there;—the old case of trover and conversion, we dare say. And the fact, that at least twenty-two of the monarchs in question seem to have undergone decapitation, rather favors this conclusion.

And this brings us to an association instituted neither by royal governor nor belted earl, but which, in many essential respects, appears to possess undeniable claims to be considered as a chivalrous order; namely, the Society of the Cincinnati.

It is not very practicable to discover precisely how and by whom the notion of forming this society was first conceived. Marshall says the idea was originally suggested by General Knox, and intimates that the Baron de Steuben had something to do with it; and this, we believe, is the opinion of Mr. Sparks. Higher authorities than these it is impossible to cite; and yet, we apprehend, there must have existed a very peculiar and a very excited state of feeling in the army to induce Knox to suggest the plan, or the officers to adopt it so eagerly. We shall presently see that it was entirely ripe and mature when it was first presented to the public, and that, running through the camp like wildfire, it was embraced with an ardor and adhered to with a pertinacity that must argue strongly in support of the belief that the whole matter had been thoroughly considered in advance

* The only other occasion, beside the foundation of the Knights of the Conversion, upon which our titular Earl Palatine seems to have exerted his creative faculties was one in which his charity certainly began at home. Master Plantagenet concludes his dedication in this strain:

"And since according as other Palatines, as he of Chester and Duresme, made their Barons and Knights, as therein many are yet living; You, my lord, have begun to honour first your own children. I tender my best respects unto your sonne and heire apparant, Francis Lord Ployden, Baron of Mount-Royall, Governeur, and to Thomas Lord Ployden, Baron of Roymont, High Admirall; and to the Lady Winefrid, Baronesse of Uvedale, the patterne of mildnesse and modestie; and to the Lady Barbara, Baronesse of Ritchneck, the mirrour of wit and beautie; and to the Lady Katherine, Baronesse of Princest, that pretty babe of grace, whose faire hands I kisse." As Mr. Pepys would have said, our author's courtesey, not only overwhelming the head of the family with his West-Jersey titles of honour, but, like some contagious disorder, extending itself to everybody in the house, and particularly to the women and children, is "pretty to see."

by the leading gentlemen of the army. Knox was one of its most active and interested framers, and on this account, as well as on that of his rank, was probably selected to act as godfather to the plan. What led to this state of feeling, and what it actually was, we will now proceed to examine.

There is no period of our revolutionary history more interesting than those dark and gloomy days towards the close of the war, when the army felt that its days were numbered, its dissolution necessarily close at hand, and that, in a few weeks or months, its members were probably to be dismissed forever from the service of their country, with no other resource prepared for them than what chance or their own private prosperity might afford. The times were decidedly unpromising; the financial condition of the whole nation was exceedingly embarrassed and precarious; and whatever might have been the military successes of the last two or three years, they had not been unalloyed with privations in the camp and disasters in the field. Most of the officers of the American army had entered the service at an age usually and necessarily devoted to the acquirement of a profession or a trade. The customs of a camp had not particularly well fitted them for those of a handicraft; and though it is certainly true that many of them, in subsequent years, rose to the highest distinction in their respective avocations, yet we can readily perceive a natural and very proper cause for the melancholy forebodings with which they regarded the future of their days, when the spear should perforce be turned into a pruning-hook to trim, at a stranger's command, the trees which their own hands had planted, and the sword into a sickle to reap for hire the fields of their own inheritance.

> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis aves;
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

For poverty had made sad work among those men. Poorly paid, they had, as a general rule, been compelled to depend, to a greater or less extent, upon their private fortunes; and there was not a large proportion of the colonial hereditary estates of those days that could long stand many inroads of

this nature. During the greater part of his command, we find Washington's letters to Congress abounding in the most painful accounts of the extremities to which the army was frequently reduced, and at this particular juncture their distress does not seem to have undergone any diminution. "The situation of the officers," wrote Washington to Hamilton, March the 12th, 1784, "I do believe, is distressing beyond description. It is affirmed to me that a large proportion of them have no better prospect before them than a jail, if they are turned loose without liquidation of accounts and an assurance of that justice to which they are so worthily entitled." Nor was his language to the government less strong than that of his private correspondence. In a letter to the President of Congress, dated within a week from that to Hamilton, he recapitulates the meritorious services of the officers, and dwells anxiously on their prospects. Referring to the possible realization of the treatment they were threatened with at the hands of the civil authorities, he says, "*then* shall I have learned what ingratitude is; then shall I have realized a tale which will embitter every moment of my future life. But I am under no such apprehensions; a country rescued by their arms from impending ruin will never leave unpaid the debt of gratitude."

Nevertheless, in despite of the confidence thus expressed by their commander, the army, with peace near at hand and their services being less and less necessary to their country, continued to be greatly agitated by the various steps that were taken in regard to their concerns. On the 15th of May, 1778, in consequence of Washington's representations in January of that year, Congress had granted half-pay during seven years after the conclusion of the war to all officers who should continue in service till that period, provided they should hold no office of profit under either of the States or the General Government. By a subsequent resolve of August 24th, 1780, they had *recommended* to the several States to which the officers respectively might belong the propriety of making suitable provision for carrying the decree of 1778 into effect. For it will be recollected that, under the old Articles of Confederation, the utmost that Congress could do in the

way of raising money for national purposes was to *recommend* — to petition, in fact, the different States to permit the money to be levied; a petition which was regarded or not, as the case might be. All this was well understood in the army; and though it was known that the prospect of ever getting any thing out of some of the States was rather bare, yet it was perceived that Congress had done all in its power; and they lived in hope. In this state matters stood, when suspicion first began to be aroused that the army would not be fairly dealt by. The States declined acceding to the measures proposed by Congress to enable it to raise the needful funds to satisfy the most exigent public creditors; and Congress itself, by a resolution of the 3d of October, 1780, indicated its intention of *reforming* the army, that is, of reducing its numbers by shuffling a large portion of the officers out of service *during the continuance of the war*, and thus depriving them of even the shadow of the crust that the recommendation of 1778 had held out. Thereupon, a serious, indignant passion took possession of their souls; and the words that Congress did not intend to comply at all with its resolutions for half-pay, were echoed from every lip. Washington again intervened, and represented so strongly to Congress the manner in which its conduct was regarded, that, on the 21st of the same month, it went quite to the other extreme, and decreed half-pay for life not only to those who should remain in service until the end of the war, but likewise to the officers to be *reduced* under the resolution of the 3d of October. With these concessions the officers again were appeased, and every thing for some time went on as well as could be expected. But when the winter of 1782–3 came on, and it became perfectly plain, from the conduct of the British generals and the British ministry, that a peace was resolved upon, it became as fully plain to many of the officers and men of the army that they would never get their money unless some definitive arrangements were entered into before they should be disbanded. The desires of the army may be divided into two heads. First, an examination by Congress, or by some one authorized by it to act in the premises, of their accounts, and, if not the ready money for what sum of arrears should be found due and unpaid to them by

the Government, they should at least receive a certificate of the amount. Secondly, there was a general though hardly unanimous desire to commute the half-pay for life into a certain fixed sum in gross, payable down. These wishes, the first particularly, seem not unreasonable. In fact, it was a subject of grievous complaint in the army that, in addition to being paid in depreciated currency (worth, perhaps, fourpence in the dollar) at its nominal value, they were not half the time paid at all; and they loudly demanded either their arrears, or an acknowledgment of their amount. They were willing to accept very moderate terms from Congress, but these terms they felt *must* be acceded to. In short, one is ludicrously reminded of the quarrel between Ancient Pistol and Corporal Nym, in King Henry the Fifth, by the whole conduct of this controversy and the turn it eventually took.

Nym. "You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pist. Base is the slave that pays!
Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting.
Pist. A noble thou shalt have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood."

A petition, embodying the statements above recapitulated, was forwarded from the army to Congress, in which it was broadly complained, in so many words, that shadows alone were offered to the soldiery, while the substance had been gleaned by every person bearing the mark of civil authority throughout the United States. It went on to urge that their distresses were at last brought to a point; they had borne all they could bear; their own endurance and that of their private resources were utterly gone, and their friends were wearied out and disgusted by their incessant applications for assistance; and that an immediate supply of money was imperatively and dangerously necessary. What words were these to be wrung from the reluctant lips of these proud, brave men of Valley Forge and of Yorktown! How great, how supreme, must have been their necessities, ere they would have

put upon eternal record such a story of their wants! And what ought to have been the ready action of Congress at this crisis? But no; despite the earnest endeavors of the wisest in the army and out of it, who foresaw the coming storm and sought to avert it, it was found impossible to procure a satisfactory compliance with the petition. It was necessary to have the consent of nine States to a measure of this nature: six were in its favor; three were unrepresented; the gentlemen representing the remaining four, to wit, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and New Jersey, refused to accede to it, and the plan fell to the ground.

It was the reception of this intelligence in camp that produced the celebrated Newburg Letters, the head-quarters of the army then being at that town. As soon as the fate of the petition became known, a meeting of the officers was called to consider "what measure, if any, should be adopted to obtain that redress of grievances which they seemed to have solicited in vain." At the same time, an anonymous address was widely dispersed through every State line in the camp; an address not unworthy the pen of Junius himself, when steeped in the bitterest gall. We may judge of the burning excitement of the occasion, by the suppressed rage that gleams in every line. After an impressive commencement, and a summary of the causes and circumstances of their taking up arms, the author takes a survey of their present position and casts his eye into the future. He thus proceeds: —

"After a pursuit of seven long years, the object for which we set out is at length brought within our reach. Yes, my friends, that suffering courage of yours was active once. It has conducted the United States of America through a bloody and a doubtful war; it has placed her in a chair of independency: and Peace again returns to bless — whom? A country willing to redress your wrongs, cherish your worth, and reward your services? A country courting your return to private life, with tears of gratitude and smiles of admiration? — longing to divide with you that independency which your gallantry has given, and those riches which your wounds have deserved? Is this the case? Or is it rather a country that tramples on your rights, disdains your cries, and insults your distresses? Have you not, more than once,

made known your wants and suggested your wishes to Congress (wants and wishes which gratitude and policy should have anticipated, rather than evaded); and have you not lately, in the meek language of entreating memorials, begged from their justice what you could no longer expect from their favor? How have you been answered? Let the letter which you are called to consider to-morrow, make reply! If this, then, be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defence of America, what have you to expect from Peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division — when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides — and no remaining mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities, and fears? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by this revolution; and, retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can — go! and carry with you the scorn of Tories, the contempt of Whigs; the ridicule, and what is worse, the pity, of the world! go — starve and be forgotten! But if your spirits should revolt at this; if you have sense enough to discover, and spirit sufficient to oppose, tyranny under whatever garb it may assume — whether it be the plain coat of republicanism or the splendid robe of royalty — if you have yet learned to discriminate between a people and a cause — between men and principles — awake, attend to your situation, and redress yourselves. If the present moment be lost, every future effort is in vain; your threats *then* will be as empty as your entreaties now. I would advise you, therefore, to come to some final opinion of what you can bear, and what you will suffer. If your determination be in any proportion to your wrongs, carry your appeal from the justice to the fears of government. Change the milk-and-water style of your last memorial. Assume a bolder tone; decent, but lively, spirited, and determined; and suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance. Let two or three men, who can feel as well as write, be appointed to draw up your last remonstrance (for I would no longer give it the suing, soft, unsuccessful epithet of memorial.) Let it represent, in language that will neither dishonor you by its rudeness nor betray you by its fears, what has been promised you by Congress and what has been performed; how long and how patiently you have suffered; how little you have asked and how much of that little has been denied. Tell them, that though you were the first, and would wish to be the last, to encounter danger — though despair itself can never drive you into dishonor, it may drive you from

the field. That the wound, often irritated and never healed, may at length become incurable; and that the slightest mark of indignity from Congress now, must operate like the grave, and part you for ever. That, in any political event, the army has its alternative: if peace, that nothing shall separate you from your arms but death: if war, that, courting the auspices and inviting the direction of your illustrious leader, you will retire to some unsettled country, smile in your turn, 'and mock when their fear cometh on.' But let it be represented also, that should they comply with the request of your late memorial, it would make you more happy and them more respectable. That while the war should continue, you would follow their standard in the field; and that when it should come to an end, you would withdraw into the shade of private life and give the world another subject of wonder and applause — an army victorious over its enemies — victorious over itself."

This letter is now known to have been the production of Mr. John Armstrong, an American officer, and father of Mr. Madison's Secretary at War during the last war with Great Britain; but its origin was kept studiously concealed at the time of its appearance. Indeed, such was the aversion with which its sentiments soon came to be regarded, that, in after years, Mr. Armstrong took the precaution to obtain a letter from Washington himself, exonerating him from the evil motives that were not unlikely to be attributed to him. On the 23d of February, 1797, Washington wrote him — "I have since had sufficient reason for believing that the object of the author was just, honorable, and friendly to the country, though the means suggested by him were certainly liable to much exaggeration and abuse." *

But at the moment it appeared a wise policy to utterly discountenance this movement. By a general order of March 11th, 1783, (the day on which the meeting was called) the Commander-in-chief signified his thorough disapprobation of it, and, at the same time, substituted for it a meeting of the general and field officers and of one officer from each company, on the 15th of the same month, to receive the report of the gentlemen charged with the care of the petition at the seat of Congress. Another letter from Mr. Armstrong intervened, but it was fruit-

* Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, vol. viii. p. 566.

less: the meeting was duly held, and, by Washington's efforts, a more pacific tone was given to the current of men's minds. The officers' thoughts were diverted from the ominous direction in which they were bending, and, by a timely compliance of Congress, all for a time went well. So much more easy is it to turn than to stem a torrent.

We do not believe there is any exaggeration in the sketch we have given of the military discontents of this period. The curious in such matters will find abundant warrant for all that we have said in the State Papers of the time. Dissatisfaction pervaded all ranks of the army. Among the rank and file it prevailed to a stronger degree than among their superiors. The *warsmen*, as they were called, (that is, they who had enlisted not for one, two, or three years, but for the whole war,) were particularly restless; probably because they had received less, worked longer, and were heavier creditors than their fellows. The Pennsylvania line, indeed, soon turned their mutinous bayonets against Congress itself; a part of Greene's troops at the South conspired to betray their leader to the enemy, and the plot was only discovered in season to bring the ringleaders to the gibbet; and the Connecticut and New Jersey lines were, to say the least, very uneasy. We trust, therefore, that those who conceive that the Congress of 1783 consisted of the same class of men as the Congress of 1775 – 6, will not be inexorably obdurate against any particular set of individuals in the army for feelings that the whole mass shared in.

But it is to the occasion of this Newburg meeting, and the subsequent reflections which its strange and exciting scenes must have awakened in their minds, that we attribute the first notion of forming a union among the officers themselves, to endure beyond the reach of the will of Congress, and to have a permanence even after they should be disbanded. With the apprehension that they must have felt at the cool, if not unfriendly, dispositions of the civil authorities, an apprehension which Washington himself hints at in the closing paragraphs of his letter to the President of Congress of 1783, before cited, what was more rational than that they should be taught to look to themselves for that support which there

seemed good reason to suppose their country would extend to them grudgingly, or deny them altogether? The strength that union brings was no new lesson to them; and to seek individual protection in the ranks of a large body was, in these days, a favorite plan. From the Commander-in-chief down to the lowest subaltern, we find the Masonic societies of the time continually recruited from the ranks of the Revolutionary Army. It was reasonable enough to suppose that the welfare of a numerous and closely-wrought association, intimately bound together, would be more regarded than that of a single, isolated individual. And we are confirmed in this idea by the speedy manner in which so many members of the Cincinnati lost their interest in the Society when subsequent events showed them how unfounded were their fears. The future welfare of the army certainly was a prevailing thought at this time among its members. Whilst some were engaged in concocting the association in question, and considering in what manner its utility could be best promoted, we find Colonel Pickering, with a wiser and less selfish forecast, preparing the first draft of the Military School at West Point, that has been of such essential benefit to posterity.

And this stage of our sketch brings us to the formation of the Society. In the early part of May, 1783, proposals for its establishment had been communicated to the several State lines in the cantonment of the American Army on the banks of the Hudson, which were most favorably received. Accordingly, an officer from each line was informally appointed to meet the general officers on Saturday, the 10th of May, at Baron de Steuben's quarters, to take the same into consideration. At this meeting, the Baron, being the senior officer present, presided. The proposals were duly considered, amendments offered and agreed to, and the whole matter referred for revision to a committee consisting of Major General Knox, Brigadier-General Hand, Brigadier-General Huntington, and Captain Shaw, with instructions to prepare a fair copy to be laid before the meeting at the same place upon Tuesday, May 13th. At this adjourned meeting, the committee presented their report, which was at once accepted. It commences as follows:—

"It having pleased the Supreme Governor of the Universe, in the dispensation of human affairs, to cause the separation of the Colonies of North America from the domination of Great Britain, and, after a bloody conflict of eight years, to establish them free, independent, and sovereign States, connected, by alliances founded on reciprocal advantages, with some of the greatest princes and powers of the earth:

"To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remembrance of this vast event, as the mutual friendships that have been formed under the pressure of common danger, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do, hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and in failure thereof, the collateral branches, who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

"The officers of the American Army having generally been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of the illustrious Roman, LUCIUS QUINTIUS CINCINNATUS; and being resolved to follow his example, by returning to their citizenship, they think they may, with propriety, denominate themselves THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

"The following principles shall be immutable, and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati:

"An incessant devotion to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that union and national honor, so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American empire.

"To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the Society, towards those officers and their families who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it."

Then ensues a series of regulations for the government of the Society. The General Society is divided into State Societies, and these again may be subdivided, according to their several convenience.

The State Societies are to meet, at least, on the fourth day

of July of every year; and the General Society triennially, on the first Monday in May. As the General Society is to be governed by a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and assistant treasurer, so a like form of government is provided for each State Society. Ample powers are given to each State Society for the management of its own internal police, (so to speak,) extending even to the expulsion of a member "who, by conduct inconsistent with a gentleman or a man of honor, or by an opposition to the interests of the community in general, or the Society in particular, may render himself unworthy to continue a member." The triennial meeting of the General Society is to consist of its officers, and a delegation of not more than five members from each State Society; and at each meeting, its officers for the next three years are to be chosen. The funds of the Society are to consist of one month's pay of each officer who shall join it within six months from the disbandment of the army, the money to be paid into the treasury of their respective State Societies. On becoming members, each officer is required to subscribe to the following condition: —

"We, the subscribers, officers of the American Army, do hereby voluntarily become parties to the foregoing institution, and do bind ourselves to observe, and be governed by, the principles therein contained. For the performance whereof, we do solemnly pledge to each other our sacred honor."

Any officer who, after three years' service, had resigned with honor, or who had been *deranged*, as it was termed, by the resolutions of Congress *reforming* the army, or who should continue in service until the close of the war, was made eligible as a member; and honorary members, in a proportion not exceeding one to four of the original members or their descendants, were authorized to be admitted from suitable characters in the respective States. In addition, "the Society, deeply impressed with a sense of the generous assistance this country had received from France, and desirous of perpetuating the friendships which had been formed, and had so happily subsisted, between the officers of the allied forces in the prosecution of the war," in its articles of association especially

named the Chevalier de la Luzerne and M. Gérard, the then French minister and his predecessor; the Count de Estaing, the Count de Grasse, the Count de Barras, and the Chevalier de Touches, admirals and commanders in the navy; and the Count de Rochambeau and the generals and colonels of his army, as members of the Society. And until the first general meeting in May, 1784, General Washington was appointed to act as President-General, Major-General Knox as Secretary-General, and Major-General McDougal as Treasurer-General.

An Order, by which its members should be known and distinguished, was also agreed upon. As first proposed, it was to consist of a medal of gold, of a proper size to receive the emblems, to be suspended on the breast of the wearer by a deep blue ribbon, two inches wide, and edged with white, to signify the union of America and France. But at the suggestion of Major L'Enfant, of the French service, contained in his letter to the Baron de Steuben, of June 10th, 1783, the notion of a medal, according to the idea generally received of its nature, was abandoned. Major L'Enfant had been requested by the Baron to furnish a sketch of the desired decoration; and in his reply, he mentions the circumstance that a medal, whether round or oval, was universally considered in Europe as a reward of persons of an inferior rank, or the badge of some manufacturing or religious society; referring probably, by the last, to the various mendicant orders of friars, &c. He, therefore, had designed a device which gave the greatest satisfaction to the Society, by whom it was at once adopted. From one of these original decorations, now before us, we form our description. It consists of an American or bald-headed eagle, made of gold, with the head and legs and tail feathers in white enamel, flecked with gold. The attitude is, we believe, what is called *displayed*. The talons grasp golden olive branches, the leaves in green enamel, which are continued around the figure, so as to form a wreath above its head, to which the clasp is attached. The eyes are of precious stones. Upon its breast is borne an oval shield, in white and blue enamel and gold. The figures upon the shield are essentially those agreed upon by the Society in the first instance, namely: On the face, the principal figure is that of

Cincinnatus, three senators presenting him with a sword and other military ensigns; on a field in the back-ground, his wife standing at the door of the cottage; near it, a plough and other instruments of husbandry. Around the whole, the legend, OMNIA RELINQUIT SERVARE REMPUBLICAM. There is a slight deviation here from the language of the legend as at first decided upon; the word *relinquit* is substituted for *reliquit;* and with great propriety. On the reverse of the shield is portrayed the sun rising; a city with open gates, etc.; Fame crowning Cincinnatus with a wreath, (to have been inscribed, according to the articles of institution, *Virtutis præmium;* but no such phrase appears on the shield.) Agricultural implements are scattered around, and beneath appear two hands supporting a head. Here again should be found the motto, *Esto perpetua;* but we cannot discover it. Around the whole is the legend, SOCIETAS CINCINNATORUM INSTITUTA A. D. 1783. These eagles were executed in France by a competent artist, and are really of very tasteful and elegant design and workmanship. It was resolved, about the same time, to cause a silver medal, of the size of a Spanish milled dollar, to be prepared and given to every member of the Society, together with a diploma of membership upon parchment: the medal to be engraved according to Major L'Enfant's designs, and the diploma to bear an exact figure of it. Though the latter was duly issued, we cannot learn any thing further of the silver medal, and we rather apprehend that the gold eagle, above described, was substituted in its place. The medal engraved upon the diploma, however, corresponds precisely to that originally ordained by the Society. The various figures grouped upon the diploma remind us of the idea conveyed by those upon the celebrated Alliance medal, struck at Paris a short time previously, a description of which may be found in Tudor's Life of James Otis, page 69.

Major-General Heath, second in command in the Northern Army, having been previously directed to transmit a suitable notification of all that had been done in the premises to the commanding officer of the Southern Army, (General Greene,) to the senior officer in each of the States, and to the commanding officer of the Rhode Island line, the convention of officers

that had determined upon the preceding regulations was, on the 19th of June, 1783, finally dissolved, after having been in session for more than a month. So far as we can ascertain, its members consisted of Major-Generals Heath, the Baron de Steuben, Knox, and Howe; Brigadier-Generals Patterson, Hand, Huntington, and Putnam; Colonels H. Jackson, Webb, and Cortlandt; Lieutenant-Colonels Huntington, Hull, and Maxwell, Major Pettengill, Captain Shaw, and Lieutenant Whiting. Captain Shaw was an aid-de-camp to General Washington, and, we believe, a favorite member of his military family. He was certainly a very gallant and accomplished officer, and his connection with the Commander-in-chief was of some moment on this occasion. For, though all the members were supposed to meet as brothers — *magis pares quam similes* — the reverence and affection felt for their chief by the army would have effectually served to crush any scheme that he was supposed to have discountenanced.

In this wise, then, was formed the Society, and all things seemed to be going on in the full tide of successful experiment. Its objects were generous and noble; its members numerous and illustrious; its honors eagerly sought and highly prized. The foreign officers, particularly, to whose preconceived notions such an ornament was peculiarly appropriate and gratifying, hastened to assume its decoration; and the eagle of the Cincinnati dangled beside the grand cross of the Royal and Military order of St. Louis, upon the breasts of the most elevated and noble of the French service, and constant applications for admission were made from beyond the seas. But this state of affairs was not fated long to continue. There were men who had not forgotten or forgiven the manner in which the army had resisted the attempt to whistle it down the wind, a prey to fortune. There were many more, with brains now more active than ever their arms had been, whose busy imaginations saw all sorts of evils in the institution of what they were pleased to consider an hereditary aristocracy — a privileged class — growing up in the midst of a free republic, the effect of whose increase would be like that of a noxious weed in a bed of flowers. Others again, statesmen and philanthropists, could not reconcile the institution with

the pure, unalloyed state of happiness and equality which was to be a natural result of our revolution. Alas, poor human nature! shall it ever be that a political millennium will dawn upon the earth, and that all mankind will awake, some fine morning, all inspired with the same rational desires, all equally enabled to gratify them, all equally wise, and healthy, and young and happy, and death and sorrow and sin forever pass away? *We* do not believe any such result will ever ensue from any form of human government that the mind can devise. But, in fine, where so many regarded the Cincinnati with jealousy or envy or mistrust, there were not wanting the usual voices to open the attack or to join in the cry. In a few months after its formation, there appeared a cleverly written and most earnest assault upon its principles, its regulations, and its necessary and inevitable tendencies, over the signature of a writer styling himself "Cassius," but who was well known to be Mr. Ædanus Burke, one of the Chief Justices of South Carolina.

Of this gentleman we have been able to glean but little information, and that little not very satisfactory. He seems to have been one of those men who are born to disappoint every expectation of their friends: just as an Irish philosopher observed of Mr. Pitt's celebrated Martello towers, which encircled the coast of England professedly to protect the island, and yet so built that, while they afforded most uncomfortable barracks for a corporal's guard, they could not have resisted five companies of French invaders and a couple of field pieces more than half an hour. When the premier was taunted by the opposition with their erection, and the question was put, what on earth could have been the object of building them? "To puzzle posterity, to be sure," aptly answered an Irish member. So of our author: gifted by accident with a name calculated in itself to attract attention;

> Nom peu connu, même parmi les saintes;

and by nature with good parts, and with an application that resulted in an unusual store of acquired learning, he added to the whole a mental restlessness and uncertainty which in the end prevented his ever attaining any decided preëminence, even

among the leading characters of his native State. Some few years later, he was the second of Colonel Burr in his first duel, (September 2d, 1789,) with a Mr. Church, at Hoboken. The balls for Burr's pistol were intentionally cast too small, and had to be wrapped in chamois leather, and that greased, before they were put in the barrel (in short, we suspect Burr's pistols were *rifle-barrelled*,) a circumstance which his principal pointed out to him before loading. When the antagonists took their ground, Burr observed his second hammering away on the ramrod with a stone, and instantly perceived that he had forgotten his admonition to grease the wad. On inquiry, however, Judge Burke hastily thrust the weapon into his hand. "I forgot to grease the leather," said he, "but you see he is ready; don't keep him waiting. Crack away, and I'll grease the next." Another anecdote will serve equally well to confirm the impression we have received of the erratic character of the man. He was accustomed, on leaving the bench, to hang up his silken robes in the house of a Mrs. Van Rhine, who dwelt hard by the court-house. On one occasion, he took, by mistake, from the lady's closet, her black silk petticoat, that had been suspended beside his gown. As he ascended the bench, he robed himself, thrusting his arms through the pocket holes, when, for the first time discovering his error, he exclaimed, to the great edification of the bar, jury, and audience, with his favorite oath, "Before God, I have got on Mrs. Van Rhine's petticoat." A prisoner before him was once conclusively proven to have been guilty of stealing a horse of the value of five pounds, a capital offence; and also, of having previously taken several drinks of whiskey. The judge, rather reluctant to hang a man for so small a theft, charged the jury entirely on the point of the whiskey. "When I was a boy, gentlemen," said he, "I was in the habit of drinking whiskey myself, and I found the invariable effect to be that, without the least *animus furandi*, I was assailed with the most irresistible desire to steal!" Whether convinced by the judge's law or a fellow feeling, we know not; but the jury promptly rendered a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Burke happened to have recently published a pamphlet on the affairs of his own State, casting down the glove to

Governor Rutledge and the dominant faction of the day. It was by these very men that the Institution of the Cincinnati in South Carolina was most warmly espoused. This was sufficient to fire his mind against the scheme. With a spirited but specious pen, he attacked its origin, its constitution, and its consequences. The utter absurdity of his reasoning cannot be better shown than by quoting his own language. In a very few years, said he,

"The Cincinnati at any rate would have and hold an exclusive right to offices, honors, and authorities, civil and military; and the whole country, beside themselves, a mere mob of plebeians, without weight or estimation, degraded in the eyes of our patricians as the Roman people were in the eyes of their nobility. These held the others, as Tacitus says, *invisi Diis immortalibus* — as if they were odious to the very gods; and, as the Cincinnati soon would, held it an abomination to intermarry with them."

Can any thing be more ridiculous, or more completely falsified by the event? But such language made a considerable impression at the time, all over the country. There was, to be sure, a temperate answer published in the same year, at Philadelphia, to the inflammatory philippics of our author, but it produced no effect; and indeed, if the "obscure individual," as the author of the Reply signs himself, has never done any thing more clever than this performance, he may well remain in his undisturbed obscurity. Numbers of well-meaning, and some usually well-judging, people took the alarm, and the Legislature of Massachusetts even went so far as to instruct a committee "to inquire into any associations or combinations to introduce undue distinctions into the Commonwealth, and which might have a tendency to create a race of hereditary nobility, contrary to the confederation of the United States and the spirit of the Constitution of that Commonwealth." But we do not learn that the committee ever made any report, and the popular excitement, such as it was, soon subsided into a jealous watchfulness on the part of those political waiters on Providence, who are ever on the look out to improve their position. In this very Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the State Society held its assemblies as usual; and at a large meeting at Boston, February 10th, 1784, General Lin-

coln (in the absence of General Heath) presiding, proceeded to choose its delegates to the first General Meeting, to be held at Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 4th of May ensuing. We have before us a manuscript journal of that meeting; and it may serve to show how keenly were felt, even in the Society itself, the repugnance and hostility towards it of certain persons who were thought to be more powerful than they really were. The whole journal is written in cipher, the key of which was only elucidated after a long and tedious examination. From it, we learn that the following gentlemen were the delegates from the several States, and in their names the reader may find a sufficient guaranty of their wisdom and patriotism. From New Hampshire, Henry Dearborn; from Massachusetts, Henry Knox, Rufus Putnam, David Cobb, William Hull, Winthrop Sargent; from Rhode Island, Nathanael Greene, James Varnum, Jeremiah Olney, Daniel Lyman, Samuel Ward; from Connecticut, Samuel H. Parsons, Jedediah Huntington, Heman Swift, David Humphreys, Jonathan Trumbull; from New York, Philip Cortlandt, William S. Smith, Nicholas Fish, James Fairlie; from New Jersey, Elias Dayton, David Brearly, Jonathan Dayton, Aaron Ogden; from Pennsylvania, John Dickenson, Stephen Moylan, Thomas Robinson, Thomas B. Bowen, Abraham G. Claypoole; from Delaware, James Tilton, Thomas Moore; from Maryland, Otho Holland Williams, Nathaniel Ramsay, William Paca; from Virginia, George Weedon, William Heth, Henry Lee, James Wood; from North Carolina, Reading Blount, Archibald Lyghte, Griffith McRae; from South Carolina, William Washington, Walton White, Lewis Morris, George Turner; and from Georgia, John S. Eustis, Alexander D. Cuthbert, John Lucas, and James Fields. We have recited their names at length, because it was at this meeting that questions affecting the very existence of the Society were mooted, and here it may be seen of what metal the delegates were composed. It was at this meeting that a reformed constitution, confining the Society entirely to its original members, and doing away altogether with the hereditary part of the institution, as at first agreed upon, as well as all honorary members, was proposed, and, very much against the personal

inclinations of a large proportion of the delegates, carried. But, as the General Society had no power to effect such an alteration, all it could do was to address a circular recommendatory letter to the State Societies, strongly urging the change; and though warmly pressed by Washington, both as President-General of the Society, in the circular above alluded to, and in his private correspondence, it was never acceded to by the State Societies. Consequently, the Cincinnati exist to this day precisely on the same footing as when they were first united. It was not, however, as a matter of simple justice that Washington advocated this concession to popular prejudice; it was as mere matter of conscience and expediency. On December 11th, 1785, he wrote thus to Hamilton: —

"That the jealousies and prejudices against this Society were carried to an unwarrantable length, I will readily admit; and that *less* than was done *ought* to have removed the fears which had been imbibed, I am as clear in, as I am that they would not have done it. But it is a matter of little moment whether the alarm which seized the public mind was the result of foresight, envy, and jealousy, or a disordered imagination; the effect of perseverance would have been the same. Wherein, then, would have been found an equivalent for the separation of interests which (from my best information, not from this State only, but from many) would inevitably have taken place?

"The fears of the people are not yet removed; they only sleep: and a very little matter will set them afloat again. Had it not been for the predicament we stood in with respect to the foreign officers and the charitable part of the institution, I should, on that occasion,* so far as my voice would have gone, have endeavored to convince the narrow-minded part of our countrymen that the *amor patriæ* was much stronger in our breasts than in theirs, and that our conduct, throughout the whole of this business, was actuated by nobler and more generous attributes than were apprehended — by abolishing the Society at once; with a declaration of the cause, and the purity of its intention. But the latter may be interesting to many, and the former is an insuperable bar to such a step." *Works of Hamilton*, i. p. 430.

It is doubtless owing to the fact that the General Meeting of 1784 had consented to and recommended the abolishment of the principle of primogeniture or hereditary succession, etc.,

* Washington here alludes to the General Meeting at Philadelphia, in 1784.

and to the views of its effect as above expressed by Washington, that the idea got abroad that the change had been ratified by the Cincinnati at large. We have shown this to be an error; nevertheless, it is so laid down even by the accurate Marshall, who, one would suppose, must have had personal opportunities of knowing better, and is repeated by Sparks, Guizot, and Hildreth; and, last of all, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his edition of the works of his grandfather, while disagreeing with the prognostications of evil from its continuance expressed by President Adams, takes occasion to praise the wisdom of the Society in relinquishing the obnoxious features of its constitution and bowing before the storm. If, therefore, this historical oversight is worthy of contradiction at all, it is high time it were done now, ere it be inadvertently repeated in the forthcoming volumes of Mr. Bancroft.

At the General Meeting of 1784, the first regular officers of the Society were chosen. Washington, of course, was named President-General; General Gates was elected Vice-President-General, and General Knox, Secretary-General. The presiding officers, since the organization of the Society, have been as follows: George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Thomas Pinckney, Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey; Morgan Lewis, of New York; William Popham, of New York, and Henry A. S. Dearborn, of Massachusetts. In consequence of the late death of General Dearborn, his place is, we believe, for the present filled by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, the Vice-President-General.

There were, as we have before intimated, several men, who deservedly stood high in the esteem of their countrymen, who joined in the views expressed by Judge Burke of the impropriety of the institution. The chief among these were Mr. John Adams and Mr. Jay, both absent on foreign missions, and both making up their conclusions at a distance of many thousand miles from the scene of controversy. The lack of friendliness — perhaps of mutual esteem — that subsisted between Franklin and Adams, is well known. Therefore, it is not surprising that we find them upon opposite sides in this matter. Franklin, with his wonted astuteness, saw readily the futility of the fears that arose on account of the existence

of the Cincinnati; Jay and Adams warmly denounced it. The latter not only inveighed against it in his private letters, but, even in his Defence of the American Constitutions, stepped aside to lift up his voice against the association. The disapprobation of these men seems to have excited some attention in Europe. Lafayette as warmly opposed their conclusions, however; and, in his correspondence with Washington, we find him stoutly professing his attachment to every part of the institution, particularly to what he styles the "hereditary" portion. This dispute had the effect, at last, of bringing the Comte de Mirabeau into the controversy, who, in 1785, published his "*Considérations sur l'Ordre de Cincinnatus*," a volume of several hundred pages, in which he sustains very cleverly the ordinary objections proposed against it. This work, a turgid translation of which was soon afterwards published at London, and which is professedly an imitation and enlargement of Burke, is curious as being the first production ever given by Mirabeau over his own name to the world.

Despite all the opposition, however, of Jay and Adams, with Mirabeau to back them, the Society continued to flourish in high honor among the French officers, until their Revolution put an end to nearly every one who had ever earned its decoration. It would make an interesting chapter, had we space to pursue the subject, to trace out the fate of the various members of the French branch of the Order; of Lavalette and Laumoy, of De Bouchet, Du Portail and Gimat, the Chevalier de la Moth, the Marquis du Chastellux, of Armand and Estris de Corny; all gallant, chivalrous soldiers in the American war. Gouvion, the friend of Washington, the favorite of Lafayette, was slain in 1792. The Vicomte de Noailles, after being proscribed by the Republic, and his wife (the sister of Madame de la Fayette) beheaded in the earliest bloom of youth, was suffered to seek and find his own death on American soil. He met his fate, as he doubtless must have wished, at the head of his grenadiers and in the moment of victory. Another noble spirit, the Chevalier Duplessis-Mauduit, who had received his eagle from the hands of Washington himself, was murdered in a revolt of his own

troops at Port-au-Prince in 1791. Infected by the arrival in St. Domingo of a regiment drafted partly from the galleys and partly from the Jacobin clubs of Paris, his men suddenly rose against him, in the name of what they were pleased to style 'the rights of man.' One of his own grenadiers dealt him a sabre stroke that cleft his face asunder. "*Tu donnes bien mal un coup de sabre pour un grenadier*," retorted his unfortunate colonel, throwing bare his breast: "*C'est ici qu'il fallait frapper!*" and he fell dead, with twenty bayonets buried in his heart. Who does not recollect the gallant Baron de Viomesnil, who, in conjunction with Lafayette, carried by storm the two redoubts at Yorktown? He was murdered on the 10th of August, 1792, at the head of those few score gentlemen of France, who, armed only with their dress rapiers and what chance weapons they could lay their hands upon, defended the Tuileries against the attack of thousands, in the vain attempt to preserve the life of their king, and the laws and liberties of their nation! Lamartine gives, in his Histoire des Girondins (vol. iii. p. 394) a picturesque description of the entrance of a foul mob of Marseillais into Paris, in 1792, dragging with them, in defiance of the express prohibition of the Convention and of the laws of the land, a number of *suspected* prisoners, loaded with chains, and headed by the venerable Duc de Brissac, whom they had brought from Orléans, to be butchered in the capital. At the tail of the horse of Fournier, the American, the wretch who commanded this crew, dangled a collar composed of the eagles of the Cincinnati and the crosses of St. Louis, torn from the breasts of his unhappy victims, and dragged thus amid the shouts and jeers of the populace through the blood-stained streets of that guilty city. It is hardly necessary to add that the prisoners, manacled and defenceless as they were, were set upon almost on the moment they had entered within the town walls, and were publicly assassinated with every aggravation of inhuman barbarity, ere they had even undergone the mockery of a trial, and without even being brought to a halt or suffered to be lodged in jail. Forty-seven bodies, with hands and feet still fettered together, heaped up in the middle of the street, attested that day, says Lamartine, both the cruelty and the

cowardice of their butchers. Their bleeding hearts were exhibited in the cafés; their dissevered heads were stuck around the palace of Versailles, or placed upon the President's table in the Chamber of the National Convention, amid the unsuppressed applause of the members. He was a fortunate man among the French Cincinnati that met an honorable death upon the battle-field; thrice blessed was he who died in his bed. Among the few, however, for whom Fortune reserved happier days, we notice some not uninteresting names. Anne de Montmorenci, Prince de Laval, the descendant of the Grand Constable, was one of the regiment of Noailles (Chasseurs d'Alsace) so fruitful of future republican generals. His adherence to the Bourbons was rewarded with the Golden Fleece, and numberless other honors and dignities, and he died only in 1837. So, too, the Count de Ségur, son of the famous French minister, and his wife, a beautiful Creole of America, survived until 1832, having enjoyed, as statesman, diplomatist, and author, an enviable career. But the destinies of the French Cincinnati have not been auspicious; and when, a few years back, it was sought to obtain some light as to the present condition of the Society, the result of the inquiry was very discouraging.

It remains only to bring our sketch of the Order in America from 1784, where we left it, down to the present time. Since that period, very little has been said or done, from without, against its tranquillity. A Mr. Brackenridge, with a genius as erratic, though not quite so highly favored, as Mr. Burke's, attempted a sort of *Cincinnatiad*, in doggerel verse, the poetical merit of which is not very remarkable. Like his colleague, too, he bore the judicial ermine, being afterwards one of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Internal decay has been the chief enemy of the Society. From political motives, we presume, the Virginia State Society was soon dissolved: of those of North Carolina and Georgia, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, we can learn nothing; we presume they, too, have ceased to exist. In 1804, the Connecticut Society was dissolved, in consequence of the refusal of the legislature to grant them a charter; and long before that time, the Delaware Society had taken the same step, and divided its

funds among the members. Of the Maryland Society we can discover little more than what is contained in the Appendix to Mr. McSherry's history of that State. He says that its original rolls, institution, etc., are deposited with the Historical Society of Maryland; from which we conclude it also must have been dissolved. He adds a list of the names, ranks, time of service, date of commissions, and residences of the original members — one hundred and fifty-one in all. Among them we find the names of Smallwood, Gist, and Otho H. Williams, of Goldsborough, John Eager Howard, Tench Tilghman, Jenifer, and other famous men. According to the rules of the Society, the representatives of any of these gentlemen, or of the members of any State Society, may obtain admission into that of any State in which they may happen to reside; a privilege of which they perhaps are ignorant. In South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts, the Society is still preserved with more or less zeal. In South Carolina, where General Moultrie was the first President, the number of original members was one hundred and thirty-one. In 1849, the Society numbered seventy-one active members. In Massachusetts, the original members amounted to three hundred and thirty-four. Further than that it is reported to flourish, we know nothing of its present condition. Of New Jersey, from first to last, we cannot glean any thing, save that it still exists on apparently a very excellent footing. No State Society is, perhaps, in a better position than that of Pennsylvania, though its rolls show a present strength only of some fifty or sixty members, compared with an original roll of two hundred and fifty-nine. But it has enjoyed the advantages of incorporation ever since 1792; its affairs have always been well managed, and its pecuniary condition is very respectable. And, not unmindful of its charitable nature, we are told that it accomplishes a considerable though unseen amount of good. It is in New York, however, that we apprehend the Society has been preserved with the greatest warmth. Virginia has hardly afforded a larger proportion of Presidents to the Union than this State has to the Cincinnati. Hamilton, Lewis, Popham, all Revolutionary officers, were citizens of New

York; and now we see Senator Fish, of that State, the actual presiding officer. When Colonel Hamilton, being at the time President-General of the Society, was killed by Burr, in 1804, to the New York Cincinnati was committed the direction of his funeral obsequies; and a pathetic inscription in the robing room of Trinity Church still attests the sincerity of their grief. So late as 1826, the prescribed forms, observed on the admission of a new member, were so curious that we cannot resist transcribing some account of the admission of Chancellor Robert R. Livingstone, in 1786. The audience being prepared, we are told, "and the kettle-drums and trumpets having already occupied their places," the standard-bearer of the Society, in his ancient Continental uniform, escorted by four members also in full uniform, took his position on the right of the *dais*. Then entered the Masters of Ceremony; the members, two by two; the Secretary, carrying the original Institution, bound in light blue satin; the Treasurer and Deputy-Treasurer, bearing white satin cushions, on which were displayed the eagles and diplomas of the new members; the Vice-President, and, last of all, the President, who, on this occasion, was the Baron de Steuben. At his entrance, the standard saluted, and the kettle-drums and trumpets gave a flourish, until he had taken the chair of state on the *dais*, when the standard was again raised, and the members, who till now had remained standing, seated themselves. The candidates having been then introduced and duly admonished, the President and all the members arose, and the former, covering, with much form and ceremony, admitted the new comers into the Society, and introduced them to their brother members. This custom, however, has gone out of vogue now, like another rule of the Society, that every member should appear in his cocked hat and side-arms on the fourth of July: — a pretty figure a modern member would cut in such a guise! This State Society originally comprised two hundred and thirty members; its present numbers are seventy-three. In looking over the original roll, we were irresistibly reminded of Irving's nomenclature of Governor Stuyvesant's army, such a goodly array of old Knickerbocker names greeted our eyes: Tjerck Beekman, Brockholst Liv-

ingston, Wilhelmus Ryckman, Rudolph Van Hoevenbargh, Tunis Van Wagenen, David Van Horne, and to crown all, *Goose Van Schaick*, Colonel of the 1st N. Y. Regiment! We verily fear that last gentleman's posterity have not perpetuated the family name.

The continual decrease in the ranks of the Cincinnati seems, reasonably enough, to have occasioned its members considerable food for reflection. There are several causes that have tended to produce this result, beside a possible disinclination to join on the part of those entitled to do so. Families die out; others remove to some other State, in the West, perhaps, where there are no organizations; and in a generation or so, the matter is lost sight of. At their last general meeting, however, a change in the Constitution was proposed to the different State Societies, to be acted on by them previously to the next general meeting in 1854. The effect of these alterations is to admit any or all of the male posterity of all those, who, under the original institution, *might* have joined the Society, even though they should have neglected so to do. Of course, this admission is placed under proper regulations. If all the State Societies agree to this measure, we may again see the Cincinnati in prospect of a prolonged existence. Otherwise, we fear that its race is nearly run; the same causes that have hitherto operated to waste it away will continue to work, till at last only its name will endure among us. We therefore trust to see these amendments adopted in sufficient season to prevent our surviving to read the epitaph of the Society, and to say of its memory what we would much prefer to continue to say of its incorporate self — *Esto Perpetua!*

ART. II. — *The Voyage of Life, Course of Empire, and Other Pictures of* THOMAS COLE; *with Selections from his Letters and Writings, illustrative of his Life, Character, and Genius.* By LOUIS L. NOBLE. New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law. 12mo.

WE cordially recommend this volume, as an accurate and

pleasing record of a most instructive life. The facts are authenticated by copious extracts from the diary and correspondence of the subject of it, and by sketches and minutes furnished by his friends. The critical remarks are confirmed by the judgment of men of pure taste, from both sides of the Atlantic; and our own recollections, which time can never efface, justify us in saying that there is no exaggeration in this estimate of a character, at once gentle and firm, enthusiastic yet just, impulsive but persevering, full of sympathy for all that was beautiful in nature and good in man, upright and true in all the relations of life, and in which the feelings and aspirations of the poet were always subjected to the duties and responsibilities of the christian. It was a life to be written both for the present and the future, a grateful remembrance for those who knew him, an eloquent exhortation for those who, like him, would strive earnestly in paths which, in this bustling world of ours, are beset with peculiar trials, and an assurance to all, when their steps falter and their hearts grow faint, that their sacrifices will not be forgotten. We shall avail ourselves of Mr. Noble's labors to sketch, in outline, the picture which he has drawn with so just an appreciation of his subject.

Thomas Cole was born at Bolton-le-Moore, Lancashire, England, on the first of February, 1801. He was the only son in a family of eight children, and the youngest child but one. His father was a cotton manufacturer, an amiable and upright man, with some share, it is said, of the poetic temperament which was imparted in so large a measure to his son, but with few of those qualities which make the successful man of business. He failed, and removed to Chorley, a few miles from the scene of his misfortune, where he hoped to find a better opening. But a change of place was not followed by any favorable change in his circumstances, and he continued to struggle along, with a large family to educate and provide for, as best he might.

Thomas was in his ninth year, diffident, sensitive, with tastes very different from those of the natural companions of his age, and apparently unfit for a hard struggle with life. His first experience of it was at a school at Chester, where

harsh treatment and bad fare broke his health. Then he was put into a print-work at Chorley, and employed in making designs for calicoes. His father would have had him bind himself out to an attorney or an iron manufacturer; but his artistic sense was already awakening, and he found a charm in his drawings and colors, which neither of the other occupations possessed, though fortune seemed to lie directly in their path. As a compensation for the rude companions he was compelled to live with, he had the good luck to find, among his fellow-laborers, an old Scotchman, who took a fancy to him, and won his affections at once by repeating ballads to him, and telling him long stories about the lakes and mountains of Scotland. In his leisure hours, his greatest delight was to take long walks with his sister Sarah, through the green lanes and among the fields, as if he already began to feel in what a close companionship he was to live with nature. When their rambles led them far from home, and they began to feel tired, they would look out for some pleasant little nook to rest in, and wile away the time with music, his sister singing and he accompanying her on the flute, which he played sweetly. Soon, too, but how soon we are not told, he began to write verses, which had merit enough to attract attention beyond the family circle. In short, the history of these first years is a tale that has often been told, of unconscious genius forcing its way instinctively, like a plant misplaced, towards the genial ray which alone can make it what nature meant it to be.

Meanwhile, his father was as much straitened as ever, and was anxiously casting about him for some means of making a better provision for his family. A few years later, his thoughts would naturally have turned towards America; but emigration had not yet become the matter of course for an European in distress, that it is now, and but for one of those apparent chances, which so often decide for us when we are at a loss to decide for ourselves, he would, in all probability, have continued to struggle on in the old track, till Thomas had found out his true vocation, and made his way to patronage and the Royal Academy, or worn himself out in the contest. This chance was a book about North America, with de-

scriptions of wild forests, and vast lakes, and mighty rivers, which set the young poet's imagination in a glow. This was the country for him, and if he could only once find himself on the banks of the Ohio, life would be a different thing for them all. The enthusiasm was quickly communicated to the rest of the family, and all began to turn their thoughts westward. Either before this decision was taken, or while the preparations were making, Thomas went to Liverpool to work as an engraver, the last struggle for mere sustenance in the land of his birth. On the 3d of July, 1819, he landed, with all his family, at Philadelphia.

Here, too, engraving was his first resource. His father opened a dry goods store, and Thomas sought employment of the booksellers, who, little conscious of the rare genius that was toiling for them in working out wood-cuts for school-books and cheap editions of popular works, wounded his sensitive nature by calling him a wood-cutter. One of the records of these toilsome days, which nothing but his buoyant hopefulness could have carried him through so cheerfully, is still preserved in his family, — an object of deep interest, in spite of its artistic deficiencies, and somewhat more so, perhaps, for its subject, a figure of grief leaning upon a monument under the shade of a willow tree. Some of his early companions, too, have preserved affectionate recollections of him at his daily task, whistling and singing by turns, as he plied his "graver," then taking up his flute and playing an air or two, sometimes so sweetly as to bring the tears to their eyes, and then, with lightened spirits, seating himself again at his little table under the window-sill, and working away as busily as if his heart had been in the task.

His father, after a short and not very successful trial in business, had followed out his original plan and settled himself on the banks of the Ohio. Thomas remained in Philadelphia, boarding in a Quaker family, where his memory is still cherished, and working for the booksellers. Here he made the acquaintance of a young law student, who making, in the winter, a voyage to St. Eustatia for his health, prevailed upon Cole to accompany him. This voyage gave him a sight of the rich scenery of the tropics, with its

luxuriant vegetation, and undoubtedly hastened the development of his artistic instincts. He made a view of St. Eustatia, which, though nothing more, we believe, than a copy, deserves mention, as one of his earliest efforts with the pencil. And here, too, we find him indulging his taste for those foot excursions, which, in after years, contributed such treasures to his portfolio, and have left such delightful recollections with the friends who had the good fortune to share them. In May, he returned to Philadelphia, and in the autumn, set out to join his family at Steubenville, walking the greater part of the way, buoyant, hopeful, and as light of heart as in purse.

His new home was just such a one as a landscape painter or a young poet would love, — rich forest scenery, a noble river, deep solitudes within his reach on every side, and immediately around him fresh traces of the struggle between man and nature. Here he remained two years, the most important, perhaps, of his life, though neither he nor any one that saw him at the time could have divined what they were doing for him.

His father had opened a manufactory of paper-hangings, and, in the designs and arrangement of the colors, he found something congenial enough with his natural tastes to make the assistance required of him not altogether an ungrateful task. It was not like working in iron, or studying forms in a lawyer's office. He could ramble about, too, as he chose, and enjoy nature even more freely than when he used to stroll with his sister through the green lanes of England. But he had reached that point at which the mind is no longer satisfied with the consciousness of present enjoyment. It was as delightful as ever, and even more so, to walk by the river side, and lie down under the old trees, and watch the checkered play of light and shade on the leaves and the grass. But from this keen delight sprang a longing for something more than the mere forms of nature could give, a yearning after something vague and indefinite, perhaps, but the want of which made him sad; a feeling like that with which we look at the stars on a clear night, wondering at their beauty and loving them for it, and yet striving all the while to look beyond. His love of music made this feeling still stronger.

The enjoyment of nature is never complete except when the eye and the ear perform their parts equally; and with his flute he could recall the impressions which sweet sounds had made. Yet when he had played his sweetest tune, his heart was not satisfied; and when he had done his best to describe his feelings in verse, he felt that there was still something wanting to the full expression of his love of nature, and the thoughts which beautiful objects awakened within him.

There is no part of life more painful, and at the same time more interesting, than this. We have watched it more than once, and a fearful struggle it is, though there are some who pass through it almost unconsciously, and come out upon you when you least expect it, with a consciousness of purpose, and a power and fulness of expression, that seem like a sudden gift.

We once knew a young artist in the second stage of this development. He had learned to draw accurately and color with effect; but he had not learned to arrange his thoughts distinctly, and his mind was teeming with them. Every thing seemed to take the form of a picture for him. One afternoon in Lent, we were wandering together through the crumbling galleries of the Coliseum, pausing now and then to pick a shrub from the walls, or to look through the broken arches, when a procession of penitents, in their black gowns and long hoods covering every part of them but their eyes, marched slowly into the arena, chanting one of those lugubrious strains which would bring a cloud over the mind anywhere, but which, in the Coliseum, fairly make one shudder. The next day, he showed us a spirited sketch of Galileo before the Inquisition, which he had been obliged to get up in the night to paint, before he could drive out of his mind the painful images which those spectral figures and that gloomy chant had conjured up there. Another time, he had been to see a chariot race upon the Pincian, and as he was describing it, he took out his pencil and drew a profile sketch of one of the drivers, a beautiful girl with outstretched arms and long locks floating on the wind. In the course of the evening, the conversation came round to alchemy, and, by a natural transition, to the old alchemist in

the "Student of Salamanca." Suddenly the pencil was at work again; and in a few moments, the outstretched arms of the young charioteer were grasping the form of a venerable old man, whom two fiendish wretches were forcing away; and the mere thrill of excitement, which had been the first expression of the lovely countenance, was changed, by a few rapid touches, into a mingling of surprise and terror and agony, which told you at once that that old man was her father.

His conceptions were so vivid that they haunted him like realities; and we shall never forget the commiserating tone with which a very worthy gentleman, wholly guiltless of imagination, asked us, one morning, if poor P—— was not a little cracked. "What makes you think so?" was our Yankee reply. "He was at our rooms last evening, and told us such a wild story of a dream of his, about flying, and how he felt with his wings, clear up in the air, with eagles whizzing by him, and the lightning flashing all around him, giving him glimpses of the earth through the openings which it made in the clouds." Alas, poor P——! The struggle was too hard for him; and before his imagination had been calmed into regular and effective action, he returned home and died of a brain fever. A few years longer, and his grave would have been a spot that young genius would have knelt at as a shrine. Now, the only garland that blooms there is that of private affection.

We are not wandering from our subject, although we may seem to be; for poor P——'s untimely fate was an event which Cole often spoke about with deep sympathy. For him, the difficulty lay in the first stage. Much as he had seen of nature, he had seen but little of art; and it was not the power of arranging his thoughts that he wanted, but the knowledge of a medium through which he could express them. Chance again came to his aid, and this time too, in the shape of a book, a volume on art, which he borrowed from an itinerant portrait-painter of the name of Stein. The great names that he read there were what the names in Plutarch have been for many a young mind; and the details and explanations, all carefully illustrated, showed him at once what he had been

sighing for so long, without knowing where to look for it, — the means of expressing himself to others as nature expressed herself to him. He saw Stein prepare his colors, and set his palette, and looked on him with a new-found joy as he watched the strokes of his brush gradually covering the dull canvas with the warm glow of life. His course was now clear. He must be an artist; but where should he go for the implements of art? He had worked a little at ornamental painting for a chair-maker, and from him he got some colors. He had always had a happy knack at making little things for himself which rich men buy; and now he made himself something to perform the office of brushes. His canvas was imperfectly prepared, his easel clumsy, and his palette well suited to the colors with which it was set; but what was all this with such hopes before him as that precious volume had opened? Drawing he already had some idea of. He had copied the figures on china vases, drawn from engravings, heads, ruins, and all sorts of things, good and bad; but this was color, the warm, glowing color; — blue, that might be made to imitate the soft sky, into whose depths he loved to gaze; green, that might spread over his canvas the smile that makes earth so bright; and hues of various mixture, which, when his hand should have grown cunning in their use, would shed the golden sunlight over clouds of his own creation, and flow, in transparent meanderings, through scenes of fairy loveliness. We can see him at his work, no longer a task; those thoughtful eyes of bluish gray, that broad forehead, still shaded by soft brown locks, the nose, with its clear outline and expanding nostrils, that corresponded so well to the firm and vigorous mouth, all, even to the pallid cheeks, lighted up with the first thrill of realized hope, while the nervous tremulousness with which he always approached a new pleasure gradually changes, as his thoughts grow clearer and his conceptions more vivid, into a beautiful earnestness, the calm and majestic consciousness of power.

Still many a weary day was to pass before his hand could become the faithful interpreter of his thoughts. The general study of nature had filled his mind with a deep sense of the harmonies of light and shade, woodland and meadow, moun-

tain and stream, just as an early familiarity with poetry tunes the ear to the natural music of language. But now these things were to be studied in their minute details; the landscape to be broken down into hill and plain, shadowy hollow and sunny slope, stream and meadow, rock, bush, and tree; the tree itself divided into trunk, branch, and leaf, and each leaf carefully examined as a separate element, and each variety of trunk and branch accurately drawn as an independent study, till they could all be combined again, with truth in every individual constituent, and a pervading harmony in all. When the young artist is free to follow his natural bent, unchecked, there are exquisite moments in these minute studies of nature, by which he penetrates, as it were, more deeply into the secret of her manifold beauties, and discovers variety and novelty of form where the untrained eye sees nothing but tame uniformity.

Few, however, of these pleasures fell to the lot of poor Cole. He had found his profession, it is true, and there was a buoyancy and life in the thought; but till he could rise high enough to live for it, he was compelled to put fetters on his imagination and be content to live by it. This he could not do by landscape. Taste for art was not to be looked for in the Ohio of that day. But people loved to see their own faces on canvas; and this harmless vanity, which some of our universal apologists have cited as a proof of our domestic affections, has at least had the merit of giving, now and then, a helping hand to genius.

It was on a clear, cold morning of February, 1822, that Cole, after having tried his hand upon a few heads at home, set out upon his first and last excursion as a portrait-painter. Brushes, colors, clothes, and his inseparable companion, his flute, were all crowded together into a green baize bag, which he slung over his shoulder; and, with some of George Wakefield's confidence in the fortune that awaited him, he turned his steps towards St. Clairsville. His first mishap was a fall through the ice in crossing a stream. But fortunately the current was not rapid enough to draw him under, and, holding his bag over his head with one hand and breaking the ice with the other, he made his way to the bank. Next he found,

on reaching St. Clairsville, that a German painter had been there before him, and painted half the village. However, a few heads were left, and, after toiling five long days at one of them, a saddler's, he had the satisfaction to hear his work pronounced good by an old man who had once made a journey to Philadelphia, and, therefore, knew all about it. The saddler was delighted, and gave him a new saddle for his pay. A militia officer and a shopkeeper came next; and, by throwing in a fiery battle-piece into the background of the warrior's portrait, he took him so completely on the vulnerable side, that between the two he got a silver watch, with a chain and key, for his labors. The chain and key, like the silver-rimmed spectacles in the "Vicar of Wakefield," turned out to be copper. Last of all, he was called in to retouch one of the pictures of his German rival, a flattering recognition of his superiority, and was rewarded with a pair of shoes and a dollar.

This would hardly do; and away he went to Zanesville. But here, too, the German was beforehand with him, and had already got the landlord of the inn and his whole family upon the canvas. However, a Clairsville acquaintance sat for his portrait, and a few more followed at intervals. He formed a friendship with a young lawyer, an amateur in art, with whom he painted a landscape in partnership, leaving the figures to his friend, as the most experienced of the two. With him he could talk about pictures, take long walks through the woods, and build castles in the air. Still sitters were wanting, his purse empty, and his board bill running on. The landlord, who had promised to take an "historical piece" for his pay, broke his word, and demanded it in cash. But Cole had made friends, if he had not made money; and settling with the publican by their assistance, he shouldered his bag and started for Chilicothe. The third day saw him near the end of his seventy-five miles' walk on the banks of the Scioto. He was tired with his hot walk in the sun, and a little cast down by his want of success. "Here goes poor Tom," he cried, "with only a sixpence in his pocket." It was the first voice he had heard for hours, and the tears started to his eyes. But suddenly checking himself, he sat down on the trunk of a

tree, drew out his flute, and played himself into hopefulness again with a merry tune.

At Chilicothe, also, trial and disappointment were in store for him. He worked for such as would employ him, struggled manfully and bore up through every thing; but in spite of good will and almost invincible elasticity of hope, his purse was exhausted, his wardrobe shrunk to a single suit, and sadly turning his face homeward, he retraced his steps towards Steubenville, where he found his family on the point of removing to Pittsburg. Some practice with his brush, a new form of his rough experience of life, a few new friends, and a landscape, which showed very clearly where his talent lay, were the only results of this first and last essay of itinerant art.

His family started for Pittsburg, and he remained at Steubenville, in the hope of working off his Zanesville debt by painting the scenes for a "Thespian company" that had recently been formed there. The work was done, but the pay fell short of his expectations. He then began a landscape and two pieces from Scripture, and received orders for a couple of portraits. But one Sunday, two mischievous boys broke into his room, cut up his canvas, mixed all his colors, destroyed his brushes, and left him without any thing to work with, and a positive loss of forty dollars. He then followed his family to Pittsburg, where he helped his father in making floor-cloths, and, what was more to the purpose, set himself seriously to the minute and careful study of nature.

In spite of all the discouragements he had met with, his devotion to art had never been shaken. The longer he worked, the more strongly he became convinced that if he was ever to do any thing in the world, it must be with his pencil. Even at the close of his unsuccessful expedition as a portrait-painter, he had startled his amateur friend at Zanesville, by proposing to him to throw up his law, make art his profession, and go and establish himself with him at Philadelphia, where talent and perseverance could not fail to make themselves a way. His father was strongly opposed to a pursuit which seemed to hold out such faint prospects of

success, for he had struggled too long with poverty himself, not to dread it for his son. His mother, who saw how completely his happiness was dependent upon his art, felt a secret confidence that such devotion would not go unrewarded, and was willing that he should make the trial. Never did a son strive more earnestly to do his duty towards his parents, and the sequel showed that it was no want of filial reverence that led him to act against his father's will; for the first fruits of his success were devoted to his family, and he always regarded it as one of the greatest privileges of his prosperity, that it gave him the means of providing for his father and mother when they were unable to provide for themselves. But here his path was plain. He had reached the age when men must decide for themselves, and his passion for art was too strong to be resisted. Throwing himself, therefore, once more and decisively upon the world, with but six dollars in his pocket, scanty clothing, and no overcoat but a thin cloth table-cover, which his mother snatched from the table and threw over his shoulders as he was leaving, he bade a final adieu to the West, and, after a tedious journey on foot, during which he suffered almost every thing from cold, poverty, and coarse company, he reached Philadelphia in November, 1823.

Shall we attempt to describe the sufferings of that winter? tell how a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water were his food and drink; how he slept at night on a bare floor, with no covering but the clothes he had worn through the day, and the table-cover which had served him as a cloak during his journey; how, with nothing for furniture but the indispensable implements of his profession, he toiled, day after day, in a little garret room, warming himself by thrusting his legs through the oven of a half-heated stove, or running up and down a narrow alley and threshing his benumbed hands, till the blood began to move again; how he bore all this till rheumatism seized him in its most painful form, leaving him penniless and helpless; and yet that he ceased not to hope, and clung firmly to his art, and struggling resolutely through it all with unwavering faith, studied and worked, and at last became known?

His works were small landscapes and bar-room scenes,

recollections, perhaps, many of them, of painful parts of his own experience, but which readily found a place in barbers' shops and oyster-cellars. After a while, too, he got regular employment as an ornamental painter, and decorated bellows and brushes, and Japan ware, with figures and birds and flowers, sighing now and then, as he bent over his task, but trusting still that the better days would come. Once he was called to paint a portrait from a corpse, and after toiling several days, was compelled to go to law for his pay. Spring, summer, and autumn came, but brought no sweet hours of repose in the forest shade, or on the cool banks of mountain streams; but he would wander through the squares at evening, when his work was done, and study the trees. And with that overflowing love of nature, which neither toil nor penury could chill, he marked them all out as individual objects of affection, to which his feelings clung the more closely, as there was little else around him to call them forth. There was another bright side, too, — the hours he passed at the Academy, drawing from the casts, and studying the landscapes, which seemed to him full of an unattainable beauty; and the occasional composition of pieces in which he could indulge his memory and give a freer play to his imagination.

In this way, he struggled on till April of 1825, growing rapidly as an artist, but failing to find the encouragement he had hoped. Meanwhile, his family had removed to New York, and were anxious to have him with them. Just as he was upon the point of leaving, his sister Sarah came to Philadelphia with her husband, on her way to join her father and mother. A day was given up to her, and wandering arm in arm, as of old, they went over all his favorite walks. "Now, tell me," said he, as they were passing through one of the squares, "which of all these trees I love the best." They had passed too many hours together in the fields and woods, to leave her in doubt, and the anecdote is well worthy of record in a life devoted to the unwearied study of nature.

In New York, his long hopes began to be realized. His father was living in Greenwich street, and in a narrow garret room, feebly lighted by a dormer-window, he set himself to his work. His first pieces were five landscape compositions, which

an acquaintance, a Mr. Dixey, allowed him to put in his shop window for exhibition. They brought him but forty dollars in money, but procured him the friendship of Mr. George Buren, who, with a happy appreciation of the young artist's talent which ought never to be forgotten, gave him the means of resuming his studies from nature amid the rich scenery of the Hudson. The first fruits of this study were a view of Fort Putnam, the "Lake with dead Trees," and the "Falls of the Caterskill." Trumbull saw them, purchased the "Falls," and hung it up in his own studio. The same day, meeting Dunlap, he called his attention to this new-born genius; and then finding Cole himself, invited him to his studio, and asked Durand to come and see the picture and the artist. "Young man," said the veteran to the shrinking youth, "you surprise me, at your age, to paint like this. You have already done what, with all my years and experience, I am unable to do." The ordeal was passed; public attention was awakened; commissions came pouring in. His fame, to borrow Durand's spirited expression, spread like wildfire; and Americans, still exulting in the first interpretation of their native scenery by Irving, and Cooper, and Bryant, hailed with enthusiasm this new consecration of its "visible forms" by one who had looked upon them with the artist's eye and the heart of a poet.

The next four years were years of great exertion, attended, for the most part, with a happiness that was new to him, the happiness of acknowledged success. He could go about, and mingle among men with the elastic consciousness that he was appreciated and understood. He could go to his work with the invigorating certainty that the canvas, over which he had bent with conscientious assiduity, would neither be left to warp and fade in the smoke of a bar-room, or be hawked about in oyster-cellars and show-shops, scarcely leaving him the means of paying for his garret and his loaf. He could look back upon the past, even the bitterest of it, with a smile, and feel that the strength which had overcome such obstacles would be more than sufficient for any trial that might yet be in store.

His home was New York, but he quickly fixed his affec-

tions upon Catskill, where the combination of mountain, valley, and river afforded an exhaustless field for his pencil and the lonely musings, which formed a part of his study of nature. He travelled, too, extensively, and almost always more or less on foot, — true artistic exploring expeditions, with knapsack and sketch-book, carrying him over a wide range of scenery, and storing his portfolio with elaborate studies of the peculiar characteristics of American landscape. His pen was equally busy. Blank leaves of his sketch-book were filled up with descriptions of scenery and records of the day's adventures. The love of poetry seemed to grow in him with his progress in art, and he wrote as he painted, in obedience to an irresistible impulse. Some of his compositions are long poems, others brief effusions, thrown off under the action of a strong feeling, but all equally the expression of pure thoughts, noble aspirations, and exquisite sensibility.

At first, he seemed disposed to confine himself, in his paintings, almost exclusively to uncultivated nature. His landscapes, whether gentle or grand, are scenes into which civilization has never penetrated; and if human life appears in them in any form, it is in that of nature's own child, the untamed Indian. You cannot help feeling that he would have been an excellent friend for Leatherstocking, so deeply are his pictures imbued with the same spirit which inspired some of Cooper's finest pages. These were the works which made him immediately popular. They were not only full of truth and beauty, but they were perfectly intelligible; and few amongst us looked for any thing in art, beyond the quiet pleasure which arises from the accurate representation of familiar things.

With him, however, this was not enough. It was not merely an agreeable sensation that he asked from nature, but invigorating thought. When he had painted things for a while as they are, he came to ask himself how they might be: why the crag, that he had found in one spot, might not be combined with the torrent or lake that he had seen in another; and why, by these combinations, natural objects might not be made to speak a language as intelligible as any other form of poetry. It was with this feeling, though per-

haps not yet fully developed even in his own mind, that he painted the "Garden of Eden," and the "Expulsion;" — imperfect expressions of his conception, but beautiful harbingers of what he was soon to do.

A natural consequence of this progress was a strong desire to see and study the great schools of European art; for his mind was too philosophical, and his range of thought too extensive, to allow him to cherish the silly delusion that, in a world like ours, in which the present is but a link between the past and the future, the man who wilfully neglects what has been done by others, can ever hope to accomplish any thing of permanent value himself. At first, he had counted upon the sale of his two new pictures for the means of passing a year or two in Europe. But in this he was disappointed; for, although he had bestowed great labor upon them, the style was too new to please immediately. It was a serious disappointment; but a friend, whom he had made by his pencil, came to his aid, in a manner equally honorable to them both. This generous man, whose name we place on record for the important services which, by his judicious patronage, he rendered to American art at a critical period of its development, was Robert Gilmor, of Baltimore, to whom we owe one of Greenough's earliest productions, the beautiful figure of Medora. The spring of '29 was one of great excitement for Cole. "I am living in anticipation," he says, in a letter to Mr. Gilmor, "but my anticipations are not all pleasing; for, in going to study the great works of art, I feel like one who is going to his first battle, and knows neither his strength nor his weakness." And then, suddenly checking himself, with that modesty which never forsook him, he adds: "Perhaps I betray some vanity in what I have just said; for I am not going to fight, but to learn to fight."

Before he started, he painted a picture to take with him, "Hagar in the Wilderness," which, at the moment, he hoped would prove his "best effort," though he afterwards became dissatisfied, and painted another picture over it. He went to Niagara, too, as if to take one more full draught from the fresh fountain of nature, before he seated himself at the feet of the great masters of art. And then, on the first of June, he set sail

for London. Feelings strangely mingled must have crowded into his mind as he sailed down the bay, and gave a farewell glance at the scenes which had taken so strong a hold upon his affections. The land that he was leaving had become dearer to him than the land of his birth. Ten years ago, he had come to it a stranger, poor, friendless, and unknown. And now he was leaving behind him warm friends and a brilliant name of his own making; while the prospect before him was filled with every thing that could gratify his taste or flatter his ambition. Bryant's beautiful sonnet is a faithful expression of the feelings of his friends, and the best record of the place that Cole had taken among those whose praise is immortality.

In England he passed nearly two years, studying in his own way, not by copying, but by carefully examining the works of the best masters, and trying rather to catch their spirit than to imitate their manner. Claude and Gaspar Poussin delighted him. He admired many things in Turner; but the English school of art seemed to him false and unnatural, a striving after brilliant effects, instead of a careful study of nature. "They have a mania," says he, "for what *they* call generalizing, which is nothing more nor less than the idle art of making a little study go a great way." The scenery he enjoyed and studied carefully; but with the exception of Lawrence, who received him kindly, though he died shortly after Cole's arrival, and Rogers, to whom he had been introduced by Cooper, he found but little sympathy, either among artists or their patrons. At the exhibitions, his pictures were hung in the worst places, and the labor of weeks thrust into some obscure corner to make room for some meretricious thing that has long been forgotten.

In Paris, he unfortunately found the old pictures covered up by the modern exhibition. But his quick eye readily detected the noble compositions of Scheffer, amid the crowd of "Battles, Venuses, and Psyches," the bloody and the voluptuous, which annually fill the spacious halls of the Louvre.

Then came Italy. As he glided down the Rhone, on his way thither, he remembered the Hudson; and gazing thoughtfully at the remnants of feudal days that lie scattered along

the banks of the lovely stream, saw visions of the past which sank deep into his memory, to revive again in some of the loveliest of his pictures. His journals and letters contain beautiful records of the feelings with which he first looked on the Mediterranean, sailed along the majestic coast of Liguria, made himself a home in Florence, studied under the Cyclopean walls of Volterra, looked out upon Rome from the room in which Claude had painted, drank to the full from the rich scenery of Naples, and then, returning again to Florence, threw off picture after picture with a sureness of touch and a fulness of feeling, which made him exclaim, when he looked back upon it in after years, "I was in the spirit of it. Oh, that I were there again, and in the same spirit!"

The winter of '32–3 found him at home again, with his pictures ranged around him in his exhibition rooms, at the corner of Wall street and Broadway, noble records of the last three years. And we have named the spot, for it was there that he formed the acquaintance of Luman Reed, the most liberal and intelligent among the patrons of American art, one of the few who feel how honorable it is to give genius the opportunity of working out its own conceptions, and that wealth is never so well employed as when it opens new sources of permanent enjoyment. A commission for an Italian scene was the first result of this acquaintance, which, quickly ripening into the free communion of friendship, afforded Cole the opportunity, he had long desired, of expressing his views of the power and office of art to one capable of appreciating them. It is to this circumstance that we owe the "Course of Empire," a subject which he had conceived several years before, but with little hope of ever being able to paint it. The feelings with which he approached this great work, the conscientiousness with which he labored upon it, the doubts and hopes and difficulties, the fluctuations of spirits, and yet the unwavering faith with which he brought it to its termination, and with it all, his deep grief when he was called to follow his generous friend to the grave, before he could prove how well he had deserved the confidence that had been placed in him,— are beautifully portrayed in his letters and journal. The brief entry of October 29, 1836, is so characteristic that we

will venture to extract it: "I have just returned from the city, where I have been with the series of pictures painted for Mr. Reed. When I took them, I was fearful they would disappoint the expectations of my friends. I have been greatly surprised, for they seem to give universal pleasure."

The place to which he "returned" was Catskill, which, from a summer retreat, had become almost a permanent residence. Hither he hastened with the first buds of spring, and here he lingered till the mountain tops were white with the first snows of winter. He could not bear the city when the fields were green, or the forests clad in those wonderful autumn hues which he had painted so beautifully; and he would as soon have thought of going without his daily food as of living the year round where he could not see the sun rise and set. Soon, too, Catskill acquired another claim upon him, the strongest of all claims for a heart pure, tender, and confiding like his. A name that occurs once or twice in his journal, and an occasional allusion, are the only traces of the new feeling which had come to mingle its happy influences with his love of nature and art. But on the 22d of November, 1836, while his heart was yet glowing with the success of his "Course of Empire," he was married to Maria Barton, and, for the first time in his life, had a home of his own.

The time now passed swiftly and happily. He painted, wrote, made from time to time long excursions to study some new scene, came occasionally to town to exhibit a picture, or pass a while within reach of his friends, Bryant, Durand, Huntington, Ver Bryck, and then returned again with renewed vigor to his quiet home and beloved mountains. In a few months, he was at work upon one of his noblest pieces, "The Departure and the Return." "The Past and the Present" soon followed; landscapes of various kinds filled up the busy interval, and then came the "Voyage of Life."

It is not our intention to follow out the order and origin of his numerous works, and still less to enter into a critical examination of them. Mr. Noble's fervid volume, and Bryant's inimitable funeral oration, contain all that can be asked in description and general criticism. Therefore, passing by many things which would naturally come into a fuller view, we

find him, in 1841, preparing for a second visit to Europe. Hard work, and still more, the necessity of adapting himself to the spirit of the times, and painting little pictures in order to live, when his mind was teeming with great compositions, had broken his health. Few think what a wasting power this longing for better things has, and how the mind, constrained to live in an atmosphere which is not its own, exhausts its strength in little efforts, loses the relish of present enjoyment because it sees nothing to cling to in the future, strives, struggles, resists, escaping now and then to its own world, to shudder and shrink as the cold reality comes and forces it back again to its dungeon, and dragging on through life, wearied and disheartened by the bitter consciousness that it has the power of doing great things which it will never be permitted to do.

And men look on and laugh at the impractical spirit which would pretend to mould things according to its own views. 'The more fool he! If he can't do one thing, let him do another. It is the law of life, which he cannot hope to change, and the sooner he makes up his mind to accept it, the better. If not, why, let him pine and die, too, if he choose; the world will be none the worse off for it.'

Perhaps not. And yet, would we not like to see what Chatterton might have done for us with a mind at ease? Tens of thousands have owed some of their happiest moments to the "Vicar of Wakefield." Would the sum of human enjoyment have gained nothing, if Goldsmith had been allowed to write another? Dryden wrote plays, to adapt himself to the times, and Burns was set to gauge beer as a reward for his poetry, and Arnold exhausted upon a school the energies that might have given us a perfect history of Rome. The spirit of the times is a big word, and men love to use it, sometimes as a pretext, and sometimes as an apology. But there are evil spirits that walk the earth, as well as good ones; and none among them more evil and more accursed than those which wantonly deride the earnest mind, and rob the world of things which would have made it happier and better.

Cole's health and spirits, as we have already said, were

drooping under these evil influences, and he resolved to try the effect of another visit to Europe. Elasticity of mind returned with change of scene. He enjoyed the ruins and feudal relics of England better than he had ever enjoyed them before. When he found himself once more in the Louvre, no longer with the modern exhibition, but with the masterpieces of the best ages of art around him, he "felt more of an artist than he had done for years." In his first visit, he had not seen Switzerland; but now, though the season was far advanced, he gave a glance at Lake Neufchâtel, the Bernese Alps, the Jura, and Geneva: then retraced his former route down the Rhone, staying long enough at Avignon to make a careful study of Vaucluse, and hurried rapidly onward to Rome.

There were still some old friends to welcome him back, Gibson and Wyatt; but the American circle, a very small one on his first visit, had now become an important element in the resources of a Roman winter. Crawford was just finishing off the Orpheus in marble; Terry had been working for months on his first large composition, "Christ disputing with the Doctors"; Rossiter had come with Cole himself; every week brought tidings of what Greenough, and Powers, and poor Clevenger, were doing in Florence; and students from every part of the country, all diligently studying in the life-academies and galleries, showed what rapid progress the love of art had made amongst us during the last ten years. There were social circles, too; winter visitors and permanent residents, with whom, apart from his high reputation, (and in Rome, as we have already said on another occasion, it is the great artist that is the great man,) his pleasing address and instructive conversation always made him a welcome guest.

Unwilling to lose an hour in a spot where every hour was so precious, he immediately sought out for himself a quiet little studio in the Babuino, with a bedroom on the same stairway, and went to work. Vaucluse was still fresh in his mind, and, with the studies he had made on the spot before him, he painted it on large canvas, with great force and truth. He felt a pleasure in painting Petrarch's hermitage in the city which had called forth some of his noblest strains. Then he returned to the "Voyage of Life," which he painted over

again, partly from memory, and partly from the sketches he had brought with him. These, with a small landscape, an Autumn scene, from some spot, if we remember right, near Catskill, were the finished works of the winter. But many hours were given to the Vatican and Capitol, to the rich landscapes of the Doria, to careful studies of Rome from St. Onofrio and the Pincian, sketches of the Campagna, with its ruined aqueducts, and towers, and tombs, and temples, and the glorious mountains in whose shadow it sleeps; to the grand old ilices of Villa Borghese, which the pencil will never draw again, and the pines of Doria Pamfili, and all those wonderful combinations of art and nature which lie so thick around you, at every step you take in Rome. His mind was always full, and his imagination always on the wing. It was delightful to sit by him and see him paint, for his thoughts never seemed to flow more freely, or clothe themselves in happier language. It was a pleasure, too, to visit the ruins with him; for though not a classical scholar, he had read much and carefully, and there were few whose minds those records of joys and sorrows that had passed away, stirred more deeply. Never shall we forget the tremulous tones of his voice as we followed our guide through the catacombs by the dim light of tapers, or the expression of his countenance when we emerged from those silent chambers, and caught the first glimpse of the bright blue sky, and the soft outline of the Alban mount sleeping sweetly in its purple veil. But the greatest pleasure of all was to walk with him at sunset, and through the long twilight, till the stars came forth and the moon rose. Then would all the fervor and earnestness of his mind awaken, and his beautiful fancy sport with exhaustless fertility. How happily would he trace the analogies of the moral and physical world! What delicate similes would he find in the objects that lay before us, for feelings and thoughts within, and with what an exquisite perception would he point out every change in the clouds, and on the mountain tops, and over the vast city, as the waning light slowly faded from them! It was on these occasions, too, that he loved best to talk of his art, and the pictures that he would paint if he could but follow it according to his own conception of its office.

One of those evenings we shall never forget. About a mile and a half beyond Porta Pia, there is a little bridge over the road, the old Nomentian road, which leads to the "sacred mountain," and skirts the line by which Hannibal rode up to the walls on that fearful day, when, for the first time in long years, the Romans looked down from their bulwarks on an enemy's camp. A low parapet protects the sides of the bridge; and on this parapet we took our seats, as the sun, just sinking behind the Vatican, was shedding his last rays on the mountain tops. On our left lay the Nomentian bridge, with its old arch and tower built up again from the devastation of Totila, and just beyond it, the low brow of the "sacred mountain," rising gently from the desolate bank of the Anio, to lose itself in the peculiar break and swell of the Campagna; and beyond it, the stern barrier of the Sabine mountains, swelling peak above peak, and mingling far off with the snow-capped Apennine. Before us lay the Campagna, with the Anio rushing rapidly, with many a bend and curve, between its narrow banks; Tivoli gleaming out from its olive orchards; and Palestrina just beyond, where young Marius took refuge when Sylla came back to avenge himself on his enemies, and Horace sat him down to read Homer in the shades that he loved; and still a little further on, and with a yet larger interval of Campagna between, the Alban mount, with broad forests growing out from its volcanic masses, and lakes rising up from the depths of its silent craters, and Palazzola stretching brightly along its slope, and Monte Cavi looking down as proudly from its wooded cone as when the cities of the Latins assembled in its shade, and Roman generals rode up over its triumphal way to sacrifice upon the altar of Jupiter. The city lay on our right, a few towers alone visible, mingling with the arches of the Claudian aqueduct.

We sat and watched the lingering light. We saw the shadows stealing up from the valley, and the last sunbeams meekly fading into twilight. We saw that second glow which bursts forth when the sun is gone, the last look of expiring day at the scenes which it has gladdened by its smile, swathing the mountain sides in golden floods, and playing along their rugged crests like lightning on the torn edges of a cloud.

Then this, too, passed away, and through the mountain gap above Tivoli came a soft and silvery light, gradually rising higher upon the horizon, and spreading wider and wider, till the full moon came forth unveiled, and poured down her beams so gently on all that magic scene, that the rough mountain sides looked soft and winning, and the dank vapors, that floated cloud-like far and wide over the Campagna, seemed islands of silvery light.

We spoke of the past; of the thousands who had come from distant places to look upon that scene; of the mysterious decree which had crowded so large a portion of the world's destinies within that narrow circle. We summoned the plebeians of old to people once more the deserted hill on which they had called into life the second element of Roman greatness. We pitched the tent of the Carthaginian on the banks of the Anio, and watched the beams that fell on the gray mounds that once were the Tusculum of Cicero. And as we asked ourselves why all this had been, and why it had been so, and not otherwise, Cole's thoughts went back to his "Course of Empire," and the thought from which it had sprung, and how he had hoped to make landscape speak to the heart by the pencil, as it was speaking to us, there, of the great questions of life. He spoke, too, of the great works which he had planned, in which nature was to tell a story of vaster import than the rise and fall of human power — the triumph of Christ. And as he spoke, his heart seemed to glow with the conception, and his imagination called up wonderful forms, and his words flowed fast and with burning eloquence, for it was a thought which had long been dear to him. He had clung to it through disappointment and depression. When compelled to force himself down to little tasks for his daily bread, it had still been with him a burning aspiration and a strengthening hope; and a few years later, when he laid down his pencil for the last time, the third picture of that wonderful series stood yet unfinished on his easel.

When we returned home, he asked for a copy of Bryant, and read the "Thanatopsis," and the "Hymn to the North Star," and as his mind grew calmer under the influence, his thoughts turned homewards to gentler and familiar scenes,

and he went on with the "Rivulet," and "Green River," and others of those exquisite pieces, which reflect the sweet aspect of nature so truthfully, that their melody steals into the heart with the balmy freshness of nature's own soothings.

Cole remained in Rome till April. When he had nearly finished the "Voyage of Life," Terry lent him his studio in the "Orto di Napoli," to exhibit it in, and Thorwaldsen came there to see it. It was afterwards exhibited at the annual exhibition in the "Piazza del Popolo," and produced a strong impression. Then, leaving his pictures behind him, he went to Naples and Sicily, ascended Mount Etna, visited Syracuse and Agrigentum, and nearly all the celebrated spots on the island, and came back to us with his imagination all on fire with the wonderful things he had seen. We wish that our space would allow us to describe his last day in Rome, as he sat down with his sketch-book, on a sweet afternoon of full blown spring, to make one more study of the Campagna. But we have already overrun our limits, and must hasten to a close. Leaving it, therefore, to the reader's imagination to follow him on his journey northward, including a fuller tour of Switzerland, and a sail down the Rhine, we find him, in August, at Catskill, and once more at his work.

His first pictures were immediate fruits of his tour. Mount Etna, Temples at Agrigentum, Tor di Schiavi, the Campagna, and other scenes which he had studied carefully on the spot with the intention of painting them, or which had made a deep impression upon his memory. In the winter of '44, he collected as many of his pictures as he could obtain the use of, and exhibited them together, in the old gallery of the "Academy of Design" at Clinton Hall; and not being able to have the "Course of Empire," he painted in a week a large view of Etna from Tavernina, "a miracle," says Bryant, "of rapid and powerful execution." In the spring, his affections met a heavy blow in the death of Ver Bryck. "Where shall I turn," says he in his journal, "for the companionship of so congenial a mind?"

Busy as his pencil was, his mind was still busier. "I have been dwelling on many subjects," he writes in '44, "and looking forward to the time when I can embody them on canvas.

They are subjects of a moral and religious nature. On such I think it is the duty of the artist to employ his abilities." Sowing and Reaping, in four pictures, and Life, Death, and Immortality, in three, were among them. But instead of these, he was compelled to confine himself to small pieces, views of Italian and American scenery, exquisite in themselves, and striking examples of facility of execution, and truth to nature, but not the subjects he was longing to paint. "Circumstances," he writes, in the summer of '46, "circumstances have waylaid and robbed me of much precious time."

At last, he resolved to break through his trammels, paint the first of his great series, and trust to heaven for the result. He built himself a new studio, looking upon his favorite view of the Catskills, and there he "promised himself much enjoyment, and great success in the prosecution of his art." There is something very touching in the first mention of it in his journal: "I ought ever to bear in mind that the night cometh when no man can work." And the night was near. But one more year was given him, a busy, checkered year, with his mind in the full vigor of its maturity; and what precious results it gave! — the finished portion of the "Cross and the World," "Prometheus bound," "Proserpine gathering flowers in the fields of Enna," several smaller scenes, and among them, the most perfect of his minor pieces, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

He had overworked himself with the "Cross and the World," and was trying to get a little rest by painting upon the "Proserpine." It was Saturday, the 5th of February. He worked till his usual hour, giving the finishing touches to an Italian pine, one of those trees that he had studied so often from the Pincian at sunset; and then, looking cheerfully forward to the morrow, for Sunday with him was truly a day of rest, he cleaned off his palette and closed his studio for the last time. That Sunday was communion day. In the night he was taken violently ill. The disease soon proved to be an inflammation of the lungs. Its progress was so rapid that, on the third day, he became convinced that it would be fatal, and began calmly to make his preparations for death. On Friday evening he felt that the moment was near, and

asked earnestly for the communion. When the service was over, he sank back upon his pillow, saying — "I want to be quiet." These were his last words. At eight o'clock he expired, aged forty-seven years and a few days.

The sad tidings spread rapidly, everywhere calling forth the deepest regret. In Catskill, on the day of his funeral, the shops were shut, the whole community uniting with one accord in the only testimony they could now give of their admiration and love. At New York, the "National Academy of Design" requested Bryant, one of the most intimate and cherished of his friends, to pronounce his eulogy; and Bryant wrote a funeral oration which will ever remain as a beautiful expression of deep and earnest feeling, combined with exquisite description, judicious criticism, and the happiest appreciation of character. As speedily, too, as it could be done, his paintings were collected and exhibited together in the rooms of the "Art Union." There were many of his earlier pieces; there, with few exceptions, were his maturer productions; there, too, was seen, for the first time, the "Cross and the World," three finished pictures and two sketches, sad but precious records of his last year; and, in the midst of them all, his own portrait, by the hand of a friend, looking down, as it were, upon these fruits of an earnest life, with a serene and gentle thoughtfulness that called forth many a tear.

As an artist, Cole's endowments were of the highest order: a vigorous and fertile imagination, a rich and lively fancy, an intuitive perception of beauty in all its various manifestations, a reverential love of truth, which made the assiduous study of nature an exhaustless source of delight, a fine eye for color, a singular felicity of combination, and that power of distinct and forcible conception, which enables the great artist to produce the greatest results by simple means. Art, for him, was a shrine at which he knelt devoutly, and in singleness and purity of heart, holding it as the highest of privileges that he was permitted to consecrate himself to the service of God and his fellow-men, through one of the purest mediums of usefulness. The time has not yet come for him to take the stand which really belongs to him. Art, with us, is as yet too much a thing of transient amusement, aiming at little things, and

narrowed down to suit the size of our drawing-rooms and the vanity of our purse-holders. But the time will come when every true lover of nature will go to Cole as one of her most favored interpreters, blessing him for the deeper insight which he has given to her beauties, the sweet thoughts which he has mingled for us with morn, and noon, and his own favorite hour of sunset, and the calm of field and forest and gentle stream, which he has brought into our homes, even amid the dust and din of the city.

As a writer, there is enough in the volume before us to show that his merit was great, and that the turn of thought and expression which characterize his written pieces, are, as might naturally have been expected, of the same cast with those of his paintings. Some of the descriptions in his journals and letters have much of the vigor and truthfulness of his landscapes; and many of the poems are full of that earnestness and purity of feeling which led him to look upon natural objects with such responsive tenderness. The lines on the death of his mother, and to his son Theodore, on his birth-day, are exceedingly beautiful. But it is only as specimens that we look upon the pieces which Mr. Noble has interwoven so judiciously with his own narrative. We trust that for the honor of our literature, and the sake of sound and healthy views of art, a more copious collection will soon be given us from the abundant materials that remain.

As a man, Cole was one of the gentlest, kindest, most amiable of beings; — a companion whose society never fatigued, a friend who never grew weary in good offices, full of kindly sympathies and cheering words at the right time, playful with you in your mirth, rejoicing with you in your joy, tender and soothing in your sorrows, gentle and affectionate always. He had the purest mind we ever knew, — intuitively, habitually pure, — such as we would always wish to find in one so exquisitely sensitive to the beautiful, and living in constant companionship with nature. The peculiar charm of his manner lay in its simplicity and heartiness. He would meet you with a "good morning" that quickened the blood in your veins. His laugh was one of those clear, cheerful ones that come with the freshness of a bird's song in spring.

He had as quick an eye for the ludicrous as for the beautiful, and would tell a humorous story with a kind of contagious merriment that was irresistible. And yet his feelings were singularly subject to external influences, particularly the influences of the weather, which seemed to act upon him as directly as it does upon a harp-string. The clouds seemed, at times, to shut out the sunlight from his soul as completely as they do from the landscape. The sight of the cold, naked earth in winter chilled and disheartened him, and he would long for the snow to come and hide it, till it was time for it to put on its green again.

His earnestness was the earnestness of the heart, extending to all things. He looked upon the whole circle of his duties in the same serious light, keenly alive to all the responsibilities of citizen, husband, father, child and friend. It was this earnestness, acting upon a highly poetical temperament, which led him to form such elevated conceptions of the office of his art. He could not believe that beautiful things were spread around us so lavishly merely to give a transient pleasure; but rather as instruments of moral culture, and elements to be woven, by the skilful hand, into emblems and illustrations of holy truths.

Religion seemed a natural growth of his mind, like a seed falling into a genial soil and springing up under kindly skies. His whole nature was imbued with it. The spirit of devotion pervaded all his thoughts and actions. It was with a feeling of devotion that he looked upon the physical world and listened meekly to its teachings. It was for this that he loved to wander among the mountains, and yield up his spirit to the solemn influences that rise from them like anthems. It was for this, too, that he sought out the remote valleys and found a sabbath promise in their repose. And it was with this glow of fervent love that he studied all the phenomena of nature, thanking God for their beauty, and drawing freshness and strength from his gratitude.

It is delightful to contemplate such a character, and dwell upon such virtues. We would gladly speak of them still, and tell, too, of other qualities: — his love of poetry, his sure taste in general literature, how well he had read some parts of history, how profoundly he reasoned upon the laws of

the beautiful and the principles of art, his general thirst for knowledge, and his cordial recognition of merit. How many instances of goodness crowd upon our memory, how many excellencies which ought not to be forgotten!

Five years have passed since he rested from his labors, and the places that he left desolate are desolate still. Where shall we find the artist that shall bring the same pure and earnest heart to the service of the beautiful and the true? Where the genial companion, who shall fill up the intervals of labor with discourse so sweetly tempered to every mood, or rouse the flagging spirit by such gentle admonitions? How shall we revive the hopes which faded when he ceased to cheer them, or find again that charm in nature or in art which they were to our eyes when he was here to point out their beauties, and participate in our enjoyment? Five years; and death no longer sounds strangely as associated with his name; but the cloud which came over us with the first utterance of that fatal word can never pass away.

Art. III. — *The History of New England from* 1630 *to* 1649. By John Winthrop, Esq., *first Governor of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. From his Original Manuscripts. With Notes to illustrate the Civil and Ecclesiastical Concerns, the Geography, Settlement, and Institutions of the Country, and the Lives and Manners of the Principal Planters.* By James Savage, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A New Edition, with Additions and Corrections by the Former Editor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 8vo.

We reviewed the first edition of this excellent work a little over a quarter of a century ago. It passed but slowly from the publishers' hands; for the antiquarian and bibliographical taste, which has since contributed so largely to the elucidation of the early history of America, was then only in its infancy. But after being six years out of print, it has at last

reached the honors of a second edition; and the learned editor has improved the opportunity to revise and enlarge the notes and other illustrative matter which added so much to the value of the former publication. His annotations are strongly marked by the characteristic traits of the antiquary and the genealogist. Mr. Savage is sure to tell us all that can be learned of the personal history and the descendants of every individual who is mentioned in the text, so that the work is almost a complete biographical dictionary of the fathers of Massachusetts. The orthography of every proper name, the date of every event, and the authenticity of every record which he has occasion to notice, have been scrutinized by him with that conscientious and loving regard for exactness which makes the toil of investigation a pleasure, and regards the answer to any query or the determination of any doubt respecting the annals of our forefathers as the all-sufficient reward for the labor of a lifetime. At the same time, the scholarly taste of the editor has placed an effectual check upon the garrulity and fondness for minute details which are an antiquary's easily besetting sins. The notes are not distended with laborious trifling, but are written with conciseness and spirit, though perhaps with a slight trace of egotism, which no reader will complain of, as it is spiced with a dry and quaint humor that is worthy of Jonathan Oldbuck himself. The best proof that a student's heart is in his work is when he begins to play with it, and to jest at his own fondness for the task.

The Journal or Diary of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, extending from 1630 to 1649, and comprising a full record of every circumstance of note in the history of the Colony during the intervening time, is a work well worthy of all the pains that have been bestowed upon deciphering and annotating it. It was probably intended by the writer for publication, though not till after his own death. Circumstances caused it to remain in manuscript, however, for about a century and a half; though the earlier historical writers of the Colony, such as Hubbard, Mather, and Prince, had access to it, and made liberal use of its contents. One reason, perhaps, why its publication was so long delayed, may

be found in the character of the chirography; "the celebrated philologist," says Mr. Savage, "*who triumphed over the difficulties* of derivation in our etymology from Danish, Russian, Irish, Welsh, German, High or Low, Sanscrit, Persian, or Chaldee fountains, might, after exhausting his patience, have reputably shrunk from encounter with the manuscript of Winthrop." Hubbard, Mather, and others, who consulted the Journal, had this excuse, that it was nearly illegible, for not making a more faithful use of it; for they abridged some passages from it very awkwardly, and made several statements which are contradicted by the true reading of the text. The first edition in print, moreover, which appeared about the close of the last century, and comprised only two out of the three volumes of the original, abounded with errors arising from the same cause; the real import of several sentences on almost every page was so obscured or perverted by conjectural readings as to mar, essentially, the value of the work as a historical record. Mr. Savage grappled with a herculean task, therefore, when he undertook to restore the true sense of the original throughout. Having completed an accurate transcript of the third volume, also, he laid it away so carefully that he could not find it again, and thus had "the gratification of making a new one," which required more than three months of additional labor. His very numerous emendations of the former printed text commend themselves as obviously to the reader's judgment as do most of the various readings which Mr. Collier has furnished to Shakspeare's plays from his interlined copy of the folio of 1632. They are the result of three careful collations of Winthrop's autograph in different years. Many such blunders, as *sanctification* for "satisfaction," *our measures* for "the ministry," *offering* for "affection," *never* for "nearer," *promp* young man for "proper young man," and hundreds of others, are enough to make nonsense of any document; and when we find that the new reading substitutes clearness for obscurity, and takes away obvious contradictions and incongruities from the text, we need no external proof of its correctness. Those who seek further evidence, however, may accept the implied challenge of the editor, when he says, "the venerable authorities will

remain in the archives of the Historical Society for my correction by any one who doubts of the correctness of a single passage." For our own part, after considerable experience in the business of deciphering difficult chirography, we prefer to let Winthrop's autograph alone, and to take Mr. Savage's readings upon trust, or without any other corroboration than their internal evidence.

After all that has been written about the purposes and acts of the Puritan fathers of New England, — and they have been the subjects of many a sharp and protracted controversy, — we cannot know them fully, or estimate them aright, except after a careful study of their own journals and other writings. They have been exposed to much indiscriminate eulogy and unfounded blame, on account of a few marked passages in their history, and some few traits in their characters, which alone have attracted notice and discussion, while the remainder of the picture has been left in the shade. We need to know them thoroughly, or we cannot understand them at all; the whole must be seen, before a correct judgment can be formed of any part. Winthrop's Journal is the fullest and most authentic record that we possess of their motives and proceedings. It is in the form of a diary, and it is written by the leader of the little commonwealth, who did more than any other to shape its character and determine its fortunes. The writer, unconsciously, sketches his own character, while he seeks only to chronicle, with fulness and impartiality, the principal events in the history of the Colony. Never was a private journal more free from egotism, or more unstained by prejudice. The grave and modest demeanor of the writer, his uprightness and piety, his resignation under great misfortunes and trials, his unswerving purpose, his statesmanlike views, and his constant devotion to the interests of the infant state and to the service of God, appear all the more fully from his determination to say nothing about them. Compare his diary with that of Pepys, for instance, or of Archbishop Laud, and he rises immeasurably in our estimation. There was no littleness in his character; we are sure that he had nothing to conceal, and that the frankest portraiture of him is not only the best, but the one which

redounds most to his honor. He had, it is true, many of the faults of his age, and of the remarkable class of men to which he belonged; though he was far above them in prudence and sagacity, in disinterestedness, and a gentleness of spirit that often corrected the errors and severities of his doctrines. He was obliged to speak of many public controversies, and of some personal disputes; but there is no bitterness in his record of them, no undue exaltation in success, and no grumbling when he was worsted. He evidently designed his Journal to be a plain record of facts, not of enmities, or prejudices, or one-sided statements. We cannot but sympathize with him in his obvious purpose to be impartial, and we rely on what he says of others with as full a confidence as on what he relates of himself.

The opinion is a very common, but a very mistaken one, that the first settlers of New England, though they were men of great purity of purpose, were still narrow-minded and fanatical, — a set of enthusiasts, whose only notions of government and civil polity were drawn from the Old Testament, and who were quite deficient in worldly wisdom and political sagacity. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Their leaders belonged to the same class with the debaters and statesmen, who guided the deliberations of the Long Parliament, and swayed the destinies of England with unparalleled firmness, prudence, and vigor, for over twenty years. Whatever else they may have been, Cromwell and Hampden, Pym, St. John, and Hollis were no fools. The name of the younger Vane stands high on the list of the philosophical statesmen and patriots of the mother country; yet those who have studied his career here in New England will admit that he was excelled, in all the high qualities of a governor of the people, by Winthrop, who was for a time his rival. Among Winthrop's colleagues and advisers were some of the best scholars of the English Universities — men of far-reaching views and noble aims — who guided the councils of the infant colony with as much political wisdom as religious fervor, and who were not wholly unconscious of their high vocation here in laying the foundations of a peculiar Christian commonwealth. In carrying forward this great work,

they evinced a coolness, a fixedness of purpose, and a consistency of doctrine and conduct, which are the farthest things in the world from the fluctuating opinions and erratic fancies of a distempered fanaticism. True, they did not rise, in all respects, above the erroneous theories and mistaken practices of their age; no whole class of men ever do anticipate the experience and wisdom of later generations. It is not difficult to see their errors now; it is a cheap merit in the nineteenth century to blame the bigotry and the persecuting spirit of the seventeenth. Toleration is the easiest of all virtues when men have become indifferent about truth or error, and do not heartily believe in any thing. But when personal interest or political opinion is at stake, men are just as intolerant now as ever. If the fathers of New England are tried by the only proper standard, the religious opinions and political theories of their contemporaries, they appear worthy of the great part which was assigned to them in the designs of Providence, — of creating the institutions of what was a New World both in a moral and physical sense, and of leaving deeply imprinted upon them the stamp of their own wise and comprehensive purposes and vigorous characters.

We cannot better vindicate the reputation of the elder Winthrop for political sagacity, as well as for a sweet and persuasive eloquence, than by quoting a portion of the memorable speech, delivered in defence of his own conduct, which, even in the miserable, imperfect version of it that is given by Cotton Mather, commanded the warm encomium of De Tocqueville, and which the compilers of the Modern Universal History declared to be "equal to any thing of antiquity, whether we considered it as coming from a philosopher or a magistrate." It may even challenge comparison with the best political speculations of a Mackintosh or a Guizot. The immediate occasion for its delivery was insignificant enough; but it was probably intended as a general defence of the policy of Winthrop's administration against the murmurs which had become prevalent, "that the magistrates intended to make themselves stronger, and the deputies weaker, and so, in time, to bring all power into the hands of the magistrates."

A quarrel had arisen in Hingham, in 1645, about the election of an officer to command "the trained band" of the town; and the magistrates, to whom the question was referred, ordered that both parties should return home, and that the commander first chosen, Eames, should keep his place till further order of the court. But a majority of the men refused to follow him, and his opponent, Allen, continued to command in defiance of the magistrates. Still further, the church at Hingham, under Mr. Hobart, took part with the malcontents, and were actually proceeding to excommunicate Eames, under pretence that he had falsely reported the order from the court. He applied to the magistrates for protection; and four of them having met together, of whom Winthrop, then deputy-governor, was chief, they issued warrants against several of the offenders, and ordered them to find sureties for their appearance at the next court. Three of these were brothers of the minister, Mr. Hobart, who appeared for them, and expostulated with so much insolence that some of the magistrates told him, "that were it not for respect to his ministry, they would commit him." Soon afterwards, five others of the discontented party were ordered, "for speaking untruths of the magistrates in the church," to give bond for their appearance; and two of them refusing to do so, they were committed in open court. Great excitement followed, and at the next general court, a petition was presented from the Rev. Mr. Hobart and about ninety of the inhabitants of Hingham, directly impeaching the magistrates for exceeding their authority, and infringing the liberties of the people and of the church. When they were desired to name the magistrates whom they accused, and the matters which were laid to their charge, they singled out the deputy-governor, and two of the petitioners undertook the prosecution. It was then ordered, at the request of Winthrop himself, that the cause should receive a public hearing.

"The day appointed being come, the court assembled in the meeting-house at Boston. Divers of the elders were present, and a great assembly of people. The deputy governor, coming in with the rest of the magistrates, placed himself beneath within the bar, and so sate uncovered. Some question was in the court about his being in that

place (for many both of the court and assembly were grieved at it.) But the deputy telling them, that, being criminally accused, he might not sit as a judge in that cause, and if he were upon the bench, it would be a great disadvantage to him, for he could not take that liberty to plead the cause, which he ought to be allowed at the bar, upon this the court was satisfied." Vol. ii. p. 275.

After the petitioners had been heard, Winthrop urged that he might have demurred in law, or refused to answer, upon three separate grounds: — 1. That nothing really criminal had been laid to his charge. 2. That if he had been mistaken in respect either of the law or the facts, his erroneous judgment might be reversed, but his uprightness as a judge was not therefore to be called in question. 3. That by singling him out from four of the magistrates, and making him alone responsible for the act of the whole court, his means of defence were crippled, inasmuch as an act might be justifiable if done by the full court, which would be criminal if performed by a single magistrate. Still, in order to satisfy men's minds, he consented to waive this plea, and make answer to the particular charges, so that the whole cause might be heard. Then, after examination of the witnesses, he entered into a full justification of himself on all the points, showing that the action of the court, on complaint regularly preferred to it of mutinous practice, open disturbance of the peace, and slighting of authority, in binding over the parties to answer at the next court, was according to the laws of England, and in conformity with the practice here ever since the Colony was formed. A vehement discussion ensued, party spirit being thoroughly excited, and the debate proceeding with great clamor.

"Two of the magistrates and many of the deputies were of opinion that the magistrates exercised too much power, and that the people's liberty was thereby in danger; and other of the deputies, (being about half,) and all the rest of the magistrates were of a different judgment, and that authority was overmuch slighted, which, if not timely remedied, would endanger the commonwealth, and bring us to a mere democracy." Vol. ii. p. 277.

All were agreed, however, that the petition against Win-

throp and his colleagues was false and scandalous, and that the deputy-governor "ought to be acquit and righted;" but they differed on the point whether the petitioners and the other parties to the disturbance at Hingham should be censured and otherwise punished. The controversy ran high for over two months. The Assistants offered to refer the matter to the clergy, who were then in session at Cambridge; "but the deputies would by no means consent thereto, for they knew that many of the elders understood the cause, and were more careful to uphold the honor and power of the magistrates than themselves well liked of." Then it was agreed, upon motion of the deputies, that the cause should be left to arbitration. But no sooner were the arbitrators chosen than the managers of the opposite party, finding that the decision would certainly be against them, came privately to the magistrates, and agreed that the chief petitioners, and other parties to the disturbance, should be punished. Fines were, accordingly, imposed upon them, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred pounds, and the deputy-governor was legally and publicly acquitted of all that had been laid to his charge.

"According to this agreement, presently after the lecture, the magistrates and deputies took their places in the meeting-house, and the people being come together, and the deputy governor placing himself within the bar, as at the time of the hearing, etc., the governor read the sentence of the court, without speaking any more, for the deputies had (by importunity) obtained a promise of silence from the magistrates. Then was the deputy governor desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly, and the court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect." Vol. ii. p. 279.

He alluded, in a graceful and touching manner, to the pain and humiliation he had suffered in being thus criminally charged and subjected to open trial; and acknowledged that it was sufficient cause for him to humble himself before God, though the judgment of the court was sufficient for his justification before men. Not a word of exultation at his triumph escaped him, nor did he even allude to the original subject of controversy; but in the manner of a father addressing his children, he thus proceeded: —

"The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is in the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, etc., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, etc., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will: it must be required of him. But if the case be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

"For the other point, concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentiâ deteriores.* This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the cove-

nant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off, at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke and say, let us break their bands, etc., we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you." Vol. ii. p. 280 – 282.

The people showed their appreciation of Winthrop's conduct and advice, the next year, by choosing him governor again, and continuing him in office for the rest of his life. He had no cause to regret that he had been arraigned on a criminal charge at the bar of his own court; his noble speech will probably outlive even the prosperous commonwealth

which he founded. We have dwelt at some length upon the history of this controversy, insignificant as it may appear to some, for it illustrates the state of feeling which long existed between the deputies and the Assistants, and incidentally throws much light upon the peculiar polity of Massachusetts under the old Charter.

The Court of Assistants was, in truth, an anomalous body; it united executive, legislative, and judicial functions. Certainly it would not have been so constituted, if the original purpose of the Charter had been to found a colony and institute a government. But we all know that it was not so; the Charter was originally designed for a trading corporation within the realm, like the East India Company, or any other incorporated trading association. Great power was therefore given to the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and eighteen *Assistants*, whom we should call the *Directors*, but who were loosely denominated "the magistrates," after the Charter had been somewhat arbitrarily converted into an instrument of government. They were authorized "to take care for the best disposing and ordering of the general business and affairs" of the lands which were granted, and for "the plantation thereof *and the government of the people there*." They were empowered to hold "a court or assembly of themselves" once every month, or oftener, at their pleasure, at which seven should be a quorum, "for the better ordering and directing of their affairs." A great and general court, or assembly, of all the freemen was to be held four times a year, of which the Governor or Deputy-Governor, and at least six of the Assistants, were necessarily to form a part, at which such and so many persons "as they shall think fit" were to be made free of the company, officers were to be chosen, and laws and ordinances to be enacted for the welfare of the company, and for the government and ordering of the lands or plantation, "and the people inhabiting and to inhabit the same." There is no mention of any deputies or representative assembly; and the only check upon the legislative power is found in the provision, that "such laws or ordinances be not contrary or repugnant to the laws and statutes of this our realm of England." One other provision clearly contemplates

the continued residence of the Governor and Company within the limits of England; for it provides that the commanders, or other officers and ministers, appointed by them to govern the plantation and its inhabitants, should "have full and absolute power and authority" to punish, pardon, govern, and rule all the adventurers and settlers, according to the laws, ordinances, and directions of the Governor and Company aforesaid.

It was a daring measure, therefore, and one of very doubtful legality, to transfer bodily the Charter, the Governor, and the whole Company from Old England to New England, and thereby to transform a trading or planting corporation into a government, a board of Assistants or Directors into a court of magistrates, and a meeting of shareholders into a popular legislative assembly. But the measure being once taken, there can be no doubt what sort of a government was thereby instituted, if any regard was to be paid to the remaining provisions of the Charter. The government was a close corporation; no one could claim admission into it as a matter of right, though he became a settler in the colony. The freemen themselves were to determine whom they would admit to be their colleagues and successors. For this reason, and because so much power was given to the Governor and Assistants, this irregular and perverted Charter, this institution of a trading company wrested into an institution of a colonial government, answered the purposes of the founders of Massachusetts far better than any direct grant of privileges which they could hope to obtain from the crown. They sought to found, not a state, but a church; they wished, not to invite all settlers for the mere sake of peopling a plantation as rapidly as possible, but to keep out all who did not agree with them in religious opinion, and thus to take effectual care that the peace of their new home should never be disturbed by theological controversy. They had an undoubted right to do so, for they formed, not a political body corporate, but a private association, and as such, they had a right to select their own companions and associates, and to have the exclusive possession of their own territory. Their lands, previously untenanted except by Indians, whose conversion formed a part

of their scheme, had been fairly bought and paid for, and were to be kept free from intrusion and trespass. And fair notice was given that they intended to keep out all who were not their brethren in the faith; Quakers and Anabaptists, Papists and Antinomians, (they would have added Church-of-England men, if they had dared,) were formally warned off their premises. Even at the present day, no one questions the right of any band of sectaries to do precisely the same thing, if they see fit; the Shakers and the Mormons do so, and we do not think of charging them with religious intolerance or a persecuting spirit. Hutchinson states the case fairly, when, alluding to the strictness and severity of the laws of Massachusetts, he says, the founders of "Pennsylvania, by a greater latitude in their system, have drawn inhabitants in much greater proportion. Our ancestors valued themselves upon being a colony for religion. Penn had no other motive to found his colony than human policy." If Winthrop and his colleagues had accepted an ordinary charter from the king for planting a colony, they could not have acted up to this principle; they would probably have been obliged to accept all who chose to join them.

We will borrow Governor Winthrop's own argument upon this point. The following is an extract from his Defence of a Law of the General Court, passed in 1637, (immediately after the controversy with Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson,) "to this effect, that none should be received to inhabit within this jurisdiction but such as should be allowed by some of the magistrates." Vane published an "Answer" to this "Defence," and Winthrop made a rejoinder; but the dispute between them was conducted without acrimony.

"1. If we here be a corporation established by free consent, if the place of our cohabitation be our own, then no man hath right to come into us, &c., without our consent.

"2. If no man hath right to our lands, our government privileges, &c., but by our consent, then it is reason we should take notice of before we confer any such upon them.

"3. If we are bound to keep off whatsoever tend to our ruin or damage, then we may lawfully refuse to receive such whose dispositions suit not with ours, and whose society (we know) will be hurtful to

us, and therefore it is lawful to take knowledge of all men before we receive them.

"4. The churches take liberty (as lawfully they may) to receive or reject at their discretion; yea particular towns make orders to the like effect; why then should the commonweal be denied the like liberty, and the whole more restrained than any part?

"5. If it be a sin in us to deny some men place, &c., among us, then, it is because of some right they have to this place, &c., for to deny a man that which he hath no right unto is neither sin nor injury.

"6. If strangers have right to our houses or lands, &c., then it is either of justice or of mercy; if of justice, let them plead it, and we shall know what to answer; but if it be only in way of mercy, or by the rule of hospitality, &c., then I answer, 1st: A man is not a fit object of mercy except he be in misery. 2d: We are not bound to exercise mercy to others to the ruin of ourselves. 3d: There are few that stand in need of mercy at their first coming hither. As for hospitality, that rule doth not bind further than for some present occasion, not for continual residence.

"7. A family is a little commonwealth, and a commonwealth is a great family. Now as a family is not bound to entertain all comers, — no, not every good man, (otherwise than by way of hospitality,) no more is a commonwealth.

"8. It is a general received rule, *turpius ejicitur quam non admittitur hospes*, it is worse to receive a man whom we must cast out again, than to deny him admittance.

"9. The rule of the apostle John, 2. 10, is, that such as come and bring not the true doctrine with them should not be received to house, and by the same reason not into the commonweal.

"10. Seeing it must be granted that there may come such persons (suppose Jesuits, &c.) which, by consent of all, ought to be rejected, it will follow that this law (*being only for notice to be taken of all that come to us, without which we cannot avoid such as indeed are to be kept out*) is no other but just and needful, and if any should be rejected that ought to be received, that is not to be imputed to the law, but to those who are betrusted with the execution of it. *Hutch. Col. of Papers*, pp. 68, 69.

We can now see that the peculiar limitation of the right of suffrage in Massachusetts was a natural and necessary feature of the scheme upon which the Colony was established. The law that none but members of the churches could become freemen of the colony, or could vote at the elections, has been the subject of much unfounded invective. While it existed,

we must remember that universal suffrage was a thing almost unheard of anywhere, and probably was not desired by a single member of the community. Nothing like it had ever existed in England, where the right of voting was generally restricted to freeholders and to the freemen of the several municipal corporations, who bore by no means so large a ratio to the total population as did the church members in New England. Instead of evincing a narrow and exclusive spirit, therefore, the first effect of the Massachusetts law was a very unusual enlargement of the right of suffrage. Among the original grantees of the charter, among the original members of the association, and even the earlier companies of emigrants, it is probable that nearly all the male adults, excluding servants, were either members of a church, or became such immediately after their landing on the shores of the Bay. The established mode of settling a new town in those days was to found a church on the proposed locality of the settlement; as it was taken for granted that at least all the heads of families who proposed to colonize would seek and need church privileges. In fact, it may be doubted whether the rule of exclusion then was much, if any, broader than that which still exists in Massachusetts, and which deprives all who are not tax-payers of the right of suffrage. The principle of limitation, indeed, was different. In England, it was either rank or property, generally the latter; here it was religious faith and practice. Considering the principles upon which this peculiar colony was avowedly established, and as no one then even thought of universal suffrage, it may be doubted whether any limitation of the right could have been devised which would have been safer or more practicable than the one adopted in Massachusetts.

The principle was applied with a just regard to the rights of the few settlers who had established themselves in the territory, before Winthrop, or even Endicott, had landed. Immediately after coming over, Winthrop's company admitted one hundred and nine new freemen, among whom were most of the "Old Planters," as they were termed, — persons who had irregularly established themselves on the Massachusetts shore before the Charter was granted, and whose reli-

gious principles, if they had any, were generally distasteful to the Company. The law respecting the admission of freemen was not passed till the year afterwards, — probably because the necessity of it had not become apparent, as nearly all Winthrop's immediate companions were church members. But after the lapse of a year, stragglers and interlopers began to appear among them, and it was necessary to deprive these of any power of molesting the great majority, or breaking up the original and much cherished plan of the settlement. Certainly, we cannot complain of any law which prevented such worthies as Thomas Morton or Sir Christopher Gardiner from troubling the colony. Even in our day, such men would be liable to punishment as vagrants, licentious persons, and disturbers of the public peace; in 1630, they were dangerous nuisances.

In 1646, the famous Dr. Robert Child attempted to create some agitation among the people, by presenting a petition and remonstrance against several alleged grievances, among which this exclusion of all but church members from the privileges of freemen was chief. The fact that the author of this petition could find but *seven* persons who were willing to sign it, enables us to estimate the amount of discontent which this law had occasioned, after it had been fifteen years in force; and the very pungent answer of the General Court to the petition informs us who these persons were.

"We have good cause to be persuaded," say the General Court, "that there are not many of these discontented remonstrants within our jurisdiction, nor in New England. We are further confirmed herein, when we consider what hard shifts these remonstrants were put unto to make up the number of *seven*. The first (and he that must be the leader in this design,) is a Paduan Doctor, (as he is reputed) lately come into the country, who hath not so much as tasted of their grievances, nor like to do, being a bachelor and only a sojourner, who never paid a penny to any public charge, though (of his own good will) he hath done something for public use. A second is a church member, but will be no freeman; he likes better to be eased of that trouble and charge. A third [Samuel Maverick, one of the Old Planters, admitted among the 109] is a freeman, but no member of any church, and the reason hath been his professed attachment to the hierarchy. [He was

an Episcopalian.] A fourth is the clerk of the prothonotaries' office, a sojourner also, and of no visible estate in the country, one who hath never appeared formerly in such design, however he may have been drawn into this; it is like to be as those who were called by Absalom to accompany him to Hebron. A fifth is a young merchant, little acquainted with commonwealth affairs. * * * A sixth was taken up by accident, being none of this jurisdiction, but himself and family inhabiting in Rhode Island. The seventh is an old grocer of London, whose forgetfulness of the laws and customs of that city, and unmindfulness of his duty to the government under which he now lives, we may impute to his age and other infirmities.

"And these are the champions who must represent the body of non-freemen. If this be their head, sure they have *insulsum caput et non multo sale defæcandum.*"

It appears there was another petition, also got up at the instigation of Child, and presented at the same time, of which Winthrop gives the following account: —

"They sent their agents up and down the country to get hands to this petition. But of the many thousands they spake of, we could hear but of twenty-five to the chief petition, and those were (for the most part) either young men who came over servants, and never had any show of religion in them, or fishermen of Marblehead, profane persons, divers of them brought the last year from Newfoundland to fish a season, and so to return again; others were such as were drawn in by their relations, men of no *reason* neither, as a barber of Boston, who, being demanded by the governor, what moved him to set his hand, made answer, that the gentlemen were his customers, etc.; and these are the men, who must be held forth to the parliament, as driven out of England by the bishops, etc., and whose tears and sighs must move compassion." Vol. ii. p. 358.

It does not appear that the disqualification of the non-freemen was universal; for the petitioners were driven to confess, though they at first impudently denied it, "that non-freemen have a vote in the choice of military officers." The following, moreover, is one provision in the "Body of Liberties," enacted in 1641, being the first code of laws established in Massachusetts.

"Every man, *whether inhabitant or foreigner, free or not free,* shall have liberty to come to any public Court, Council, or Town Meeting,

and either by speech or writing, to move any lawful, reasonable, or material question, or to present any necessary motion, complaint, petition, bill, or information, whereof that meeting hath proper cognizance, so it be done in convenient time, due order, and respectful manner."

Another reason why Winthrop and his colleagues preferred their seemingly imperfect Charter, or mere grant of corporate privileges for trading purposes, to any regular Charter, or formal cession of political authority from the crown, (even supposing that they could have obtained the latter, had they desired it,) was that it gave so much power to the Governor and Assistants; — that, in fact, it put the whole administration, executive and judicial, together with a part of the legislative power, into their hands, reserving to the freemen only a right to make an annual election of these officers, a right to admit other freemen, and a concurrent right of legislation. It is the universal practice, even at the present day, for a private incorporated company to give the entire management of its affairs to a Board of Directors, annually chosen, and responsible to the body of the stockholders for the due exercise of their trust, but not liable to any interference on the part of these stockholders while they are in office. The founders of Massachusetts, as we have seen, designed to preserve in their Colony all the essential features of a private association, formed, not indeed for trading, but for religious purposes, — to preserve unity of faith and worship, and freedom from theological jangling. The principal stockholders, those who had invested most in the undertaking, who first conceived the scheme, and had the lead among their fellows in rank, education, and reputation for piety and ability, were to hold the reins almost as a matter of course. They designed the government to be a mild sort of patriarchal aristocracy, directed according to the principles of the word of God. The ministers of the churches naturally favored this intention; to carry it out was the surest means of preserving that purity and unity of faith which they so much prized. And it was not, at first, at all distasteful to the freemen generally. Whatever cause of complaint the emigrants had against the administration of the government at home, they were still Englishmen, — English in their affections, English in their prejudices,

English in their instinctive respect for rank and station. It was probably understood among them, before they embarked, that the chief direction of the Colony, the general control of affairs, was to be and to remain in the hands of those who first conceived the enterprise and furnished the principal means for its execution. Far from manifesting any jealousy of the magistrates in the outset, at the first General Court after they landed, they conferred the whole power of legislation upon them, together with a right to choose the Governor and Deputy-Governor out of their own number, — thus voluntarily denuding themselves of a privilege which was secured to them by the Charter. As the leading persons, the few "gentlemen" of the Colony all belonged to this Board, the measure created no surprise; they seemed to act on the understanding that the government in all its parts naturally devolved upon them. It was even understood, that they were to hold office indefinitely, the freemen reserving to themselves only the right of filling such vacancies as might occur by death or resignation, or of occasionally displacing a magistrate for some extraordinary cause. At least, this was the only right that they exercised for some years; the Assistants were usually reappointed, except on rare exigencies or for special reasons.

At the General Court of the next year, it is true, the freemen appeared somewhat jealous of the little oligarchy which they had created; and they resumed to themselves the power of electing the Governor and the Deputy, as well as the Assistants. Still, the power of making laws generally remained with "the magistrates," who, as Hutchinson remarks, "kept the powers of government, both legislative and executive, very much in their hands the first three years." Not more than eight or nine Assistants were usually chosen, while the legal number was eighteen; the avowed policy being to keep several offices open, so that if gentlemen of rank and substance, agreeing with them in the faith, should be induced to emigrate to the Colony, they might be immediately complimented with a place at the board of magistrates. In this manner, Mr. Humphrey, a brother-in-law to the Earl of Lincoln, John Winthrop, Jr., the Governor's oldest son, and Mr. Haynes, "a gentleman of great estate," afterwards chosen Governor him-

self, were successively appointed soon after their arrival, the other members of the Court of Assistants remaining unchanged. In pursuance of the same policy, the younger Vane was chosen governor in a few months after his arrival; "and because he was son and heir to a Privy Councillor in England, the ships congratulated his election with a volley of great shot." It was likewise ordered, that he should be, "for his year," president of a Council, the two other members of which, Winthrop and Dudley, should be appointed for life. The ill success of Vane's stormy administration probably operated, with other causes, to make this experiment unpopular; and the council for life continued only three years. Vane also assumed more state as governor than had been usual in the infant settlement; four attendants preceded him with their halberds when he went either to court or church. Yet after his return to England, as is well known, he became a leader of the Republican party there; — a striking proof, among others, that English republicanism, in those days, consisted merely in that aversion to the kingly office which had naturally grown out of resistance to the tyranny of Charles I. and the exasperation produced by the civil war. It was even more averse to democracy than to royalty.

The abortive measure of a Council for life had reference to certain proposals, made in 1636, by Lord Say and Seale, Lord Brooke, and other "persons of quality," as conditions of their removing to New England. Mr. Cotton, in a letter to the former nobleman, informs him that the General Court had conformed to his wishes in this respect, although they had as yet chosen only two members of this Council, — "that so," he adds, "they may keep an open door for such desirable gentlemen as your Lordship mentioneth." The other proposals of these Lords and gentlemen certainly appear of a very extraordinary character, especially when it is remembered that they were among the leaders of the Puritans at home, who were banded together in opposition to the king's government. They asked that the Court of Assistants should be converted into a House of Peers, to be continued by hereditary descent, and to form a permanent upper branch of the legislature; into this rank and office the gentlemen making

the proposals were to be admitted, even before their arrival in this country; and the dignity was to descend to their heirs. Mr. Cotton's elaborate reply to each of their proposals affords a curious illustration of the political ideas entertained by the fathers of the Massachusetts Colony. "I do not conceive," he says, "that God did ever ordain democracy as a fit government, either for church or commonwealth. If the people be governors, who shall be governed? As for monarchy and aristocracy, they are both of them clearly approved and directed in Scripture; yet so that [God] referreth the sovereignty to himself, and setteth up theocracy in both as the best form of government." He greatly magnified the office of the Assistants, and affirmed that all persons of consideration and estate, who came among them, were appointed to that dignity, if they became members of the church. But to the proposal that the office should necessarily belong to them and their heirs, he demurs, and takes a fine distinction to justify the contrary practice.

"Hereditary *honors* both nature and Scripture doth acknowledge; but hereditary *authority* and power standeth only by the civil laws of some commonwealths; and even among them, the authority and power of the father are nowhere communicated, together with his honors, unto *all* his posterity. Where God blesseth any branch of any noble or generous family with a spirit and gifts fit for government, it would be a taking of God's name in vain to put such talent under a bushel, and a sin against the honor of magistracy to neglect such in our elections. But if God should not delight to furnish some of their posterity with gifts fit for magistracy, we should expose them rather to reproach and prejudice, and the commonwealth with them, than exalt them to honor, if we should call them forth, when God did not, to the magistracy."

On the receipt of this answer, as might have been anticipated, the Lords Brooke and Say concluded to remain at home.

Another symptom of the aristocratic spirit which prevailed at first among the colonists, but especially among their magistrates, was the jealous care with which they preserved the few outward tokens of social distinction which they brought over with them from England. "They were very careful,"

says Hutchinson, "that no title or appellation should be given where it was not due; nor more than half a dozen of the principal gentlemen took the title of 'Esquire;' and in a list of one hundred freemen, you will not find above four or five distinguished by 'Mr.,' although they were generally men of some substance. 'Goodman' and 'Goodwife' were common appellations.'" Privation of the address indicating gentility was even inflicted as a punishment. At a court held in 1631, *Mr.* Josias Plaistow, for the crime of stealing some corn from the Indians, was very appropriately deprived of the title of a gentleman, and sentenced to be called plain "Josias." The smallness of their number, during the first few years, and the strangeness of their condition, on a wild shore so far from "home," with no well digested frame of polity, and no established code of laws, also tended to keep up the patriarchal and semi-aristocratic tone of their government. They resembled a large family of children and servants, more than an organized body politic, and the Governor and Assistants ruled them with the mild despotism which seems naturally to belong to the heads of a family.

Of course, this state of things could not long continue. The circumstances in which the colonists were placed tended to diffuse and develop among them the spirit of equality and sentiments of republicanism to an extent of which the founders of the settlement had never dreamed. From the beginning, there was remarkable equality of fortune and social position among the body of the colonists; excepting the few who were chosen to the board of magistrates, or who received the only honorary designation in use among them, none were wealthy, nearly all depended on the labor of their hands. Though several of the nobility and gentry favored the emigration, and watched with interest the fortunes of the infant settlement, few of them actually embarked in it, and still fewer persisted to the end. The happy and the powerful do not go into exile. We have seen that Lords Brooke and Say could not make up their minds to join the colony. Lady Arabella Johnson and her husband died the first winter; Harlakenden survived only a few years. Vane, Humphrey, Saltonstall, and Vassall, who were also of good families, made

but a brief stay. Nearly all the colonists were of the middling and lower classes of English society. This fact was not without an important influence on the political character and fortunes of the settlement. Equality of social claims was the natural basis of equality of social privileges. There was a germ of republicanism in the colony from the outset, — a natural tendency, as it were, towards universal eligibility and universal suffrage. This germ, it is true, for some time, was undeveloped, or grew only in secret; it was kept down by the previous habits of the people, by their hereditary prejudices, by the respect for rank and station which they had imbibed with their mother's milk. There was no conscious purpose or wish of the settlers to create institutions differing in any material respect from those they had left in the mother country, except in regard to liberty of worship. They did not intend to renounce their allegiance, to shake off the monarchy, or to found a commonwealth upon any new principles but purity and unity of religious faith and practice. But under the necessity of accommodating themselves to their novel situation, carried along by the nature of the materials of which their company was composed, and by the religious purpose of their undertaking, they unconsciously sowed the seeds of a great future change in the political character of their government. Of this change they had no more idea than they had of the future greatness of the country they were colonizing. In both respects, they were the blind instruments for accomplishing the great designs of the Master whom they worshipped.

The first manifestations of this republican feeling, the first expressions of the people's wish to have an active voice and a constant and direct agency in the government of their little commonwealth, seem to have taken "the magistrates" by surprise. They did not understand the new spirit that had been evoked. They resisted it, as something opposed to the original idea under which they had come together, and as destructive of the capital feature in their scheme, — the institution of a separate religious community, in which all should be united in the one pure faith, and should walk in the ways of the Lord blameless, free alike from persecution and dissension. The people were likened unto the Israelites, who had

come up out of Egypt; and Governor Winthrop and Mr. Cotton, with their colleagues, were the Moses and Aaron, who were to guide them through the wilderness, and to whose direction they were bound to submit without murmuring. But they were now beginning to show as stiff-necked a spirit as that which animated their prototypes of old. The magistrates would have maintained here a kind of watchful patriarchal government, which should strictly enforce the law of God, with as little interference as possible from the people. They did not understand the effect, upon the spirit of the colonists, of being suddenly emancipated, through their emigration, from the rigid and absolute rule, both in church and state, to which they had been subjected in England. They did not foresee the reaction, — the natural, even if excessive, expansion of the human mind, when suddenly relieved from so great a pressure. Those who had withstood the tyranny of Strafford and Laud, who had braved the perils of the High Commission and the Star Chamber, were not to be tamely guided by Cotton, Dudley, and Winthrop, excellent men though they were, pure in faith and blameless before God and man. A controversy began, which lasted the whole time that the old Charter was in being, though the prudence of the magistrates prevented it from ever coming to an open outbreak, between the high notions of government entertained by those who desired to carry out the original plan upon which the Colony was formed, and the independent democratic spirit that was fostered by circumstances among the people. Here, as in the case of the English Reformation, the result was quite unlike the design. Intending to establish a mild form of patriarchal polity, the fathers of Massachusetts actually laid the foundations of a broad and very efficient republicanism, which, in all essential respects, was as firmly established at the commencement as at the close of the eighteenth century. Intending to secure unity of belief, by limiting the benefits of the Colony to the members of one religious persuasion, they in fact beheld sects multiplying around them with unexampled rapidity, and the paramount influence of religion preserved by the very cause which, they feared, would effect its ruin, — namely, the liberty of every

man to hold such a creed and practise such a form of worship as suited his peculiar temper, and the abstinence of all religious sects, as such, from any interference with political concerns.

The grounds of the controversy between the magistrates and the people have not been understood, and the motives and temper of the former have been grossly misrepresented. The position taken by them, and maintained with so much pertinacity, has been set forth as a usurpation and an abuse, while, in truth, it was only an attempt to carry out the original scheme of the settlement, and to act upon the principles which were at first universally recognized. Gradually, and without any conscious agency on the part either of the governors or the governed, — nay, in spite of the earnest resistance of the former, — a private religious association became a flourishing political community. A sect became a people, a family expanded into a State. It was their misfortune, perhaps it was their fault, that they did not recognize this change soon enough, and adapt themselves to the altered circumstances of their position. But no blame, even in this respect, can be imputed to the rulers of the first generation, in whose time the transformation, though it was in progress, was by no means complete. Again, their efforts to stem the current, or, as they conceived, to check the degeneracy of the times, have been represented only as the struggles of self-seeking and ambitious men, "clothed with a little brief authority," intolerant in spirit, meddlesome and grasping in disposition, to preserve a power which they had usurped, and to repress every movement tending to political or religious freedom among those whom they governed. How far this representation is from the truth, let those judge who have attentively considered the acts and writings of the founders of Massachusetts, as they were, before a factitious coloring was given to them by historians and essayists who lived two centuries afterwards, and who had their own political and religious theories to defend. More self-denying, disinterested, pure-minded, and unambitious rulers, a people were never blessed with. There is an antecedent presumption in their favor, arising from the fact that they were self-banished men

for conscience' sake; and this presumption is borne out by all their subsequent deeds and words. They had left country, home, and friends, — all that, in the estimation of most persons, renders life desirable, — for the sake of uniting their fortunes and their faith with those of a band of poor exiles on a distant, rugged, and inhospitable coast. Emigration to New England, in 1630, was pretty much what emigration to the Falkland Islands or to Patagonia would be held to be, at the present day. What inducement was there for an English country gentleman, of £700 a year, (equal to at least £7,000 now,) to cast in his lot with these poor fugitives, who had, indeed, nothing to gain from leaving England, but who certainly had nothing to lose? And the same question may be asked with reference to the sisters of the Earl of Lincoln, with their husbands, and even to men of so much station and substance as Dudley, Harlakenden, Haynes, Nowell, Pynchon, Rossiter, Bradstreet, or any "Assistant" for the first half century after the emigration began. Whatever impulses may have led these men to New England, certainly ambition, self, the love of power or the love of gain, an imperious or a grasping temper, had no place among them. Some died the first winter; the hearts of some failed them, and they returned to the mother land; Winthrop and a few others persevered to the end. They sacrificed every thing to the cause; Winthrop spent his whole estate in the Colony's service, and died poor. In gratitude for his services, the deputies to the General Court, who had so often opposed him, unanimously voted, "that two hundred pounds should be given to the infant of our late honored governor, John Winthrop, Esq., out of the next country levy." This infant son, otherwise wholly unprovided for, died when only three years old; and the Court provided that one third of the aforesaid sum should be paid to the widow, and the other two thirds to Mr. Deane Winthrop and Mr. Samuel Winthrop, "they as yet having had no portions out of the late governor's estate, nor like to have."

Office had no charms for these men. In such a community, at such a period, the labors, the responsibilities, and the burdens of the magistracy were accepted for the public good, but no one in his senses ever sought for them for his private

advantage. The governor's election was occasionally contested in the strife of parties, but never, as far as we can learn, for personal advantage. The former Assistants, as has been noticed, seem to have been reëlected as a matter of course; the Colony could not spare the services of its few capable and tried men. Besides, the original plan of the settlement was so far adhered to, as to acknowledge that these men were its natural directors and heads. Their efforts to preserve and execute this original plan were the source of all the difficulties and troubles, arising within the Colony, which they experienced. That the magistrates often resisted the action of the Deputies and the demands of the people, and thereby incurred some temporary unpopularity, and made themselves appear, in the eyes of a distant posterity, as avaricious of power, intolerant, and hostile to popular institutions, was the effect, the inevitable effect, of their conscientious endeavors to carry out the primitive design of founding a peculiar Christian commonwealth in America, and preserving it unharmed by any of the evils or dissensions which afflicted God's chosen people in their native land. Religion, not worldly policy, not political reform, was the great object that brought them hither; then let not their conduct be judged by political rules or worldly maxims. Let it be granted, even, that the realization of their original project was impossible; that their scheme was utopian; that a patriarchal government, and a community regulated only by the principles of God's word, and free from political cares or religious disputes, were as much a dream in the seventeenth, as they certainly would be in the nineteenth, century. All this affects only our opinion of their wisdom, not of their sincerity, or their uprightness. The delusion was a natural one, considering the principles and the character of the men who labored under it. It was, at any rate, a generous error, such as was not likely to affect minds in which there remained a trace of selfishness, or a single project of worldly ambition. Our respect for Winthrop and his colleagues, therefore, is not a whit impaired by the whole story of their administration, though they often acted in opposition to those rules of political conduct which we now hold to be sacred and unquestionable.

The extract already given from Mr. Winthrop's speech, in

defence of himself, shows how much difference of opinion existed between the Deputies and the magistrates, as to the authority of the rulers and the liberties of the people; any one can judge whether the views of government expounded in that speech are slavish, unnatural, or impracticable, or whether the author of it was influenced by ambitious or selfish motives. To illustrate farther this difference of opinion, we will briefly advert to the several steps by which a representation of the people was at length established, and the magistrates were deprived of the exclusive power of making laws. At first, as we have seen, the freemen voluntarily abdicated this power, and conferred it upon the Assistants; authority to raise money by levy or taxation was, of course, included in the right to make general orders or laws. As early as 1632, the people of Watertown became dissatisfied when they were assessed their share (£8) of a rate of £60, "ordered for the fortifying of the new town;" and the pastor and elder assembled the people, and told them "it was not safe to pay moneys after that sort, for fear of bringing themselves and posterity into bondage."

"Being come before the governor and council, after much debate, they acknowledged their fault, confessing freely, that they were in an error, and made a retractation and submission under their hands, and were enjoined to read it in the assembly the next Lord's day. The ground of their error was, for that they took this government to be no other but as of a mayor and aldermen, who have not power to make laws or raise taxations without the people; but understanding that this government was rather in the nature of a parliament, and that *no assistant could be chosen but by the freemen, who had power likewise to remove the assistants and put in others*, and therefore at every general court (which was to be held once every year) they had free liberty to consider and propound any thing concerning the same, and to declare their grievances, without being subject to question, or etc., they were fully satisfied; and so their submission was accepted, and their offence pardoned." Vol. i. p. 84.

Two or three months afterwards, however, probably at the instigation of the magistrates themselves, who disliked the responsibility of so delicate a task as the apportionment of a tax among the several towns, "Every town chose two men

to be at the next Court, to advise with the Governor and Assistants about the raising of a public stock, so as what they should agree upon should bind all." But these men, it should be understood, were not legislators, but only a committee for the equal apportionment of taxes. But in 1634, they proceeded to claim full power of legislation, which, as appears from the following entry, the magistrates were rather unwilling to grant: —

"Notice being sent out of the general court to be held the 14th day of the third month, called May, the freemen deputed two of each town to meet and consider of such matters as they were to take order in at the same general court; who, having met, desired a sight of the patent, and, conceiving thereby that all their laws should be made at the general court, repaired to the governor to advise with him about it, and about the abrogating of some orders formerly made, as for killing of swine in corn, etc. He told them, that, when the patent was granted, the number of freemen was supposed to be (as in like corporations) so few, as they might well join in making laws; but now they were grown to so great a body, as it was not possible for them to make or execute laws, but they must choose others for that purpose: and that howsoever it would be necessary hereafter to have a select company to intend that work, yet for the present they were not furnished with a sufficient number of men qualified for such a business, neither could the commonwealth bear the loss of time of so many as must intend it. Yet this they might do at present, viz., they might, at the general court, make an order, that, once in the year, a certain number should be appointed (upon summons from the governor) to revise all laws, etc., and to reform what they found amiss therein; but not to make any new laws, but prefer their grievances to the court of assistants; and that no assessments should be laid upon the country without the consent of such a committee, nor any lands disposed of." Vol. i. p. 152, 153.

It is hardly necessary to add, as Mr. Savage remarks, that the very humble powers here proposed for the representatives were immediately transcended. As soon as the assembly came together, they voted that none but the General Court had power to make laws or to levy taxes; and that the persons deputed by the several towns to represent them "shall have the full power and voices of all the said freemen deputed to them for the making and establishing of laws, granting of

lands, &c." It is true that the Charter did not authorize the freemen to exercise their powers by deputation, or through their representatives; but it was urged that the power to delegate their right was one of the general privileges of Englishmen, which they enjoyed in addition to those directly given by the Charter. The deputies at this time even imposed a fine upon the Assistants, for acting contrary to an order of the General Court. This was the beginning of a controversy between the two bodies, which was not finally appeased till the forfeiture of the charter changed the whole form of the government. The deputies were constantly extending their claims, and striving to take upon themselves a larger share of the government; the Assistants, actively seconded by the clergy, endeavored to keep the government on its original footing, and to retain all the executive and judicial power, together with a share of the legislative, which the Charter and the original plan of the settlement had put into their hands. In September, 1634, Mr. Hooker and his people, at Newtown, having petitioned for leave to remove to Connecticut, it appeared that a majority of the deputies were in favor of granting leave, while the greater part of the Assistants refused their assent. The magistrates insisted that they had a right to vote as a separate body, so as to have a negative upon all the decisions of the lower house. The deputies maintained that they should all meet as one assembly, in which case their own greater number would enable them to carry their point upon all occasions.

"So, when they could proceed no farther, the whole court agreed to keep a day of humiliation to seek the Lord, which accordingly was done, in all the congregations, the 18th day of this month; and the 24th, the court met again. Before they began, Mr. Cotton preached, (being desired by all the court, upon Mr. Hooker's instant excuse of his unfitness for that occasion.) He took his text out of Hagg. ii. 4, etc., out of which he laid down the nature or strength (as he termed it) of the magistracy, ministry, and people, viz., — the strength of the magistracy to be their authority; of the people, their liberty; and of the ministry, their purity; and showed how all of these had a negative voice, etc., and that yet the ultimate resolution, etc., ought to be in the whole body of the people, etc., with answer to all objections, and a declaration of the people's duty and right to maintain their true

liberties against any unjust violence, etc., which gave great satisfaction to the company. And it pleased the Lord so to assist him, and to bless his own ordinance, that the affairs of the court went on cheerfully; and although all were not satisfied about the negative voice to be left to the magistrates, yet no man moved aught about it, and the congregation of Newtown came and accepted of such enlargement as had formerly been offered them by Boston and Watertown." Vol. i. p. 168, 169.

This point being established, the magistrates thought proper to show that their power was not to be questioned with impunity. At a court held the same year, one of the deputies, Mr. Stoughton, "was questioned for denying the magistracy among us, affirming that the power of the governor was but ministerial."

"He had also much opposed magistrates, and slighted them, and used many weak arguments against the negative voice, as himself acknowledged upon record. He was adjudged by all the court to be disabled for three years from bearing any public office."

According to the Colonial Record, he was punished "for affirming that the Assistants were not magistrates;" — an indefensible remark, but one which hardly merited so heavy a penalty. Perhaps the magistrates thought so too, after they had had time to reflect; for the disability was removed or overlooked before the expiration of the sentence.

As if to show that there is nothing new under the sun, we find the same matter in dispute as early as 1639 which is a prominent topic of political discussion in Massachusetts the present year, and which has exercised the wits of the people frequently during the intervening two centuries. Our State government here in Massachusetts may be almost called a federation of townships, rather than a government of individuals. Each town, however small, pertinaciously adhering to its right of separate representation in the legislature, the House must either become very inconveniently large, or all idea of apportioning the representation to the population must be given up. Yet the democratic principle requires *equality* quite as much as *universality* of suffrage. It is amusing to find this dilemma stated in 1639, when the whole population certainly did not exceed fifteen thousand. Some

jealousy was manifested by the freemen at the General Court of that year, because the Assistants, seeing the number of deputies was much increased by the addition of new towns, thought fit, for the convenience both of the people and the Court, to reduce all the towns to two deputies, when they formerly had three.

"This occasioned some to fear, that the magistrates intended to make themselves stronger, and the deputies weaker, and so, in time, to bring all power into the hands of the magistrates; so that the people in some towns were much displeased with their deputies for yielding to such an order. Whereupon, at the next session, it was propounded to have the number of deputies restored; and allegations were made, that it was an infringement of their liberty; so as, after much debate, and such reasons given for diminishing the number of deputies, and clearly proved that their liberty consisted not in the number, but in the thing, divers of the deputies, who came with intent to reverse the last order, were, by force of reason, brought to uphold it; so that, when it was put to the vote, the last order for two deputies only was confirmed. Yet, the next day, a petition was brought to the court from the freemen of Roxbury, to have the third deputy restored. Whereupon the reasons of the court's proceedings were set down in writing, and all objections answered, and sent to such towns as were unsatisfied with this advice, that, if any could take away those reasons, or bring us better for what they did desire, we should be ready, at the next court, to repeal the said order." Vol. i. p. 361, 362.*

This was rather plain and peremptory dealing; but the upholders of the largest liberty of petition will be yet more shocked to find Governor Winthrop openly declaring, that the people of Roxbury acted inconsiderately, and even illegally, in this matter; "for," he argues, "when the people have chosen men to be their rulers and to make their laws, and bound themselves by oath to submit thereto, now to combine together, (a lesser part of them,) in a public petition to have any order repealed which is not repugnant to a law of God,

* Mr. Savage adds this statement in a note. "Early practice and law seem to have established the equality of representation from towns; though it was, after a few years, restricted in some degree. Towns having less than twenty freemen were allowed but one deputy, and those less than ten, none, *though the freemen of such towns were permitted to unite in election with the next towns.*" Here we see the commencement of what is now called the district system.

savors of resisting an ordinance of God; for the people, having deputed others, have no power to make or alter laws, but are to be subject."

The history of the several attempts made to establish a uniform system or code of laws throws much light upon the intentions of the leaders of the Colony and the wishes of the people, in respect to the nature of the government which they were instituting. The Charter authorized them to make whatever laws or regulations might be found needful, with this single restriction, — that they should not be repugnant to the laws of England. The obvious meaning of this permission was, that the whole body of the English law should remain in force, excepting only such portions as were plainly inapplicable in a feeble and distant settlement, and with the addition of such by-laws or minor regulations as their peculiar situation might require. But the early emigrants were by no means inclined so to understand it. Their purpose was to establish a separate religious community, modelled and governed after a plan of their own. As they construed the Charter, no portion of English law was to be in force among them till they had expressly reënacted it. They were to erect a new frame of government and a new system of law, following only their own ideas of expediency and right, and aiming only to avoid direct contradiction of the statutes of the mother country. Till this scheme could be safely carried out in all its parts, — and great caution was obviously necessary in executing it, — the magistrates were, in fact, to manage the affairs of the Colony, to decide controversies between individuals, and to punish crimes, at their discretion, or with only the Scriptures, their own consciences, and the known wishes and principles of the great body of the Colonists, for their guides. This was the patriarchal system; it was the government of an Arab sheikh over his tribe. It was a government without a constitution, (for the imperfect and perverted Charter of a private trading association does not merit that name,) — without accurately prescribed limits — and, in fact, without law, except a general reference to the word of God, and a general sense of equity or natural justice. It was stern in the punishment of offences against morality, against Scrip-

ture, and against the principles of the church; and this sternness suited the temper and inclination of the people. But in all other respects, it was mild and equitable. There was a sufficient check upon it, in the fact that its administrators held office only for one year; at the end of which time, if they became unpopular, they could be turned out, and others put in their place. The fact that the magistrates were almost invariably reëlected, proves that the system, and the administration of it, created little or no discontent. It was an elective despotism. The Colony, while few in number and feeble, were like a company of mariners shipwrecked on a wild and unknown coast, and obliged to keep together and maintain strict discipline, in order to avoid the manifold perils of their lot. Such a company might choose its own commanders, but would invest them with absolute authority while in office; for the safety of the whole number is a paramount consideration that overrides all law.

But it would be idle to expect that any people would submit to such a system any longer than the exigencies of the case rendered it absolutely necessary. As the Colony increased in population, in substance, and in spirit, it was found to be intolerable. To have all controversies decided and all offences punished according to the well known, previously established principles, precise and explicit in their tenor, is the very essence of civil freedom. Otherwise, however mild and paternal the administration may be, its action will be felt as oppressive and tyrannical. Particular statutes, enacted from time to time, to deprive the magistrate of his discretionary power in particular cases, must always be an inadequate remedy for the evil. What is wanted is a code, or general system, of law, containing principles applicable to all cases.

This want was felt in Massachusetts as early as 1635, when Winthrop tells us that the deputies to the General Court, "having conceived great danger to our state because our magistrates, for want of positive law, in many cases might proceed according to their discretions, it was agreed that some men should be appointed to frame a body of grounds of law, in resemblance to a Magna Charta, which, being allowed by some of the ministers and by the General Court, should be

received for fundamental laws." As the work thus contemplated was coextensive, in idea at least, with that which has given undying fame to Justinian and Trebonian, we are not surprised to find the humble legislators of Massachusetts making very slow progress with it; though, as will appear, the magnitude of the undertaking was by no means the chief cause of the delay. Four years afterwards, or in 1639, Winthrop makes this entry: —

"The people had long desired a body of laws, and thought their condition very unsafe, while so much power rested in the discretion of magistrates. Divers attempts had been made at former courts, and the matter referred to some of the magistrates and some of the elders; but still it came to no effect; for, being committed to the care of many, whatsoever was done by some, was still disliked or neglected by others. At last it was referred to Mr. Cotton and Mr. Nathaniel Warde, etc., and each of them framed a model, which were presented to this general court, and by them committed to the governor and deputy and some others to consider of, and so prepare it for the court in the 3d month next." Vol. i. p. 388.

Again, then, though two codes had been prepared, the matter was referred for subsequent consideration. The magistrates, in fact, under semblance of yielding to the wishes of the people, created as much delay as possible. Through various pretexts, now asking the advice of the clergy, and now of the towns, referring the matter first to one committee, and then to another, and then asking further time to ripen their thoughts, they contrived to postpone the completion of the business till 1641, when the "Body of Liberties," the first code of American Law was formally enacted.

The reason for all this backwardness has been bluntly stated to be, the unwillingness of the magistrates to part with their discretionary power, and to tie themselves down by positive laws. Undoubtedly, it was more pleasant to dispense justice like a Turkish Cadi, guided only by the Koran and one's own sense of right. But it is only just to the fathers of Massachusetts to hear their own statement of the reasons for the delay, which we quote the more willingly, as it shows the political sagacity and prudence of the men who then guided

the affairs of the Colony. Immediately after the passage just cited, Winthrop remarks, —

"Two great reasons there were, which caused most of the magistrates and some of the elders not to be very forward in this matter. One was, want of sufficient experience of the nature and disposition of the people, considered with the condition of the country and other circumstances, which made them conceive, that such laws would be fittest for us, which should arise *pro re nata*, upon occasions, etc., and so the laws of England and other states grew, and therefore the fundamental laws of England are called customs, *consuetudines*. 2. For that it would professedly transgress the limits of our charter, which provide, we shall make no laws repugnant to the laws of England, *and that we were assured we must do*. But to raise up laws by practice and custom had been no transgression; as in our church discipline, and in matters of marriage, — *to make a law*, that marriages should not be solemnized by ministers, *is* repugnant to the laws of England; *but to bring it to a custom by practice* for *the magistrates* to perform it, is no law made repugnant, etc." Vol. i. pp. 388, 389.

The most astute politician of modern times could hardly match these two reasons for political sagacity, or for a correct understanding of the nature of government. The first shows a clear perception of the nature and character of the English constitution; — that it was not a rigid and inflexible system, framed beforehand, to force the customs and the polity of future generations into such a shape as the imperfect wisdom of earlier times might deem best, and which, because inflexible and bound together as one consistent system, should any discrepancy afterwards arise between it and the wishes and exigencies of the state, could not be modified and bent to the emergency, but must be shattered in pieces by revolutionary force; — but that its excellence and its stability were attributable to the fact, that it had been gradually developed out of the ideas and habits of the people, conforming itself to the varying necessities of each successive generation, and affording resources for every occasion that could arise. After this manner the fathers of Massachusetts wished that the constitution of their infant settlement should grow up, — not a servile copy of the English pattern as it then was, but gradually conformed to the circumstances of their novel situation here in New England, and to the dispositions of the peculiar

class of people who constituted the Colony. They wished Massachusetts should form its polity just as the growing tree covers itself with its bark, which appears ever the same, but which in reality is ever changing, expanding with the growth of the tree and adapting itself to every irregularity on its surface. They knew that society is not a mass of brute matter, to be fashioned on a turning lathe to any preconceived pattern; but that it is a living and growing thing, which has its own internal principle of increase and development.

Still further; they foresaw that the occasions of New England and the temper of the people would inevitably cause the limits of the Charter to be transgressed, and that any body of laws which they might frame would either be unsuited to the wants of the Colony, or would be so plainly repugnant to the laws of England that it would be disallowed by the authorities at home; and their rejection of it might occasion a revision or a forfeiture of the Charter, and the imposition of a code contrived either by the crown or the parliament. Therefore, the fathers of Massachusetts preferred to wait. They would quietly administer the affairs of the Colony upon principles suited to its occasions and the character of the people, without expressly enacting those principles into laws, which would inevitably attract the censure of the home government. These principles would thus become corroborated by long usage, and form a body of consuetudinary law, which, upon the principles of the British constitution, would be equally valid with express enactments.

The result vindicated their sagacity. Had they not, by cunningly devised pretences and delays, evaded the demands of the people in 1635 and 1639, their new code might have been disallowed by the arbitrary government of Charles I. before it could have been fairly put in action. They postponed the decision till 1641, when the authority had, in the main, passed away from Charles into the hands of their good Puritanic friends in the Long Parliament; and then, in the unparalleled excitement into which all England was thrown, the bold act of Massachusetts, in establishing its own system of law, escaped without notice. The code then adopted by the General Court was not the form prepared by the Rev. Mr.

Cotton, and called by him "A Model of Moses his Judicials, compiled in an exact method," the provisions of which are mainly taken from the Old Testament, and which bore this very appropriate motto from Isaiah: — "Jehovah is our Judge, Jehovah is our Lawgiver, Jehovah is our King; He will save us." Notwithstanding the theocratic principles of our forefathers, they had too much sagacity not to perceive, that the Jewish law, as a whole, was inappropriate to their situation, and insufficient for their wants. They quietly put Mr. Cotton's code on the shelf, and adopted the far more judicious system, called The Body of Liberties, devised and compiled by Mr. Nathaniel Ward, minister of the church in Ipswich, but formerly a practitioner of law in England. Thus he united clerical and legal learning, as qualifications for his task; and his work remained the foundation of the jurisprudence of New England for half a century, the larger portion of it being copied into all the digests and codes that were subsequently framed, and Connecticut borrowing nearly the whole of it soon after its publication. As to its merits, we do but copy the opinion expressed by high legal authority,* in saying that, —

"It exhibits throughout the hand of the practised lawyer, familiar with the principles and the securities of English liberty; and although it retains some traces of the times, it is, in the main, far in advance of them, and, in several respects, in advance of the Common Law of England at this day. It shows that our ancestors, instead of deducing all their laws from the Books of Moses, established at the outset a code of fundamental principles, which, taken as a whole, for wisdom, equity, adaptation to the wants of their community, and a liberality of sentiment superior to the age in which it was written, may fearlessly challenge a comparison with any similar production, from Magna Charta itself to the latest Bill of Rights that has been put forth in Europe or America."

The general character of the one hundred comprehensive principles of law that form the Body of Liberties is sufficiently indicated by the first one on the list, in which may be perceived the influence of the generous maxims of the Great

* Hon. F. C. Gray, in *Mass. Hist. Coll.* 3d Series. vol. viii.

Charter and the Common Law, modified by the particular reverence for the Word of God, which was the characteristic feature of the country and age.

"No man's life shall be taken away, no man's honor or good name shall be stained, no man's person shall be arrested, restrained, banished, dismembered, nor any ways punished, no man shall be deprived of his wife or children, no man's goods or estate shall be taken away, nor any way indamaged, under color of law or countenance of authority, unless it be by virtue or equity of some express law of the country warranting the same, established by a General Court, and sufficiently published; or, in case of the defect of the law in any particular case, by the Word of God. And in capital cases, or in cases concerning dismembering or banishment, according to that Word to be judged by the General Court."

We find no reason to doubt that the government of Massachusetts was faithfully administered according to the spirit of this broad and excellent provision of law both before and after its enactment. Great allowance should be made for the circumstances in which the Colony was placed, and for the temper which was created in the people by the ardor of their religious faith, and by their sudden emancipation from the apprehensions and restraints to which they were subject while in the mother land. A restless spirit, an excess of zeal, an impatience of any control, and a "conscientious contentious" disposition were widely manifested in Massachusetts from the beginning. We can discern enough that must have sorely tried the patience of the magistrates, before they resorted to any decisive measures for ridding themselves of the evil. Weeds and brambles sprang up fast in that little spot in the wilderness, which they had hoped to fence in and cultivate with jealous care as a peculiar garden for their God. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson in Boston, Roger Williams and Mr. Endicott, in Salem, Mary Dyer and her Quaker brothers and sisters, broached heresies which were as subversive of just authority in government, as they were shocking to orthodoxy in religion. We are wont to blame the magistrates of those days for drawing the reins too tight, for governing over much, for the prying and inquisitorial manner in which they regulated private conduct and belief. But we do not enough

consider the difficulties of their position, and the vehement and intractable character of the religious enthusiasts whom they governed. It is easy for the stable government of a populous and flourishing state, at the present time, to disregard the senseless proceedings of the hot-headed few, who bellow forth doctrines at war with all religious belief and all the institutions of society. Such extravagances make no impression on the good sense of the bulk of the community, and the authors of them are sufficiently punished by contemptuous neglect. But it was otherwise when a few hundred Puritans, over two centuries ago, formed their feeble and isolated settlements in the wilderness, surrounded by savage foes, and thousands of miles from any effectual aid. *They* could not afford to disregard Antinomian heresies and Fifth Monarchy views of government. When the Pequod war was on the eve of breaking out, half of the citizens of Boston had to be disarmed before the decided will of the majority could be carried out, by banishing from the Colony a fanatical female preacher, who denounced most of the clergymen and magistrates as being under a covenant of works, — which, in the language of those days, implied that they were possessed of the devil, — and who taught that the Holy Ghost dwelt personally in those justified saints who thundered out these terrible anathemas.

We cannot feel much sympathy even for the case of the illustrious founder of Rhode Island. Those who have fully examined the case of Roger Williams may well doubt which of the two parties to it was the persecutor, and which the persecuted. This excellent man, but hot-headed controversialist, began by excommunicating his own church at Salem, because they refused to excommunicate all the other churches, who had not yet repented of the deadly sin of having once conformed to the Church of England; and he continued by excommunicating his own wife because she remained in communion with the church of which he had been pastor. For some time, he would neither say grace or return thanks at his own table, if this poor unregenerate woman, as he called her, was present at it. True, he was the first to proclaim the doctrine of universal religious toleration; — a very natural dogma

for one who stood absolutely alone in his opinions, and who excommunicated all the world for refusing to join him. But the most dangerous offence which he gave was in persuading Mr. Endicot to cut the cross out of the king's colors, — an unpardonable insult to the government at home, on which the Colonists depended for toleration, if not for protection; and which they instructed Mr. Downing, in England, to explain away, as the act of an individual, so that it might not operate to their injury. Williams also denied the rights of the Colonists to the lands which they held, saying that they belonged to the Indians, and that King James told a lie when he affirmed that the country became the property of the crown by right of discovery. After vainly expostulating with him for months, we cannot see that it argued any great want of charity on the part of the magistrates to give the preacher of these mad doctrines notice, that, within six weeks, he must leave their jurisdiction. He had to travel only forty miles in order to get out of it.

But we had no intention of entering at so much length upon an apology for the fathers of Massachusetts. We do not believe, indeed, that their conduct or their principles stand in any need of an apology, though some unfounded strictures upon their policy have been so frequently repeated that they seem to have affected even the fair and candid mind of the editor of these volumes. It is hazardous to differ from Mr. Savage on any point relating to the early history of New England; but we must avow our conviction that he has often judged the conduct of Winthrop and his colleagues a little too harshly. Perhaps an honest and firm purpose not to yield to any undue partiality for the writer of the work upon which he has bestowed so much loving toil, has unconsciously hurried his mind into the opposite extreme. Perhaps, also, his judgment was a little warped by the fact that, among those who suffered from the rigid policy of the early governors of New England, were some whom he is deservedly proud to claim as his own ancestors. But when the essential facts of the history are not disputed, his candor will readily forgive those who have arrived at different conclusions respecting the judgment that is to be passed upon them; and he will even

pardon us if we have not spoken with befitting respect of the theological and political opinions of his seven-times-great-grandmother. For our own part, the study of every authentic record of the sayings and the doings of these men only increases our admiration of the prudence and the statesmanship, as well as the uprightness, the self-denial, and the piety with which they governed their little commonwealth, and laid the foundations of the present character and present prosperity of New England.

ART. IV. — *Memorials and Correspondence of* CHARLES JAMES FOX. Edited by the RT. HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M. P. Philadelphia, Blanchard & Lea. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

"THERE is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover, from his manner, that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms." * The witty Canon of St. Paul's, whose own versatility was hardly less than that which he has here so epigrammatically described, would have beheld with astonishment the literary freaks of the many-sided Premier; for the experience of the last year enables us to say that he would undertake, with alacrity, to write the Life or edit the Correspondence of any man in England, from the Duke of Wellington down to Joseph Grimaldi; and from any light that Lord John would condescend to throw upon the subject, an uninformed reader would be left to guess which of his victims penetrated the columns of Marmont at Salamanca, and which nightly amused her Majesty's subjects at Astley's.

There are many things which the distinguished politician who edits this compilation has done exceedingly well; but

* Sidney Smith's *Second Letter to Archbishop Singleton.*

there are some things he certainly has done equally ill. He is Jack the Giant-killer, who was active in the slaughter of the kindred monsters of Rotten-borough and Corn-law; but he is also "the little boy who chalked 'No Popery' on Cardinal Wiseman's door, and then ran away." (*Vide* Punch.) If he was not so sanguine as to anticipate, with the impulsive Brougham, that every peasant in England would, through the potent influences of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, be educated to understand Bacon, he has done all that one man can do to realize the hope of William Cobbett, that every poor man in the realm might have bacon to eat. Unfortunately, however, Lord John's administrative career was cut short by the accession of the Conservatives to power; and during the brief interval for which they retained it, the public were presented with the Life and Correspondence of Moore, and the Memorials and Correspondence of Fox, as the fruits of the Ex-Premier's leisure.

The former of these two productions has been already noticed in this Review, and we allude to it again only to compare it with Lord John's more recent effort. It was not entirely the editor's fault that that work gave so little satisfaction; for it was Moore's misfortune that he had nothing better to do than to keep a Diary, in which he had the indiscretion to chronicle the very smallest of beer; — good and bad, "poor Tom" set it all down, very little in malice, and nothing extenuating. How sorry he was to leave his darling Bessie — how delighted he was to be invited to sing his pretty melodies before applauding peers and lovely Right Honorables — his little griefs and his great joys — his dinners, and his "ices at Tortoni's." (Moore's journal, while at Paris, is as full of allusions to "ices," as if it had been originally kept on papyrus, and written in hieroglyphics, by a religiously-inclined gentleman of Thebes, some five hundred years before the invasion of Cambyses.) The bard of Erin, we fear, would have prized more highly the connection of his name with that of a scion of the House of Bedford, than all the laurels that fashion and taste have placed upon the brow of him who sang that more than Elysian transit through the Valley of Cashmere.

But the case is far different with the papers of Charles Fox. The descendant of Henri-Quatre and Charles I., and, more than that, the great liberal statesman of the reign of George III., had nothing to gain from an aristocratic editor. The readers of history had a right to expect that, whenever it should be convenient or proper to publish the life or correspondence of one who had so great an influence upon the politics of his times, the work should be done finally and completely; and surely it was worth doing well. Now, the volumes before us we regard as emphatically a work of supererogation; for the continuous narrative of the life of Fox is reserved, by the editor's own confession, for a future historian. Then why did he not leave to him, also, the entire correspondence, with such annotations only as the late Lord Holland might see fit to make upon the papers of his distinguished relative? Here, however, we have four editors at once, Lord Holland, Lord John Russell, Horace Walpole, and Mr. Allen, inserting into the correspondence of a great statesman every kind of annotation, relative and irrelative; and it is announced that these are but the crude materials out of which some enterprising gentleman, in the next century, perhaps, is to elaborate a complete history. We include Horace Walpole among these editors, for he is made by the other three to figure as such; and, as nearly as we can ascertain, his share of the work is larger than that of all the others put together. If the noble editor, under whose name the mass is now published, found the papers bequeathed to him by Lady Holland in a more hopelessly chaotic condition than he has left them in, we can readily forgive him for not having better accomplished his task; but he certainly should have rendered at least the darkness visible, instead of superimposing a little chaos of his own. It is not from incapacity that Lord John has failed again; for, many years ago, he published the comparatively uninteresting Life of his ancestor, Lord William Russell, which was a respectable addition to a sort of literature quite fashionable in England, — the political history of the aristocracy.

If it was a mistake to intrust so important a matter to one who could give so little attention to it as the adroit leader of

an always active and watchful political party, we cannot but consider it a still greater mistake, that so delicate a task was left to the discretion of so thorough a partisan. The vice of almost all English history is the spirit of faction which pervades it. An event, whether it may have occurred twenty years ago or two hundred, is not judged by its abstract merits, but by the preponderance of Whig or Tory influence which it manifests; and the virulence of the attack upon measures and persons is not often diminished by distance. For example; in a recent history treating mainly of the accession of William of Orange to the English throne, individuals and classes who, conscientiously, as they thought, opposed the revolution, are pursued with a vindictiveness often amounting to scurrility; while some of the great families who brought it about, and who would, for similar motives, have invited over the Cham of Tartary, are lauded with a minuteness and tawdriness of panegyric that would be ridiculous even in one of Mrs. Gore's novels. But if it is unreasonable to expect fairness in a partisan historian, it certainly is not so to require of an editor that he shall not obscure, if he cannot illumine, his subject. We challenge any man to find, in these volumes, where he would naturally expect to find it, any thing for which such works are commonly consulted, or to discover, without constant perplexity, which of the four annotators happens to be elucidating a given point; and we think that those familiar with English history, during the space which these two volumes cover, will agree with us in the conclusion, that, apart from the correspondence itself, there is nothing told here which has not been better told before; that the student will find nothing in them that he cannot more readily find elsewhere; that, in the common authorities for the period, he will hardly find any thing less to his purpose than what these gentlemen have been pleased to insert; and, if the object of each *quasi* editor has been only to mystify the reader, that Lord John has triumphed *à merveille* over his three predecessors.

The family of Charles James Fox, on his father's side, was of recent nobility. Stephen Fox, Master of the Horse to Charles II., was of humble birth; but he became a member of Parliament and a Baronet. His daughters, by his first

wife, married into noble families; and his sons, by his second, became Baron Ilchester and Baron Holland. Their descendants have risen to a still higher rank in the peerage, and the titles are now Earl of Ilchester and Viscount Holland. On his mother's side, Charles Fox inherited the blood of the royal families of France and of England. Henry Fox, second son of Sir Stephen, married Lady Georgiana Caroline, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. Charles James Fox was his third son, and was born January 24 (13), 1749. That he was rather a precocious boy is shown in many incidents which his biographers relate. Fell says, that when Charles was only eight years old, he went one evening into his father's library, where the Secretary of State was copying despatches. Taking one of them from the table, Charles read it, and with an expression of dissatisfaction, tossed it into the fire; and his father wrote another, without any remark. It is mentioned in this work, on the authority of Sir G. Colebrook, that "Mr. Fox's children were to receive no contradiction. Having promised Charles that he should be present when a garden wall was to be flung down, and having forgotten it, the wall was built up again that he might perform his promise." When Charles was but fourteen years old, he travelled with his father on the Continent; and it is said that Lord Holland allowed his son five guineas a night at Spa to gamble with. If this is true, we can have very little compassion for the father when he was afterwards obliged to pay £140,000 for his son's debts of honor. Singularly enough, we find Charles writing, a year or two later, to his friend Sir George Macartney, — "I hear there is very deep play at St. Petersburg; I hope that will not tempt you to break your resolution against gaming." He was the favorite child. Lord Holland, writing to Lady Caroline, says, on one occasion, "I got to Holland House at seven, found all the boys well; but, to say the truth, took most notice of Charles. I never saw him better or more merry." "I will not deny," says Mr. Fox himself, "that I was a very sensible little boy, and what I heard made an impression upon me, and was of use to me afterwards." At the age of nine, he was brought up from Eton to be present at the coronation of

George III. A few years afterwards, the Duke of Devonshire writes to Lord Holland, "Commend me to your son Charles, for his sagacity." A strong expression from a grave man, as the editor remarks, in a grave letter about a lad scarcely fourteen years old.

After he had spent four months of idleness, or as we have seen, of something worse than idleness, on the Continent, Charles returned, at his own desire, to Eton. Fresh as he was from the brilliant society of France and Germany, he was but ill-treated by the boys, and not much better by the master. After six months, his father went down to hear him speak, and took him back to London, to hear the debates in Parliament upon the publications of the notorious Wilkes. He was present when the House of Commons voted the 45th number of the North Briton "a false, scandalous, and seditious libel," and could hardly have failed to become strengthened in prejudices which showed themselves soon after he took his seat in the House, but which he spent a lifetime in atoning for and combating in others. In a letter which he wrote to Sir George Macartney, we find an allusion to a poem which is familiar to millions who have never heard of the great statesman himself. "If there were any way of sending you pamphlets, I would send you a new poem, called the 'Traveller,' which appears to me to have a great deal of merit." Time, after all, is a leveller; for one cannot be said to know any thing of English literature if he has not studied Oliver Goldsmith, while any man may be pardoned for knowing little or nothing of the "Holland connection."

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to Mr. Fox's scholarship. Lord John Russell, of course, is willing to allow his hero all the merit on that account which he deserves. But the truth is, that without being a pedant, Charles Fox was a scholar. He had but an indifferent opinion of the value of classical studies; and yet one of his biographers tells us, that a clergyman, eminent for his knowledge of Greek, one day maintained that a particular verse in the Iliad could not be genuine, because the measure did not conform to the Homeric stanza; when Mr. Fox, who had taken no part in the discussion, immediately recited twenty verses from the

Iliad in the identical measure. Our own conclusion from this incident would be, that, so far from establishing Mr. Fox's claim to scholarship, the anecdote only invalidates effectually that of his clerical friend. In a letter, written at the age of sixteen, from which we have already quoted, he says, "I read here much, and like vastly what I know you think useless, mathematics. I believe they are useful, and I am sure they are entertaining, [shade of Euclid!] which is alone enough to recommend them to me." Having expressed the opinion that "to a man who reads a great deal, there cannot be a more agreeable place than Oxford," he adds: —

"To tell you the truth, I have read a great deal since you left England, and have learnt nothing. I employed almost my whole time at Oxford in the mathematical and classical knowledge, but more particularly in the latter, so that I understand Latin and Greek tolerably well. I am totally ignorant in every part of useful knowledge. I am more convinced every day how little advantage there is in being what at school and the University is called a good scholar; one receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all. At present I read nothing but Italian, which I am immoderately fond of, particularly of the poetry. You, who understand Italian so well yourself, will not at all wonder at this. As to French, I am far from being so thorough a master of it as I could wish; but I know so much of it that I could perfect myself in it at any time with very little trouble, especially if I pass three or four months in France."

It is very certain that his knowledge of French was both extensive and accurate. In his fifteenth year, he wrote a poem in French, of some twenty-four lines, which not only shows his familiarity with the language, but indicates the very early age at which he reflected on important political questions.

Whatever Mr. Fox undertook to do, he endeavored to do well. To qualify himself for the useful art of carving, he was accustomed to lay his book of instructions upon the table, and to study the science by actual practice upon the "subject;" and later in life, when Secretary of State, piqued at an observation upon the badness of his writing, he took lessons in chirography, and wrote copies like a school-boy. When living in the country, he devoted him-

self to the practical work of a gardener; and being once asked, in mature life, how, though grown so corpulent, he continued to pick up the "cut balls" at tennis so well, he replied, "because I am a very painstaking man."

That elegant recreation, which, while it may be elevated to a study, is tasteful merely as an amusement, conventionally styled "private theatricals," was with Mr. Fox, in his younger days, a passion. The father of the late Lord Holland, who died before the first Lord, built a theatre at his country-house at Winterslow, chiefly at the instigation of his brother Charles, who divided the Thespian laurels with Lady Mary Fox and her brother, Richard Fitzpatrick. Charles and Richard were nearly equal as to merit; in tragedy, they took alternately the principal parts; and if Mr. Fox was, upon the whole, preferred in tragedy, Fitzpatrick carried away the palm in genteel comedy. Mr. Fox had read at Oxford a prodigious number of plays. He and his friend Dickson, afterwards Bishop of Down, studied very hard, and their only relaxation consisted in reading together the early dramatic poets of England, spending most of their evenings for this purpose at a bookseller's shop. Mr. Fox said afterwards, that there was no play extant, written and published before the Restoration, that he had not read attentively. His letters frequently show how well stored was his mind with quotations, and it is unquestionably owing to his proficiency in acting, and to his knowledge of plays, that his oratory was so effective, and his expressions so felicitous. The year before he entered Parliament, he addressed a "professional" letter to Mr. Fitzpatrick, the following extract from which will show how deeply he interested himself in the subject: —

"Your letter has put me in mind of acting, and made me extremely eager for some more plays; though, to tell you the truth, the last time I acted I fell very short of my own expectations. However, my spirit is not entirely broken; but I will avoid appearing in any very conspicuous part, if possible. Your sister is a very good actress. Lady Sarah's fame is well known. Ste* acted extremely well in the comedy; in the tragedy, he did not know his part. Carlisle is not an excellent actor, but will make a very useful one. Dickson acted

* Stephen Fox, his brother.

the small part he had in the tragedy very ill, chiefly, I believe, from carelessness. He acted one or two scenes in the comedy inimitably, and all well. He will be of great use to us. Peter Brodie is the best manager-prompter in the world. We want another actor or two, but much more another actress. There are very few comedies that do not require above two women. You may tell my brother I can get two actors for him — one goodish, the other badish. I have so bad a taste as to differ from you very much about the French stage. I allow the French actors to be much better than ours; but I think our plays are infinitely better. Here at Florence, the people are clever at every other species of writing imaginable but the dramatic. All Italian plays are imitations, either of Greek, Latin, or French ones; but if the Italians are, in this respect, inferior to the French, English, &c., they are fully revenged in every other. For God's sake, learn Italian as fast as you can, if it be only to read Ariosto. There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages that I understand put together. Make haste and read all these things, that you may be fit to talk to Christians."

We intended to give an extract from one of the interlocutions, (or whatever they may be called,) containing a rather coarse description of Mr. Fox's personal appearance, as he sat in bed in the middle of the day, unkempt and unshorn, holding a levee of his political and social friends. But we have searched for it in vain; and as it is impossible, through the ingenious device of the editor for puzzling the reader, to find any thing, without a careful examination of every page in the book separately, we must leave those who may be curious in the matter, to hunt it up for themselves. In the mean time, we may be pardoned for transcribing a more agreeable picture from the autobiography of that egotistical, but genial old gossip, Leigh Hunt:—

"Some years later, I saw Mr. Pitt in a blue coat, buckskin breeches, and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pigtail. He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead, and his nose in the air. Later still, I saw Mr. Fox, fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He who had been a 'beau' in his youth, then looked something Quaker-like in his dress, with plain colored clothes, a broad round hat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings. He was standing in Parliament street, just where the street commences as you leave Whitehall; and was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something he seemed to be relating."

The biographer, Fell, describes him in his younger days as being an extravagant beau, and a leader of the fashion, distinguished among the dandies for the fineness of his Parisian velvet, and the splendor of his red heels. He said of himself once, that, "if he did not return like Charles II., with all the vices of the Continent, his wardrobe contained all its fashions." We shall have little to say of the private life of Mr. Fox, or of his domestic circumstances, as these volumes rarely allude to either. There were strangely mingled in him, however, the elements of the statesman and the man of pleasure; the vindictiveness and acerbity which characterized the public men of his country and age, and that sweetness of disposition, the distinguishing trait of his family, which made him the "Dear Charles" of all his friends, not excepting his hardly creditable acquaintance, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; which made him the best loved, as he had other traits which made him the best abused, man of his time.

Before we come to speak of the political career of Charles Fox, it may be well to mention two, at least, of his contemporaries, with whom Americans, as well as himself, have had most to do, — the King of England, and his confidant and minister, Lord North.

George III. was the central sun about whom revolved the lesser luminaries and their satellites, bound on their courses by the laws of place and power, peerage and pension, — laws as resistless as those of gravitation itself. He was neither the wisest nor the best of men; but he should be judged only by comparison. He certainly was not a very wise man; but, compared with his two immediate predecessors, neither of whom knew, or cared to know, the language or the customs of the country which, for reasons they could hardly comprehend, they had mysteriously been called upon to govern, — the wisdom of George III. was that of Solomon. His enemies maintained that he was not a very good man; but, compared with his son and successor, his virtues appear transcendent: for in every vice for which Englishmen should have hated him, in every meanness for which any gentleman should have shunned him, in every sin for the commission of which the humblest of the human race may look down with con-

tempt upon the proudest descendant of the Crusaders, he who was called the first gentleman in his realm, George Frederick of Brunswick, Prince of Wales, Prince Regent and King of England, could lay his hand among the ribbons and stars on his breast, and say truly that his peer was not among the inhabitants of earth. George III. was both a tyrant and a meddler; but he was made so by the force of circumstances. He was a tyrant, because he cared little for the country over which he reigned, except so far as the preservation of its territory added to his own dignity. His whole career, however, showed that he felt himself not dependent upon the English crown for his happiness. He frequently threatened to abdicate, and he never forgot that, while he was king of England, he was also a German elector. The descendant of Azo and Cunegunde could hardly have felt much interest in the selfish intrigues of the mostly new nobility which surrounded him. He was a proficient in the etiquette of a court, and he would have much preferred the liberty of tyranny in his hereditary kingdom of Hanover, to being bound down by the craftiness of men he hardly knew. He was obstinate and cruel in his tyranny; that the descendants of those who had once been Englishmen might be beaten and humbled, men were dragged from their wives and children and homes among the sunny vineyards of the Rhine, and *sold*, to be transported to a new world they had never heard of, to fight there, side by side, with the scalping and torturing savages of the north-west, whom a more fiendish barbarism than their own had let loose upon defenceless women and children. He was a meddler, and very often a ridiculous one; but he meddled because he fancied he saw misgovernment where he did not interfere; and he was very apt to regard that only as misgovernment which tended to thwart his own despotic views.

The favorite of the King, at the commencement of Mr. Fox's political career, was Lord North, the eldest son of the Earl of Guilford, who was the Queen's Chamberlain. It has been the fashion to speak of this minister as the author and abettor of the American war; while the truth is, that the war had no more honest opponent than Lord North. At the same time, he must continue to be held responsible, by Americans,

for some of the cruelties of the war, and by Englishmen, for most of its miscarriages. Beloved and trusted by his King, an enemy to no man, to no body or nation of men, on earth, he repeatedly requested permission to resign, on account of his difference of opinion with the King upon the matter of the American war, and of his unwillingness to adopt the only measures which would satisfy the imperious and relentless nature of his royal master. But the King invariably refused to dispense with his services; for George III. had not many sincere friends among the aristocracy, and he had the sagacity to see that the hearty good nature, the perfect imperturbability, of Lord North was much to his purpose. All the blandishments of royal favor were employed to keep him in his place, and the good-natured nobleman yielded. He sacrificed, in so yielding, the interests of the foreign colonies to the demands of his King, to the policy of his party, and, we blush to say, to the passions of his nation; and by a persistance in measures which were not only unjust but inefficient, he alienated those colonies, and made them independent of all three,— King, Tories, and Mob. Lord North was not inimical to America; yet he believed, with the entire body of his countrymen, in an abstract and inalienable right of the government of Great Britain to include taxation of the colonies among the attributes of sovereignty. In America, the question was determined without an argument; we thought taxation unjust and oppressive, and we prepared to resist it. It was the colonists more than the English who had fought the elder Pitt's battles on the Ohio, while Prussia fought them on the Main; it was men like George Washington who had made America too hot for France, and we had not learned the art of war in vain.

It is a melancholy, but now an unquestioned truth, that the American war, thus undertaken to please the King, and so ill conducted by the ministers, was popular among nearly all classes in England. The national vanity rejected the idea that the Yankees could ever prove a match for those disciplined troops, in whose invincible prowess and valor they religiously believed. They could not think that the great empire on which the "sun never set," and which had become so prosperous through its almost annual "annexations," could

ever be dismembered. But our trans-Atlantic brethren soon learned some unpalatable truths. The opinions held among the English people, relative to the American war, prove that popular wars are not more likely than others to have right and justice on their side, and also that they are not more likely than others to succeed. The English press advocated the war, and it has hardly ever been more insulting or mendacious than it was then. The country gentlemen uniformly supported the ministry, as they were bound to do, because American taxation was devised that they might be relieved from taxes upon their lands; and all those who were likely to be influenced by the landed gentry, especially the great body of the clergy, applauded and justified the war. We had but few friends in the "mother country," for our fathers were not among those whom our mother delighted to honor. Many of those who indirectly helped us most, did so less because they loved America, than because they hated the King and his ministers. Among these, we fear, we must rank Lord Chatham, in spite of his eloquent speeches on behalf of the colonies, and especially that most impassioned invective against the employment of savages in the war, which will be spoken for many years yet by American school-boys. Alas for human nature! Lord Chatham's philanthropy did not include Frenchmen, and he is charged with being the first civilized man who ever resorted to the barbarity which he then denounced. But we fortunately had a few real and indefatigable friends, both in and out of Parliament, though we best know and honor those who never failed to speak for us, as well as to denounce our enemies. The names of Burke, of Barré, Conway, Pownall, and others, will ever be dear to the hearts of Americans; and deserving of the highest place in the affections of a grateful people is the memory of Charles James Fox.

The political career of Mr. Fox cannot be said to have commenced till the year 1774, though he could hardly have been an indifferent spectator of the events which occurred during the earlier years of his life. "Pert and argumentative," he must have mingled in the discussions of the day; and, indeed, the very earliest of his letters indicate the tendency of his mind toward politics. He had entered Parliament at the

age of nineteen, having been returned by the borough of Midhurst, on the 10th of May, 1768. He was then on the side of the government; his second speech was in support of the expulsion of Wilkes, and his third on the petition against the return of Colonel Luttrel for Middlesex. His elder brother spoke also on the same side, and Horace Walpole says of the two, "Stephen Fox indecently and indiscreetly said, 'Wilkes had been chosen by the scum of the earth;' Charles Fox, with infinite superiority in parts, was not inferior to his brother in insolence." It is hardly necessary to state that Lord Holland bought the borough of Midhurst, and that Mr. Fox came in as a supporter of the government, which he appears to have been till he resigned his office as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to which he had been appointed February 24, 1770. He held this office only two years, retiring because he fancied Lord North did not treat him with the confidence and attention he used to, and also because he had determined to vote against the Royal Marriage Bill, which, as a place-holder, he would be ashamed to do. This bill was originated by George III. himself; it was forced upon his ministers against their will, and all in either House who voted against it incurred his implacable resentment. After Mr. Fox's resignation, in 1772, there was a motion in the House for expunging thanks to Dr. Nowell for a sermon vindicating Charles I., which was carried by a vote of nearly four to one. General Keppel, Colonel Fitzroy, and Charles Fox, all descendants of Charles I., voted against the sermon, as did many of the courtiers; among them, Jeremiah Dyson, who said, "If King Charles's grandsons vote against it, sure I may." In May, 1772, Mr. Fox's Marriage Bill, which he introduced so handsomely as to elicit the highest praise from Horace Walpole, and had then neglected, was thrown out without a debate, by a vote of 93 to 34. The bill removed all restraints upon marriage, except the single one of a register. In December of this year, a new disposition of places was made, and Mr. Fox was appointed a Lord of the Treasury.

The year that elapsed between Mr. Fox's retirement from the Admiralty, and his acceptance of an office in the Treasury, was more favorable to the development of his liberalism,

than it proved to be to his private morality. He indulged more than ever in his passion for play; and this, with the ensuing years, was the period of his greatest losses. But he also contrived to break away from the pernicious influences of his father's political example and instruction. The first Lord Holland started in life as a needy political adventurer. He attached himself warmly to Sir Robert Walpole, and had added to the audacity of his nature the corruption and the harshness which characterized that minister's policy. But he was now sinking under disease and depression of spirits; and Charles had begun to outgrow that blind adherence to the paternal dogmas which his affectionate disposition had hitherto seemed to require. He had, moreover, thrown off the shackles of office; and though he shortly resumed them, he had braced his mind to an independent use of its faculties, and had contracted friendships with many who afterwards nobly seconded his efforts in behalf of civil liberty and concession.

During Mr. Fox's second connection with the government, he appears to have done little, till the final affair which caused his dismission by Lord North. In the debates in East India affairs, he took a violent part against Lord Clive, whom he described as "the origin of all plunders and the source of all robbery." At the beginning of the year 1774, a gross attack was made, in the "Public Advertiser," upon the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, for partiality in a certain matter that had been before the House. The Speaker, at the next meeting of the House, called upon certain members to acquit him of partiality, which was done, and the orders of the day were called for. This would have ended the matter; but a few members thought this a proper time to assert the honor of the House against the insolence of the press. Taunts and recriminations passed between the two parties, and finally, Mr. Woodfall, the printer, was summoned to the bar, where he made a satisfactory explanation and apology. His conduct greatly softened the House; but Mr. Fox, who had become fairly roused, injudiciously insisted upon committing the printer to Newgate. Lord North vacillated; he had pledged himself to Mr. Fox, and was yet inclined to milder measures. The motion for imprisonment was defeated, and Lord North compromised the

matter by making his friends vote with the majority, while he kept his word by personally voting with Mr. Fox's minority. The King was highly incensed at the course taken by Mr. Fox, and wrote to Lord North, "Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honor and honesty, that he must become as contemptible as he is odious." And again, a week later, he says, "I think Mr. Charles Fox would have acted more becoming to you and himself, if he had absented himself from the House; for his conduct is not to be attributed to conscience, but to his aversion to all restraints." These instigations had the desired effect; and on the 24th of February, Mr. Fox was dismissed by Lord North.

Mr. Fox was now twenty-five years old, a man of the world, a scholar, and a statesman. He had embarked on a political career which ended only with his death. We have seen his own preparation for it; let us now look at the position in which he found his country. His father had long been a leader in the contentions and the diplomacy of a former reign, and had intended that Charles should succeed to his command, and his instructions commenced almost with boyhood.

First in the long series of wars and of diplomatic intrigue, the young Charles must have contemplated the great game which his country had played, with a move now upon the plains of Germany, and now in the wilds of the New World. It had commenced before he was born; and what was virtually the same contest was at its height when he died; its relations and consequences influenced both his administrations. The grandson of that Margrave of Brandenburgh, who had created a Kingdom out of the little Duchy of Prussia, had added to the fame and to the crimes of his family by robbing the lovely daughter of Charles VI. of one of the oldest of the possessions of the house of Hapsburgh. The consequences of that crime have scarcely yet ceased to be felt. Through the mediation of England, Maria Theresa bought off Frederic by the relinquishment of Silesia, and then drove his allies from her territory. After sixteen years of smothered revenge, she had intrigued successfully with the Court of Versailles, and had engaged the House of Bourbon in a new scheme of alliance and policy. Then really commenced those memora-

ble struggles, which continued till the French Revolution changed the currents of political strife, and united all the monarchies of Europe against itself. Frederic was forced to begin that seven-years' war, at whose close he found himself the greatest warrior that the continent of Europe had known since the reign of Charlemagne, and it has known but *one* greater since. He had at first been aided, and at last deserted, by England; and it was when he found himself dependent on his own nearly exhausted resources, and when the circle of his enemies was hemming him in, that he achieved the title of GREAT. The "upstart of Brandenburgh" had thrust himself into the company of kings, and they found themselves not strong enough to contend with their new rival. The treaty of Hubertsburgh confirmed Frederic in the possession of Silesia, and the separate peace of Paris between England and France had temporarily ended the contest between these hereditary enemies.

Among the consequences of the seizure of Silesia in 1740 was the war between England and France, which was conducted in the wilds of America. The result of that war was the establishment of a British province in the place of the Canadian possessions of France; and the prophecy was attributed, though falsely, to the Marquis of Montcalm, — that the British colonies, relieved from the dread of France, would no longer manifest the same attachment, or practise an equal submission. It is singular, that, when the prediction came to pass, France should have been first and most efficient in its assistance to the colonies.

In 1765, the riots in opposition to the Stamp Act took place at Boston. Parliament met in January, 1766, and the famous debate took place on the right to tax America. Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham) advised that the Stamp Act should be absolutely, totally, and immediately repealed, and that the reason be assigned that it was founded on an erroneous principle. "At the same time," he added, "let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every kind of legislation whatsoever: That we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except

only that of taking their money from their pockets without their own consent." Shortly after the repeal of the Stamp Act, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having proposed the renewal of a four-shilling land-tax, was defeated, and the tax reduced to three shillings in the pound. The ministry, upon this defeat, neither resigned nor retrenched. In an evil hour, it was proposed to levy a duty on tea in American ports, and the colonies then denied entirely the right of taxation. They were the more provoked to this, because, after Lord North's accession, the East India Company, in view of the large accumulation of tea in England, had offered to pay sixpence per pound export duty, if the government would remit the duty of threepence, which was to be raised in America; but the ministry were more anxious to maintain the right than to increase the revenue, and refused. It is not necessary to lay before American readers any further account of the struggle which ensued; a single point only deserves notice here.

It is well known that the colonists were much encouraged to persevere by the letters which Dr. Franklin addressed to the patriots in Massachusetts, while residing in London. From his shrewd survey of the state of parties, he assured his countrymen, if they were firm, that they had nothing to apprehend. Moreover, through his acquaintance with Mr. John Temple, he was permitted to see and to copy some letters, which had been addressed by Governor Hutchinson and by Mr. Oliver to Mr. Thomas Whately, Under-Secretary of State. These letters he transmitted to the General Assembly of Massachusetts, whose agent he was. The Assembly voted, 101 to 5, that these letters were designed to subvert the constitution, and petitioned the King to remove the obnoxious officers; the petition was transmitted to Franklin for presentation.

When the matter came before the Committee of the Privy Council, Wedderburne, the Solicitor-General of the Crown, waiving the proper subject of discussion, levelled the bitterest invective against Franklin, whom he denounced as *homo trium literarum*, a cant Roman expression for "fur," a thief. "This wily American," said he, "has forfeited all the respect of societies and men. Into what company will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of

virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye, and hide their papers from him. He will hereafter esteem it a libel to be called a man of *letters*." The Privy Council, with the exception of Lord North, applauded this scurrility with laughter and noisy assent; they reported that the petition was founded on false and erroneous allegations, and declared it to be "groundless, vexatious, and scandalous." Two days afterwards, Lord North dismissed Franklin from his post of Deputy-Postmaster.

For the important aid and encouragement that Franklin afforded his countrymen, he is hardly entitled to the gratitude of the English nation or government; but we question the ground upon which Lord John presumes to call him a not very sincere or upright man. The letters he was shown contained statements which he knew to be utterly false, and doctrines which he considered pernicious to the interests of his country; they misrepresented the public men and the people, both of which classes he fully understood, and their tendency was to delude the ministry into taking still more obnoxious steps, to say nothing of persisting in their old follies. Matters were already come to that stage when it was of the last importance to the colonies that there should be no traitors among them. His conduct is justifiable on every principle of duty to his country, which is the highest duty of a diplomatic agent. He was in London, not as the friend of Mr. Temple, but of the colonies; he violated no private friendship, but he performed a public duty. It certainly will not be denied, that when war exists, the belligerent parties are entitled to every advantage to be gained by the interception of despatches. If war did not already exist, it was all but inevitable, and these letters were, in every practical sense, despatches. They were from Colonial Governors to a Secretary of State, upon the matter of the government of a province. Moreover, it does not appear that Franklin did any thing more than to transmit copies which had been put into his possession. If any thing were wanting to show how absurd are the accusations against Franklin's sense of honor, and with how little grace such an accusation comes from across the Atlantic, we can refer to the exultation with which Sir Archibald Alison mentions the

"*Golden Key*" with which England became acquainted with the secrets of Courts and Treaties during the wars consequent upon the French Revolution.

Charles Fox brought his talents and eloquence to the aid of the opposition to Lord North's ministry; and we shall but briefly glance at his resistance to the policy of the crown, till he succeeded at last in ending the war by his own accession to office. His votes were uniformly in favor of the colonies. He thought that the power of restoring the port of Boston ought to be with the Parliament, and not with the Crown; and with his brother, he voted to repeal the duty on tea. In 1775, he moved to amend the Address to the King in such a way as to omit its substance; but the motion was lost, and the original Address, which began the war, was carried by a vote of 304 to 105. He soon succeeded in gaining his family connections over to the opposition; among them was Lord Ossory, an Irish peer.

The surrender of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, rendered the independence of the States next to certain: the negotiations at Paris between the American Commissioners and the French ministry soon ripened into a formal treaty, and France acknowledged the Declaration of 1776.* This was a most mortifying blow to the ministers, and it still farther exasperated the opposition; it could not fail to increase Mr. Fox's jealousy of the House of Bourbon, a feeling which developed itself so strongly afterwards, when he was in office. The abuse of the ministers was carried to the greatest lengths; but fortunately or unfortunately, Lord North never lost his good humor. On one occasion, Charles Fox attacked him for having called himself an unfortunate minister, and proved that all the disgrace had happened by ignorance, blunders, and misconduct, — not by misfortune. Lord North answered with some humor; and as

*Referring to the Declaration of Independence, Lord John mentions the fact that every thing offensive to the people of England was carefully struck out of it, and quotes the words of Jefferson, "The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many;" and he adds, "the omission of these passages warp the truth of this memorable Declaration. George III. appears in it as a single and despotic tyrant; the fact was, that the Sovereign and his people were alike prejudiced, angry, and wilful." This goes to support what we have already said as to the *popularity* of the war.

Mr. Fox had accused him of idleness, and of listening to flatterers, he replied that he spent a great deal of his time in that House, which certainly was not idleness, and he heard while there a great deal of language which could hardly be called flattery. In March, 1778, there was an attempt to negotiate a new administration, in which Mr. Fox was to be prominent; but the negotiations failed. One of the proposed measures was to repeal all the American acts, but to adopt measures of force against France. In 1780, the correspondence of the King evinces a persistent desire of Lord North to retire, and the same resolute will of the King to continue the American war, and to maintain Lord North in office, as the most convenient tool for that purpose. He writes to him, "I am conscious if you will resolve with spirit to continue in your present employment, that with the assistance of a new Parliament, I shall be able to keep the present Constitution in its pristine lustre. You must be the judge whether you can honorably desert me when infallible ruin must ensue." The "infallible ruin" was American independence. The next year, the strength of the opposition was increased by the talents of the younger Pitt, who was destined to play so distinguished a part in opposition to all his early friends and predilections. It is remarkable that, of these two rivals, Mr. Fox commenced life by supporting a tory government, but soon changed to the widest liberalism; while Mr. Pitt began in opposition, but retained office almost all his life, and also wholly abandoned the liberal views he started with. Mr. Fox heartily congratulated his young rival upon the success of his first speech, and even Lord North said it was the best *first* speech he ever heard. The young men in the opposition made a considerable figure; among them were Sheridan and John Townsend.

The beginning of the year 1782 found the ministry tottering. Arrangements were making for inquiry into certain miscarriages, and among others, a motion was made by the Duke of Richmond to inquire into Lord Rawdon's conduct in executing Hayne. In June, of the previous year, Mr. Fox, in his motion for a committee to consider the American war, had shown, from Lord Cornwallis's last despatches in the Gazette, the utter impossibility of subduing America. Angry alterca-

tions had arisen in both Houses on the complaints made by the Duke and Mr. Fox, of peculiar severity to American prisoners; and the Lord Advocate Dundas had grossly abused the opposition for supporting rebels. Mr. Fox had been wounded in a duel with Mr. Adam,* the Duke of Richmond was challenged by Lord Rawdon, and Lord Shelburne by Lord Moira; so that there was certainly some ground for the suspicion of the not over-charitable Horace Walpole, that indirect assassination was to be the favorite manœuvre of the instruments of the Court. Though the eloquence of both Fox and Pitt, the latter hardly twenty-three years of age, annoyed the government and increased daily the forces of the opposition, the decisive blow was not struck till February 27, 1782, when General Conway had the immortal honor of moving "to declare the purpose of subduing the revolting colonies by force, impracticable;" which was carried by a vote of 234 to 215. For Mr. Fox's share in this resolution, he incurred the lasting hatred of the King, who, as we shall see hereafter, during important negotiations, never failed to ascribe to it every difficulty that accident threw in the way of his ministers. In reply to the Address consequent upon this motion, the King sternly and ungraciously told his Commons, that in pursuance of their advice, he should take such measures as should appear to *him* to be most conducive to the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the revolted colonies. On the 8th of March, Lord John Cavendish introduced four resolutions — the first declaring that the war had cost £100,000,000; the second, stating the losses the country had sustained; the third, affirming that, besides America, Great Britain was at war with France, Spain, and Holland; and the fourth, that all this was owing to the want of foresight and ability in the King's ministers, whom he should move to have changed. The intrigue was not yet ripe, however, and the resolutions were rejected by a majority of ten. On the 10th, Lord North declared to the King that he was determined to resign his post. On the 15th, the same resolutions were again

* After the triumph of the Westminster Election, Mr. Adam is mentioned by Sir Nicholas Wraxall as joining with Colonel North, &c., in the ovation paid to Mr. Fox.

moved, but the ministers had a majority of nine, although the Prince of Wales was more active than ever in the opposition. The King had now made up his mind to abdicate rather than yield, and he wrote to Lord North with regard to the diminished majority, "If things go on as they seem to tend, I shall certainly know what my conscience as well as honor dictates, as the only way left me." Lord North having apparently reiterated his resolution, and remonstrated with his Majesty against such violent measures, he again writes, "Every man must be the sole judge of his own feelings; therefore, whatever you or any man can say has no avail with me." But on the 27th, after the change, he atones for this momentary harshness to so faithful and self-sacrificing a servant as Lord North had been to him. "The effusion of my sorrows has made me say more than I intended; but I ever did, and ever shall, look on you as a friend as well as a faithful servant."

It was intended by the Whigs that the dissolution of the ministry should be recorded formally as the act of the House of Commons, that its disgrace might be the more marked; but they were thwarted by the readiness and the imperturbable good humor of the minister, who was but too happy to be released. A motion of Lord Surrey's for the dismissal of the ministers stood for the 20th of March, and the opposition were anxious that it should come on before the resignation should be officially announced. Only half an hour before he came to the House, Lord North had got permission from the King to announce the resignation of the ministry. He and Lord Surrey rose at the same moment, the object of both was understood. After much clamor and disorder, Mr. Fox moved with great address, as the most regular way of extricating the House from its embarrassment, "that Lord Surrey be now heard." With yet more admirable presence of mind, Lord North at once rose and said, "I rise to speak to that motion," and, as his reason for opposing it, stated his resignation and the dissolution of the ministry. An adjournment took place. The night was bitter cold and snow falling; the members had sent away their carriages, and the ante-room was crowded. But Lord North's carriage was in waiting. Having placed one or two friends in it, who were to accompany him, he

turned to the triumphant crowd of his bitter enemies, and said good humoredly, "I *have* my carriage. You see, gentlemen, what it is to be in the secret. Good night." Mr. Adam, who dined with him that day, says that the temper of Lord North and of his whole family was remarkably calm, cheerful, and serene.

On the next day, the King sent for Lord Shelburne, but the interview resulted in nothing. Lord Gower, who was then, on account of the nonage of the Duke of Bedford, the head of that connection, was next consulted; but, though not entirely unambitious, he was too indolent or too timid to accept the office of Premier. The Marquis of Rockingham was the next person, as he could bring the largest accession of landed property, nobility, and popularity to the support of government. On the Sunday after the resignation, the King, through Lord Shelburne, offered the administration to Lord Rockingham, refusing however to see him. The list of the Cabinet was immediately prepared by the Marquis, as the condition of his acceptance; and being approved by a large meeting of members of the House of Commons, held in the evening at the house of Mr. Thomas Townsend, it was transmitted by Lord Shelburne, with his own approbation, to the King. The ministry, under which negotiations for peace with America and the powers which had befriended her, took place, was composed as follows: First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Rockingham; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Cavendish; Secretaries of State, Charles Fox and Lord Shelburne; the remaining members were Admiral Keppel, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Camden, and General Conway; to which Lord Shelburne subsequently added, without consulting the other ministers, Mr. Dunning, who was created Lord Ashburton, and made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with an additional salary during life. Lord Thurlow was retained as Chancellor, for the reason, as Horace Walpole thinks, that his talents were too considerable to be driven into opposition. The preliminaries were all arranged by Lord Shelburne, and it was not till the 27th that Lord Rockingham was admitted to an audience with the King, and accepted the administration. Its inauguration shadowed forth its fate; and

there soon appeared the reasons for Mr. Fox's remark to his colleague, Lord Shelburne, "that he perceived this administration was to consist of two parts, one belonging to the King, the other to the public."

Omitting the usual squabbling for peerages and salaries, and postponing for the present Mr. Fox's views in his foreign policy, with regard to the increasing influence of the French Court, especially as he developed these views more fully when he accepted office for the second time, we find the next topic of interest in these volumes to be the Negotiation for Peace at Paris with the American Commissioners. Dr. Franklin having addressed a private letter to Lord Shelburne, with whom he had been acquainted in England, expressing a desire for a general peace, Lord Shelburne, as Secretary of State, despatched Mr. Oswald to the Doctor, describing him as a "pacifical man, and conversant in those negotiations which are most beneficial to mankind, and preferred on that account to any speculative friends or to any persons of higher rank." Now the truth is notorious, that our highly respectable mother was ashamed to send a "person of quality" to negotiate with the plainly-dressed and equally plain-spoken agents of the republic. But let any one compare the knowledge of the world, the firmness, dignity, and, we are proud to say, superior tact, of Franklin, Adams, Jay, and Laurens, (with the advantage they had of the friendship of a court and a people preëminent for an admiration of talent under whatever circumstances,) with the uncertain, vacillating, querulous approaches of Messrs. Oswald and Grenville, who, while ostensibly seeking the same object, constantly endeavored to undermine each other's influence, one as agent of Lord Shelburne to Dr. Franklin, the other as agent of Mr. Fox to the Count de Vergennes.

Dr. Franklin was much pleased with Mr. Oswald, and sent him back to Lord Shelburne with a letter, stating that he wished to have no other communication with his lordship than through Mr. Oswald. One of the editorial corps, *apropos* of this, remarks, "The truth is, Dr. Franklin very quickly discovered that Mr. Oswald was a simple-minded, well-meaning man, on whom he could make the impression he chose, and

he desired to have no other negotiator to deal with." Now in his letter to Secretary Livingston, which we find in vol. vii. of Mr. Sparks's edition of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, dated from Paris Nov. 16, 1782, Dr. Franklin thus alludes to the agents of the English ministry: —

"The English have sent Mr. Oswald, who is a very wise and good man, and, if untrammelled, would soon settle all; and Mr. Strachey, who is a keen and subtle one, although not deeply versed in such things; and a Mr. Roberts, who is a clerk in the Board of Trade, and Mr. Whithead, who is private secretary to Mr. Oswald. These gentlemen are very profuse in their professions of national friendship, of earnest desires to obliterate the remembrance of all unkindness, and to restore peace, harmony, friendship, and make them perpetual, by removing every seed of future discord. All this, on the part of Mr. Oswald personally, is very sincere. On the part of the nation, it may be so, at present; but I have my doubts as to whether it is a national disposition upon which we can have much dependence, and still more, whether it is the sincere intention of the Earl of Shelburne."

Mr. Adams also was of the opinion that Lord Shelburne desired only to keep matters in abeyance, in the hope that something would occur to excuse another campaign in America. It certainly is singular that the Earl, who was the King's friend in the Cabinet, should have been almost the only person in England willing to cede the Canadas to the United States; and there is only one other hypothesis that appears at all rational, — namely, that George III., thwarted by the Commons, who theoretically represent the nation, in the personal matter of his prerogative over the American Colonies, hardly cared how much he disgraced, by the dismemberment of its territory, a nation whose crown on three several occasions he spurned.

However this may be, Mr. Oswald returned to Paris with authority from the British government to settle with Dr. Franklin, at Paris, the most convenient time for setting on foot a negotiation for a general peace, upon the basis of independence to America and the restoration of Great Britain to the situation she was placed in by the treaty of 1763; and Mr. Thomas Grenville being accredited to the Count de Ver-

gennes, the double negotiation commenced. The position taken by America was honorable and firm. On the 22d of November, 1777, Congress resolved that "all proposals of a treaty between the King of Great Britain, or any of his commissioners, and the United States, inconsistent with the independence of the States, or with such treaties or alliances as may be formed under their authority, will be rejected by Congress." In April, of the following year, Congress *unanimously resolved*, "that these United States cannot, with propriety, hold any conference or treaty with any commissioners on the part of Great Britain, unless they shall, as a preliminary thereto, either withdraw their fleets and armies, or else, in positive and express terms, acknowledge the independence of the said States." The American Commissioners rested upon this ground, and demanded no other. Whatever may have been the amount of sincerity in Lord Shelburne's willingness to cede the Canadas, it is certain that, the next year, when the definitive treaties were signed, England was everywhere a loser. She had yielded in full the question of Irish legislation at home, and abroad she gave up the fruits of conquest in former wars. Without an ally in the political world, without a friend on the face of the habitable globe, her own existence depended on the grace and skill of a passive diplomacy. Catherine of Russia took an active share in the great Confederation against her absurd maritime pretensions, founded upon the accident of a naval supremacy. Frederic flew into a passion whenever the name of his former ally was mentioned. The unhappy Marie Antoinette had bound together, in a seemingly indissoluble connection, the Bourbons and the Cesars. England was obliged to make cessions of territory in almost every quarter of the globe; she irrevocably lost Minorca, Florida, Senegal, and Goree; and the thirteen colonies, with their almost illimitable territory, passed out of her hands. Yet America claimed nothing but her independence. America, whose prowess, in its very infancy, had stopped the aggressions of French adventurers, and wrung from their country territorial indemnification, generously yielded every thing but the glory of having placed a new nation among the great powers of the earth. The de-

scendants of the Puritans had long enough been involved in the contentions of Europe, and it was the wisdom of the Commissioners that left us untrammelled by European connections.

We are inclined to think, upon the whole, that Lord Shelburne was not sincere in his proposition for the cession of the Canadas. For Mr. Fox, who was sincerely in favor of our independence, and who had steadily opposed every stage of the war, was startled when the matter was broached to him by Mr. Oswald; and, notwithstanding the disadvantageous condition of England when the treaties were signed, the American Commissioners were too wise to insist upon an acquisition which might, after all, at that time, have proved embarrassing, if not dangerous. A material difference of opinion existed between the Earl and Mr. Fox, relative to the instructions which had been sent to the diplomatic agents at Paris. The minute of the Cabinet authorized Mr. Grenville "to propose the independence of America in the first instance, instead of making it the condition of a general treaty." Mr. Fox maintained that this was virtually a complete, final, and absolute recognition of American independence; and he intended to make the words clear and explicit to that effect. Lord Shelburne, however, contended that only a conditional recognition was meant, depending on the conclusion of a general treaty; and if peace were not effected, England and America would stand in the same relations as before the commencement of negotiations. This, with some indications of further designs for the reduction of the Colonies, alarmed Mr. Fox, who justly regarded Lord Shelburne's interpretation as laying the ground for renewed attempts, if France and Spain could not be brought to reasonable terms. Having been outvoted on the question, he informed his colleagues of his intention to resign. An event occurred, however, soon after he had expressed this determination, which threw the Cabinet into still greater confusion; this was the death of the Marquis of Rockingham.

On the day after Lord Rockingham's death, Lord Shelburne informed his colleagues that he had been requested by his Majesty to accept the Treasury; an announcement very

distasteful to the Whigs, who thought that a political friend of the Marquis only should have succeeded him. The Whigs out of office were for resisting the appointment of Lord Shelburne; those in office naturally hesitated. Mr. Fox, however, was firm; he told the King, that, in order to secure the support of those whom he considered the firmest friends of his Majesty's government, some person must be appointed in whom they had confidence. The King answered that the Treasury seemed naturally to devolve upon Lord Shelburne, for whom he had originally intended it. Mr. Fox replied that he did not consider Lord Shelburne as answering the description he had given; he therefore resigned the seals, upon the ground that the appointment of Lord Shelburne was a departure from the principles upon which he had accepted office.

Deserted by Mr. Fox, distrusted by a part of his colleagues, relying solely upon the King, and consulting none of his Cabinet but young William Pitt, Lord Shelburne was not long in making his administration exceedingly unpopular. The Duke of Richmond became dissatisfied; and, as soon as it was evident that Lord North and Mr. Fox were united in a determination to break down the ministry, its fate was no longer uncertain. On the 20th of February, 1783, the Duke of Grafton resigned the privy seal; on the 21st, Lord John Cavendish, for the purpose of whitewashing Lord North, made a motion in the House for censuring the peace, which was carried. None of the supplies for the year were voted; and, on the 23d, Lord Shelburne called a Cabinet, and in the evening assembled his adherents, at both which meetings he announced his intention of resigning his post. On the day of Lord Shelburne's resignation, the Duke of Portland, designed by the united factions as the ostensible minister, entreated the Duke of Richmond to stay in his place and unite with his friends, who would have all the power, as Lord North would have but a single place in the Cabinet. The Duke thanked him, but made the honorable reply, "That he could not see his name standing to so many protests against Lord North, and consent to act with him." Evident as was the fate of the ministry, it was not so clear who were to be its successors.

Mr. Pitt offered to unite with Lord North's *friends*, provided they would renounce all connection with a man so stigmatized by failure and disgrace; a proposition they indignantly rejected. On the other hand, Mr. Pitt drew himself up when Mr. Fox informed him he would have nothing to do where Lord Shelburne was concerned.

In the mean time, Lord North and Mr. Fox had met, at the house of George North, on Friday, the 14th of February, and arranged the preliminaries, agreeing to lay aside all former animosity, Mr. Fox declaring that he hoped their administration would be founded on mutual good-will and confidence, which was the only thing that could make it permanent and useful. This meeting did not long remain a secret; the very next day, efforts were made to bring about an interview between Lord North and Lord Shelburne. Lord North said, "I cannot meet Lord Shelburne now — it is too late." Those friends of Mr. Fox who had joined Lord Shelburne's administration, were filled with dismay, while Lord North's ministerial friends admitted that he had been shamefully used, but lamented the step he had taken.

Four days after Lord Shelburne's resignation, Mr. Pitt agreed to take the government, upon the assurance of some of his friends that Lord North would not be active in opposition; but reflecting upon the improbability of such a statement, he declined on the same day, by the advice of Lord Shelburne, or, as Horace Walpole says, because the King very drily and ungraciously offered it to him. His resolution was well taken; he probably foresaw that the coalition would fare ill enough, if it were permitted to run its own course. There were two factions to provide offices for, and the probable rapacity of the victors would undoubtedly furnish matter for the opposition to increase and consolidate its strength. Besides, Mr. Pitt would have only stood in the place of Lord Shelburne; the majority of the Commons were opposed to him, and would not be likely to vote the supplies.

The King, of course, was furious at the overthrow of his ministry, and at the prospect that he would be thrown into the hands of a man whom he hated with a rancor bordering, as Lord Brougham says, upon insanity. Meeting Lord

North's father, the Earl of Guilford, he exclaimed, wringing his hands, "Did I ever think, my Lord Guilford, that Lord North would have delivered me up in this manner to Mr. Fox!" He tried every way to avoid submitting to take the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fox as his ministers; and finally told the Lord Advocate that, sooner than yield, he would "go to Hanover," and the Queen actually consented to accompany him. Five years before, he had threatened the same thing; and he had, on one occasion, kept the royal yacht in waiting a fortnight for that purpose, saying, "if the people will not stand by me, they shall have another King; for I never will set my hand to what will make me miserable to the last hour of my life." The King, however, was compelled to accept the ministry dictated by the coalition, and, by the inflexible determination of Mr. Fox, to put the great seal in commission. The persons so ungraciously admitted to his councils were, — the Duke of Portland, as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord North and Mr. Fox, as Secretaries of State, and Lords Stormont, Carlisle, John Cavendish, and Keppel. It is creditable to Mr. Fox, that, in spite of his debts and distresses, neither in the arrangement of this administration, any more than that with Lord Rockingham, did he ever suggest, claim, or accept any office, pension, or reversion which could repair his broken fortunes.

The first object of importance which occupied the attention of the new ministry was the suggestion and favorite measure of the Duke of Portland, to make the large grant of £100,000 *per annum* to the Prince of Wales. The proposition was opposed by the King through mere hatred and jealousy, and so fiercely that there was reason to fear that it would break up the ministry. Mr. Fox generously incurred the odium, both at the Court and in public, of supporting the grant, advising the Prince to abstain from all indecent canvass, and to discountenance the tale-bearing and slander to which the Prince's society, or, as Lord Holland adds, "to speak more openly, the Prince's nature," had so manifest a tendency. The King obtained the equivocal triumph of thwarting both his ministers and his son, though he supplied the loss to the latter by giving him £50,000 a-year from his own civil list.

Not much was gained, upon the whole, as it afterward appeared that the Prince had actually spent £120,000 a-year ever since he came of age, and Parliament had to make up the deficit. The artifice resorted to, to procure the payment of his debts, will be hereafter noticed.

The grand objects of Mr. Fox's foreign policy were the same that he had attempted to compass during the brief period of Lord Rockingham's administration, — the completion of the work of peace by a definitive treaty, and the establishment of a European system to balance the vast influence which the House of Bourbon was acquiring upon the Continent. With regard to the first, the Count de Vergennes could not but view with distrust a person who had been elevated to office by means of a vote of censure upon a treaty whose preliminaries he had negotiated with his predecessor. He had also to contend with the animosity of the King, who never lost an opportuity to reproach him with the vote of the House of Commons for discontinuing the American war; there was, too, a suspicion that a secret correspondence was carried on between the Court and the English opposition, an opposition of which the King himself was the life and soul. There were, moreover, symptoms that the American agents, originally full of confidence in Mr. Fox, were more reserved in their intercourse, from a very natural apprehension that the influence of Lord North would prevent any effectual or permanent reconciliation.

The successful intervention of the Courts of Versailles and Madrid in the American Revolution, the recent marriage of the heir to the French throne with the daughter of Maria Theresa and Francis, and the Family Compact of the Bourbons certainly tended to give that House an overshadowing influence which might well excite the jealousy of an English statesman. Mr. Fox looked toward the Northern powers for aid in a countervailing confederation; but Frederic was too old and too cunning to be caught, and the ambitious and far-sighted Catherine had ulterior views of her own. The fact has a peculiar interest just now, that the price which England was willing to pay Russia for the *prestige* of her alliance, was her own interest in the existence of the Turkish empire. At that

time, France was opposed to the absorption of Turkey by the semichristianized barbarians of the North, and attempted a negotiation with England to prevent it. In August, 1783, the French ambassador pressed Mr. Fox upon the subject of Turkish affairs, which fact, we are sorry to say, the ministry advised the King to betray at once to the Court of St. Petersburg, to get the good will of the Empress. Mr. Fox writes to his ambassador at Paris, the Duke of Manchester, "I hope and trust the French will be sufficiently mortified by the reception of their remonstrance (for such it was) at St. Petersburg, and I flatter myself they will have still more reason to be so before the end of the business. Mr. D'Adhemar told me, some time since, that they should make a manifesto, complaining of the Empress's injustice, and of his most Christian Majesty not being seconded by other powers in his endeavors to prevent it. I hope to God they will do this, for I think nothing can make them so truly ridiculous." The King, in this matter, was induced to coincide with Mr. Fox; he had spoken of the Russian manifesto with much ill-humor and resentment, and intimated some degree of apprehension of being drawn into taking part with the Empress; but, upon Lord North's submitting to him the impolicy of joining France in opposition to Russia, he very readily concurred with him, and said, "that would be going a great deal too far." Mr. Fox writes in September to the Duke of Manchester, that he should think that "the stand taken by France against Russian aggression in the East ought to furnish the ministry with some opportunity of forming a league to balance the Family Compact;" and that, "in this article of a continental alliance, as a balance to the House of Bourbon, consists, as your Grace knows, the whole of my foreign politics." We cannot account for Mr. Fox's very illiberal conduct on this occasion, except upon the supposition that his jealousy of the Bourbons blinded him to every thing else. He had no opportunity of carrying out his views, and we doubt if he could have ultimately succeeded. The policy of forming alliances, terminable at her own pleasure, is one that any nation will find but temporarily successful. Bad as the Family Compact was, it could not have been worse than the confederation by

which England proposed to offset it; and only a few years later, all southern Europe, and England herself, looked on with powerless indignation at the partition of Poland between the Northern powers.

We take a few extracts from these volumes which will interest American readers; they refer to his Majesty's sensibility on a certain subject, and to the proposition to give presents to the American Commissioners. Mr. Fox writes to the King, August 6th, 1783: —

"Mr. Laurens was yesterday with Mr. Fox, to desire him to take your Majesty's pleasure whether it would be agreeable to your Majesty to receive a Minister from the United States. Mr. Fox, knowing your Majesty's opinion upon this subject from what your Majesty did him the honor to say to him some time since, and feeling that it cannot be an agreeable subject to dwell upon, would have taken upon himself to have answered in the affirmative, if it had not been rather pointedly put to him *to take your Majesty's royal pleasure.*"

To which the Royal George most graciously deigns to answer, —

"As to the question whether I wish to receive a Minister from America, I certainly can never express its being agreeable to me; and indeed, I should think it wisest for both parties to have only agents, who can settle any matters of commerce; but so far I cannot help adding, that I shall ever have a bad opinion of any Englishman who would accept of being an accredited Minister for that revolted state, and which certainly cannot for years establish a stable government."

Mr. Fox writes to the Duke of Manchester, August 21, 1783, upon the article of presents: —

"What are we to do with the four Americans? Whatever is given to them must be in money, or at least, not in pictures; and will not one thousand pounds to each be thought a great deal? — I am sorry to say (this is in perfect confidence) that the King's awkwardness upon these little matters relative to the Americans, appeared to me rather to increase than to diminish."

The Duke in answer writes: —

"I have talked with Mr. Hartley in regard to the presents to be given to the American Ministers, and proposed that a couple of 1000*l.* should be given amongst them, which he thought, with me, would be

very handsome and satisfactory, and has undertaken to mention it in a friendly way to Dr. Franklin."

This matter is entirely new to us: Mr. John Adams, to be sure, in his journal, says that, upon one occasion, Mr. Oswald told him that "the picture" would undoubtedly be given to him; but neither from the correspondence of the Commissioners, nor from any other source, are we able to learn that any presents were received by them. Probably, if the £2000 was divided amongst them, it was devoted to paying their expenses in Paris.

The success Mr. Fox had met with in his settlement of the Irish difficulties, (a matter which we have not space to enlarge upon,) encouraged him to bring forward his celebrated India Bill, which was the signal for the downfall of the coalition. Mr. Fox's bill placed the whole civil and military government of India under a Board of nine members, chosen for four years, and not removable without an address from either House of Parliament. Such a Board would unquestionably be an independent authority in the state, and the opposition took every advantage which sophistry could suggest or the undue influence of the King afford them. It was said that its design was to make the power of a party rival that of the King. In a speech of two hours, Mr. Fox unfolded the plan of the bill, and was gallantly met by Mr. Pitt, who headed the opposition. It was evident the administration must stand or fall by the success of the measure. It was but an equivocal argument in favor of the bill, that, during the debates, news was received from India that Tippoo had captured an entire English army, and was fast recovering the territory that had been wrested from him. The bill passed the House by a fair majority, and it was at this stage that his Majesty conspired with the opposition to defeat his own government.

The recent publication of the Duke of Buckingham upon the Court of George III. discloses the machinery by which Mr. Fox was betrayed and destroyed. Lord Thurlow had very early intimated to the Secretary that an English peerage, of which the Fox family were very desirous for their connection, Lord Ossory, an Irish peer, would be granted if the great seal, which was in commission, were restored to him. But as Lord

Thurlow would have been a spy in the cabinet, and his presence would only hasten its dissolution, the proposition was declined. Lord Temple, a leader in the opposition, was soon in secret communication with the King, to aid his Majesty in getting rid of the chains which pressed upon him. He advised the King to throw upon his ministers the responsibility of certain public measures, which could not fail to produce dissensions, and upon their resignation, to dissolve the Parliament. With this understanding, when the bill came before the Lords, a paper was placed in the hands of Lord Temple, to the effect that "his Majesty allows Earl Temple to say that whoever voted for the India Bill was not only not his friend, but would be considered by him as an enemy; and if these words were not strong enough, Earl Temple might use whatever words he might deem stronger, and more to the purpose." To this outrage upon the constitution, the Peers quietly succumbed, and the bill was lost. Then Lord North and Mr. Fox, not resigning, were of course dismissed. The latter attempted to overthrow the ministry which succeeded him, upon a final issue between the prerogative of the crown and the privileges of the House of Commons involved in the dissolution of Parliament. But although the House supported him even to the extent of a resolution that the King's name had been unconstitutionally used, it was of no avail. The political influence of Charles Fox was almost irrevocably lost, the Parliament was dissolved, and the general election which ensued determined, for more than forty years, the question of the government of England.

Lord John Russell does not attempt to defend the coalition. Mr. Fox himself, and his friends, averred that success was its only justification; it failed, and they are condemned on the plea of "guilty." The public mind was shocked to find Mr. Fox acting with a man he had so often denounced for ignorance and incapacity, and they had a right to suppose that his denunciations had not been honest. On the other hand, they could not think that the friends of Lord North had been sincere in their frequent, open reprobation of Mr. Fox's scandalous private life, as unfitting him for the service of the state. The coalition was a breach of public morality; the confidence of

the nation in its leaders was lost; and while the remote consequences of that distrust were incalculably pernicious, no one can regret the personal disgrace that overtook the perpetrators of so great a political fraud.

The events which occurred in the ten years following the overthrow of the coalition ministry are passed hurriedly over. Mr. Fox was, of course, active in opposition. He spoke often in the debates on the Regency question during the temporary incapacity of the sovereign. He opposed the accession of George III. as Elector of Hanover to the German confederation, and he was deceived by a letter from the Prince of Wales into an indignant denial of that person's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, while Parliament was hesitating about the payment of his debts. The correspondence closes at the brink of the French Revolution. The course which Mr. Fox took during that stormy period is well known; but we take leave of him here. The curtain was soon to rise upon a drama more terrible than any in which he had ever acted; it fared ill with humanity, that his part in it could not be that to which his talents entitled him. Had he controlled the action of the English cabinet during the anarchic convulsions of France, it is not too much to say, that the horrors of the contest would have been mainly avoided. But this was not to be; for they who had counselled American coercion had gained over the young champion of liberty, and now counselled the measures which caused most of the atrocities of the intestine and foreign wars of the French Revolution.

ART. V. — *Bleak House.* By CHARLES DICKENS. *With Illustrations by* H. K. BROWNE. London: Bradbury and Evans. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1853.

A HUNDRED years ago, when Richardson and Sterne lent the weight of their example to the new-fangled plan of composing and publishing their fictitious compositions at intervals, some *laudator temporis acti* ill naturedly put forward his prediction that, in process of time, the evil practice would take such root

that dictionaries would appear in weekly parts, and even the Holy Scriptures themselves find their way into the world in monthly numbers. At the time, this was doubtless treated as an absurd prophecy, or as a singularly poor joke; but our fathers have lived to see it long since fulfilled to the very letter, and, so far as we can judge, with equal convenience to both publisher and purchaser. And the philosophy of the entire success of such a method, apparently so thoroughly discordant with every rule of good writing and pleasant reading, is perhaps very simple. It is a child's knowledge, that a shilling monthly during the year is a sum of much less magnitude than a half-guinea to be paid down on the first day of January; and experience has taught our publishing friends that where a popular book, like Peter Pindar's razor, is made to sell, there is scarcely a more advantageous way of disposing of it than by retailing cheap pennyworths at a time. More or less, to use the old proverb, money burns in the pockets of every body. It is vastly more agreeable, and, to a certain extent, more rational, to invest than to save; to purchase present comfort and future improvement, mental, moral, or physical, than to hoard up for years, through poverty and misery, an objectless little heap of shining counters, the tithe of which would have enabled the poor miser to cheer his own soul or body, or those of another less secretive than himself. A covetous fellow, says that astute peripatetic, honest Mat o' the Mint, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it; and truly, the feathered "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," as he gloats over his bits of broken glass and old buttons, secretly buried by the garden wall, is to our mind the happier biped of the two. The gryphon, in the wilderness of Milton, is the best emblem of such a man, "whose only care is to increase his store."

But false as may be the economy of spending twelve shillings *per annum* instead of ten, practice has shown it to be precisely the course most agreeable to "an enlightened public;" and therefore we suppose it will be pursued to the end of the chapter. And really, when a book is already written and complete, there can be but the question of expediency as to whether it shall be published in parts, or all at once and

entire. 'Drink your wine by the glassful,' says one; 'who would wish to put his mouth to the bottle, and take down the whole at a draught?' To which it may be replied: 'Set the bottle before me, that I may judge for myself of its contents, and drink one glassful, or two, or twenty, just how and when I please, not being compelled, like a sick child, to take a dose of a table-spoonful at a time, once in every hour.' Besides, who desires to pay for a full bottle, and find it one half lees, or with a choice group of tipsy flies overtaken in their cups and lying drowned at the bottom. There is many a book that opens with a note like that of a silver trumpet, with a martial sound, only to sink, some few chapters farther on, into the pitiful squeakings of a penny whistle; and many a reader, who begins a volume "in gladness," does not tarry long to discover, as Wordsworth has it, that

"Thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Therefore, on behalf of both reader and writer, we feel compelled to protest against this system of publication, albeit so much in vogue at the present day, in every case where the book is to be written as it comes out. It is unfair to both parties; to the reader it is so, because, after two years' subscription and constant payment, he may find his road end in a perfect slough of despond, and learn, from the author's perversity or pusillity of talent, that the book is of that class which Horace assures us

"Non homines, non Dî, non concessêre columnæ."

Or the writer's death, or his own, may cut short two threads at the same time, and leave him just where poor Yorick was left, on the giving out of the Notary's manuscript. And what can be more provoking to the reader than such a circumstance as this? We appeal to a candid world, whether its curiosity has not been more stimulated and disappointed by this incident in the Sentimental Journey, than it has been gratified by all the discourse of my Uncle Toby and the trusty Trim? There is an anecdote told of a consumptive novel-reader at Bath, whose "day of life had reached its gloaming," and whose weeks were numbered, who could not die peacefully until he had stated his case to Mr. Richardson, and extracted from him,

in secret confidence, what was to be the *dénouement* of his half-published novel; — what would be the fate of the virtuous Pamela, when he himself should be scarce less insubstantial than that model heroine. And Milton himself tells us how he longed

> "To call up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

And if there be thus much to complain of on the part of the reader, to such an author as Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Thackeray, the real inconvenience of the present system must, we opine, be far greater. The reader or the book may prematurely die; and, so far as the former is concerned, there is an end of the whole matter. His griefs live not after him. But the book is the author's pledge to immortality. When once a man hath printed and published, there is no longer any safety in saying, "Go to, I will die and be buried with my fathers, and be forgotten. The places that knew me shall know me no more, and my name shall no longer be heard among the children of men!" He may not hope so to escape from the just judgment of the world. The evil that men do, we are told, lives after them; and of the host of living authors, we sadly fear, the majority of their works are very evil works. A good book, whether its birth be welcomed or flouted at, will live, despite the world's cold scorn, and all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Milton and Butler are just as secure in their niches in the Temple of Fame, as if Hudibras or Paradise Lost had been as heartily welcomed by Charles II., or that delightful old humbug, Pepys, as were the platitudes of Shadwel or Nahum Tate. Pepys himself will live; — vastly to his own surprise, no doubt, could his periwigged spirit peer up from the chancel vault of St. Olave's, and see what has been the fate of those secret and most mysteriously enciphered pages, whereon he inscribed the daily peccadilloes and backslidings of all of that little world — *quorum magna pars fuit.* He has done what Alonzo the Wise so censured the neglect of in Nature; he has opened the window in his breast, and we all run like children to a puppetshow, and greedily gaze in and gape at the pitiful spectacle, that is, with more or less variation, perpetually going on behind a curtain

in every heart around. Nay, even that wretch Tate, who, like some ill-nurtured jay, drowning in his discordant cries the sweet song of Philomel, stood between Dryden and the sun, will live; — even Tate's verses shall be said and sung wherever his native language is spoken the world around, as often as appears the anniversary of that blessed time when

> "As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The Angel of the Lord came down,
> And glory shone around."

So much for any thing good which a man may write; but *væ illi*, if it be of the opposite complexion. Then, in vain does the greengrocer, the cheesemonger, or the all-consuming trunk-maker, interpose his friendly hand to wrap the dishonored head in sweet oblivion. If stupidly, evenly, inexorably dull, without a solitary elevation of thought or sentiment conveyed in the whole volume, there may be a good chance, perhaps, of its sinking quietly, like lead, deep into those black depths "where those who enter leave all hope behind." Yet even then, the bright arrows of Apollo, (albeit the crooked form of Pope, or the warped soul of Byron, conceal the god,) may transfix the luckless fool in his downward flight, and pillory him to the ridicule and scorn of succeeding time. Still does hoarse Fitzgerald bawl his creaking couplets — still are the abashed wolves mute, while Ralph to Cynthia howls, making night hideous — long after the world would have ceased to recollect their very existence, had it not been for the professional friendship of a brother bard. But if there be any predominant trait in the luckless volume, if it should, by any misfortune, in the front of its offending, contain one bright thought, shining like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, or a single redeeming passage of supereminent folly and inanity, who can say what will not be its destiny? For ages after, it may live to shake the sides and curl the nose of posterity. And, once entitled to rank in a catalogue as "curious and rare," the stanch bibliomaniac, the provident collector, will ensure its preservation forevermore.

> "Unlike the swans, in Tuscan song display'd,
> He hovers eager o'er Oblivion's shade,
> To snatch obscurest names from endless night,
> And give Cokain or Fletcher back to light!"

If such, then, is the unhappy lot of a bad book, even of one which, after every preparation and maturest reflection, its parent had resolved to inflict upon the community, — how much greater must be his danger who proclaims from the housetops the perception of every new thought; who, from almost the first moment that the idea occurs to him, makes every winding in his plot, every detail in his narration, irrevocable? We know that the best of books are frequently materially altered after they are first written; that, for this very reason, an author's first great production is very often his best, because it is more painfully elaborated, and more carefully weeded from each ill-guarded inconsistency or redundancy. The most successful of modern writers has chosen, for the motto to the revised edition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, these self-condemnatory lines: —

> "Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno
> Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini."

Pope, whom all men but Mr. Bowles concede to have been a master, not only in the *Ars Poetica*, but in that of sound criticism, teaches this to be the most important part of the author's science: —

> "The greatest of all arts — the art to blot!"

But, in almost the fullest sense of the term, this fact seems to be entirely ignored by the teachers of the present day. What opportunity of revision can possibly exist in the case of a book published after the fashion of Bleak House? The author himself, we fancy, would be the first person to discover and avail himself of the happy moment, were it ever to occur. Every man of such shining talents as he possesses, must be but too painfully sensible of the manifold blemishes entailed upon his productions from the very nature of their existence, *ex necessitate rei*. Did there ever live an author who could cook up, periodically, a moment of enthusiasm, or call down the divine afflatus regularly, once a month, just as he could order a man to come and cut his corns, or a sweep to cleanse

his chimneys? When a poet puts his Pegasus in harness; when he stoops to the enforced composition of so many pages *per diem*, he degrades his Muse to "a vile mechanical," and differs but in the amount of his pay and the fancied relative respectability of his occupation from the hand-loom weaver, who produces so many yards of carpet a week, or the penny-a-liner who stands booked for a daily column and a half of local items, whether the same consist of appalling murders, enormous gooseberries, or bicephalous kittens. Whatsoever be his motive, it is in vain to tell us that such a one writes because he is "inspired by the sacred Nine." They come not down from forked Olympus or the pleasant vale of Tempe to do the drudgery of maids of all work, even in the mansion of their most favored votaries. No; let an author proclaim or conceal as he will the real causes that bring him before the world, whether it be the lust of notoriety, or the *sacra auri fames*, whether "obliged by hunger — or request of friends," he makes bold to claim our homage and respectful admiration; but for mercy's sake, do not expect us to believe, that, in these labor-saving days, a substitute for the original article, in the shape of an artifical patented Muse, has been invented at Lowell or Manchester, to go by clock-work, and to strike at so much a day.

It was with no little pleasure that, last winter, we saw Mr. Thackeray, for the first time, we believe, in his life, really seem to take the pains to secure for himself with posterity a position somewhat similar to that he has so well deserved among his contemporaries. We do not say that "Henry Esmond" will be more read, in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-three, than Pendennis, or Vanity Fair; we would not like to risk our reputation for prophecy on the computation of how many readers Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray combined will have at that date; probably, not more in proportion than Fielding and Smollett have now, however. But we do believe that Henry Esmond, as a work of art, is a more meritorious composition than either of its predecessors. The latter will, perhaps, always be the favorites, particularly with posterity, because they offer a true and faithful reflex of the manners of the time. The former, on the contrary, carries us back to the

days of Robinson Crusoe and the Spectator. In style, in manner, it is a perfect image of the age; but it is a past age. It is but hearsay evidence, after all; it possesses not enough of that indescribable air of truthfulness that distinguishes the recital of an eye-witness. Some of these days, let us hope, Mr. Thackeray will give to the world a work which shall not only combine the experience and the careful art of Henry Esmond, but shall, like Vanity Fair, have its own aim: —

> "The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
> Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
> Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
> And catch the manners living as they rise."

There is no great writer living who affords a stronger proof of the danger of disregarding the Horatian maxim — *nocturna versate manu, versate diurna* — than Mr. Dickens. His books bear upon their face abundant evidence of the manner of their composition; all are plainly written *currente calamo*. In any author, we believe this to be an ill-considered habit, but in one of his peculiar mind, it becomes doubly amenable to just criticism. For, to us, it seems that his genius is marked by characteristics so entirely its own, so unlike any thing that we have ever met with in any other, that, considering their effects, we are almost free to consider them in any other regard than as desirable attributes. His mind, we conceive, is essentially deficient in the capacity of taking that broad, philosophical view of his subject, which so eminently distinguishes his great rival and admirer, the author of Vanity Fair. Each has made human folly and weakness the object of his study; each is keen in unfolding to the world the intricacies of the mingled warp and woof of the soul, in pointing out the stains which disfigure the texture, in ridiculing the burlesque or enormous proportions of the pattern, or thrusting a finger — *monstrare digito* — through the holes or rotten places in the fabric. But the one holds the pencil of a Hogarth or a Watteau; the other but wields the graver of Gilray or H. B. Mr. Dickens is, so to speak, only a caricaturist; Mr. Thackeray is a grand social satirist. The former reminds us of one of those toys which we see exhibited in a goldsmith's window, a globular mirror, (generally in the figure of a globe borne upon the shoulders

of Atlas,) in which the unwary observer is transported with the sight of his own counterfeit resemblance, so unlike as to cause amazement, and so like as to inspire horror and disgust. While one particular feature is preternaturally distorted and exaggerated, the remainder show rather shorn of their fair proportions. The nose, for instance, will grow and swell at once into the bulk and length of that of the hapless Prince Rumpfelstirchen, in the nursery tale; or one eye will expand and expand, till it seems almost the girth of that huge snake whose vast circumference encompasses this earth; whilst every other feature in the face appears to retire back abashed from such an unwholesome vicinity. The latter, on the contrary, opens to us a prospect such as was afforded in the wizard chamber of Cornelius, by the mirror, huge and high, in which are depicted events and persons as they actually exist around us so vividly and naturally, that every one recognizes, or thinks he recognizes, the lineaments of some figure in the group. Let our readers put it to themselves, if this be not so. Who ever knew a Little Nell, or a Dick Swiveller, or a Marchioness? Who can say he believes Sam Weller to be drawn from the life, or Kate Nickleby, or Smike, or Madeline Bray? It is true, they live and move upon the stage as human beings; else, they would be but the marionettes of a puppetshow, pulled with wires,—lay-figures, that would be hooted from the view. Some of them are like the *dramatis personæ* of every tale, endowed with just the requisite qualities necessary to fulfil the duties of that station in life to which it has pleased the author to call them, and then to fall back again into the crowd and be forgotten. But is not each and every one of them, that possesses any marked individuality of its own, evidently a caricature? Does not a vein of the grossest exaggeration attend the exhibition of every characteristic trait that remains impressed upon the memory, when the volume is laid aside? We are told, truly or not, that poor old Leigh Hunt is meant to be shown up, in the character of Mr. Harold Skimpole. Supposing this to be the case, (and we are loath even to suppose such a thing, which we do not believe,) where is the likeness? If there is any, it is but that of a caricature.

On the other hand, how many of us have known Becky Sharpe; how many ladies have upon their visiting list a Blanche Amory, or an Amelia? Perhaps, however, it is of the softer sex that we are to inquire only for such personages as Annie Raby and Helen; Blanche, and Beatrix, and the little Princesse de Mogador are, after all, most likely to be the discoveries of men, who wisely keep their information to themselves. Go among the clubs; if you meet not Rawdon Crawley, young and old Pen, or Foker, that child of beer, you will certainly encounter their most intimate friends, men who think with their thoughts and talk with their tongues. Lady Jane, and little Fanny, and the true-hearted Laura, — who cannot find their parallels? We do not mean persons who have enacted precisely the same scenes that they have gone through, — who have performed the same feats and said the same things; for that would be an absurdity. But persons of whom our notions chime, with more or less precision, with those we receive from the book; people who would act very much in the same manner, were they placed in similar positions. Take an instance or two, where we can mention names without fear of scandal about Queen Elizabeth. Who does not think now of Mr. John Paul Jefferson Jones, when he reads Mr. Fenimore Cooper's impressions of the *bienséances* of English society, particularly as exemplified at a dinner table? There is not a deed done, or a speech spoken, by the most noble the Marquis of Gaunt, that we have ever heard attributed to the late Lord Hertford; and yet how unanimous has been the identification of his portraiture with the character of that much lamented nobleman and transcendent profligate? Who does not chuckle at the fancied discovery of Croker and Theodore Hook, under the disguises of Mr. Wenham and Mr. Wagg? Barry Lyndon and his unfortunate mistress — who are they but Stoney Bowes and the Countess of Strathmore? But we need not act the cicerone to Mr. Thackeray's portrait-gallery. Any reader, clever with the pencil, may readily illustrate his volumes with numerous sketches from domestic life, and the benefit of the plan would be seen in the fact, that, with the exception of public characters, no two sets of likenesses would at all resemble each other.

This propensity to infinitely exaggerate noticeable peculiarities, which we have remarked in our author, is by no means the worst fault that is rendered incurable by his method of publication. His style, in point of grammatical construction, is open to endless objection. We do not wish to deal hardly with this blemish — if blemish be the proper phrase to distinguish what almost amounts to a permanent feature.

Facies dicatur, an ulcus ?

Not only the misplacement and improper use of words continually appear, but there is no end of verbs without nominatives, nominatives without verbs, sentences without beginnings, beginnings without ends. Here, like a dog that has lost his master, a luckless pronoun wanders through the page, seeking vainly for the noun to which it refers; there, an adjective is in the extremity of distress, like a ewe looking for its lamb, seeking its mysterious substantive; while, between the twain, a disqualified because disqualifying adverb occupies an entire sentence, with no other part of speech venturing to come between the two periods, — just as we see, at a place of public exhibition, a whole row of people shrink from sitting on the same bench with some improper character, who, having taken her seat thereon, enjoys exclusive possession of it for the rest of the evening.

We will, presently, cite some passages from our author, and then the reader can decide upon the justness of our strictures. However, in regard to this manner of composition and publication, it is all matter for the writer's consideration; it has almost ceased to be such of ours. The public has given the strongest evidence of its approbation; it buys, and continues to buy. The publisher is well pleased, because it pays; the author is not discontented, we suppose, for the same reason. Very well, gentlemen; as the little fishes say in the Arabian tale, if you are satisfied, we are content! But if the author writes in the spirit which he ought to write in, if he seeks for the approbation of posterity as well as the applause of to-day, he is pursuing a wrong course. There can be but one result to it; nothing, bearing such constant and glaring marks of haste and inelegancy, can possibly win, or merit to win, aught but the ill-judging, and often merely tacit, approbation

which it receives from the crowd, to whose present and immediate appetite it panders. A book may thus please for a day; but the desire will cease to operate, and with it, the unhealthy, meretricious pabulum, that served to gratify but a momentary lust, must cease to please, pass away, and be forgotten. The time will come when Mr. Dickens will find, as Sir Walter Scott did before him, that his powers are on the wane; we do not know that there are not, even now, symptoms of such a state of things; but the time never will come for them to stand on the same shelf with the *chefs d'œuvre* of Sir Walter. The defect in them is fatal. Like fruit stung by a worm, they ripen prematurely; but alas! as Touchstone says, they are rotten before they are ripe. They carry within themselves the seeds of their own decay. They will sink, to say the least, into the same condition that has already befallen those of Sterne; and they will never be read, in after-times, as those of Sterne are to-day; because, with infinitely less talent, they possess even greater eccentricity and exaggeration. Compared, too, to Mr. Dickens's, Sterne's style is terseness itself; — no mean recommendation in reading the works of a half-forgotten author.

And yet there are some exquisite passages in Mr. Dickens's writings; The Old Curiosity Shop and Nicholas Nickleby abound in such. There are some subjects upon which all human hearts feel in like manner; the lives and deaths of little children; the new-made grave; the stern, inevitable barrier thrown between two faithful hearts; — all these things come home to every bosom. Whenever he views matters and things with plain, common-sense eyes, he is natural and affecting; whenever he gets upon his stilts, his fantastic gaits may amuse for a while, but soon they will essentially pall, and then, "good night to Marmion."

We regret that such is the case; we regret that what has so often aroused and interested such a variety of passions in our breast should not continue to be the delight and instruction of succeeding generations. And we doubly regret what we are compelled to consider as the culpable haste, that must constantly prevent the natural exercise of our author's own better judgment. For really, it appears in him to be the pace

that kills; he is ever upon the full run; there is no time for revision, no chance for sober second thought to correct or modify a bald or incongruous passage. Other writers are often in a hurry; but few others seem to write with such hot haste and recklessness as this one. Perhaps, it is but another exemplification of the old adage about too many irons in the fire, &c. But it is not alone the looseness of his style that we complain of. He too often descends, we fear, from the level of his own dignity, to provoke merriment, — careless, apparently, as the buffoon in the ring, whether he is laughed with or laughed at. We read, and are heartily amused at, the description of the dog Diogenes, with his honest purposes and his inconsistent tail; but what, in the name of Sirius, *is* an "inconsistent tail?" We think many of our author's tales are rather inconsistent; yet they amuse us; we laugh, *et voila tout!* Will posterity laugh? Will it even read? That ought to be the question. When we see Dick Swiveller watching from his bed of sickness the Marchioness at her bi-manual game of cribbage, and hear him cry out, "one for his nob," or "two for his heels," as the case may be, everybody laughs; but how many, on this side of the water, where cribbage is about as much played or understood as pam, ombre, or eighteen-penny tredille, have the least idea of what he means? We laugh from long practice, just as we do when Mr. Merryman enters the ring, with his "Here we are again, sir!" It is not at all funny to us; we know it is not; and yet we laughed then from the force of habit, just as we should do to-morrow, were a similar occasion to occur; just as our fathers laughed at things to us utterly vapid and silly; just as our children, ignoring all our slang catchwords and stale jokes, will continue to laugh at any thing that possesses real wit, and, in their turn, be merry at new cant and fresh fustian of their own. *Ainsi va le monde.* As the doubly-blessed Matilda Pottingen has it, the beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.

We suppose there is hardly one of our readers who is not perfectly familiar with the story of Bleak House. We have therefore refrained from saying any thing about the unravel-

ling of the plot. So far as that portion of the task is concerned, we think it creditable enough, and that it will compare favorably with the framework of any of the author's previous works. But we desire to substantiate some of the objections urged above to his manner. We will cite the opening lines of the book.

"London. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurian, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes — gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foothold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke, (if the day ever broke,) adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at these points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

"Fog every where. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

"Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and plough-boy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time — as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

"The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest, near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

"Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of Heaven and Earth."

Nothing that we could have cited will give a more correct idea of Mr. Dickens's manner or his matter than this. It is clever, beyond all doubt; and as it is the first step he makes into his subject, we are bound to suppose that he has essayed to put his best foot foremost, and produce upon the public mind, in the very commencement, an agreeable impression. We believe him to have succeeded; and certainly, it was his duty to endeavor to do so. But, to our eyes, there is an air of slovenliness, or careless indifference about the forms of expression, contained in the preceding extract, that is all wrong. We recollect to have more than once heard it noticed, that, among all the imitations of the writings of popular English novelists that have appeared from the pen of Mr. Thackeray, none of Mr. Dickens has ever been given. There are more reasons than one why this should be the case. With Bulwer, or D'Israeli, or Ainsworth, or James, no one ever thought of comparing the historian of the great Hoggarty Diamond; but of Mr. Dickens he is not only the friend and professed admirer, but the actual rival. It would be in the extremity of bad taste for him to attempt to burlesque, or turn into open ridicule, one to whom he occupies such a position. Nevertheless, it would seem impossible for such a mind as Thackeray's to keep a perpetual restraint upon its workings, and not (doubtlessly unperceived by himself) fall occasionally into the vein of giving a sly hit at the foible of his friend. A volume at our elbow affords an instance in point. It occurs in a description of a combat in which a rider is stricken down, and the steed dashes away masterless.

"Away! aye, away! — away amid the green vineyards and golden

cornfields; away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries; away down the clattering ravines, where the flashing cataracts tumble; away through the dark pine forests, where the hungry wolves are howling; away over the dreary wolds, where the wild wind walks alone; away through the plashing quagmires, where the will-o'-the-wisps slunk, frightened, among the reeds; away through light and darkness, storm and sunshine; away by tower and town, highroad and hamlet. Once a turnpikeman would have detained him; but, ha, ha! he charged the 'pike, and cleared it at a bound. Once the Cologne Diligence stopped the way; he charged the Diligence, he knocked off the cap of the conductor on the roof, and yet galloped wildly, madly, furiously, irresistibly on! Brave horse! gallant steed! panting child of Araby! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, apple-women; and never stopped until he reached a livery-stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up."

It is amusing to see how the palpable imitation, which bursts out so boldly into full flower in the beginning of the above extract, falls into bathos at the end. But who can help feeling regret to behold such talents as each of these authors possess, so often miserably wasted? What would seem more rational than that men, who *can* do so much better, should endeavor to compose in such wise that their books might be the permanent delights of this generation and the next, instead of being but the toy of the moment, to be broken up and thrown away in a half-hour? What shall we say to our sons, when they ask of us the evidences of the fame which we will tell them these authors had in our day? What would Swift or De Foe be rated at now, had Gulliver's Travels or Robinson Crusoe been thus pitched into the world? They might have amused Bolingbroke or Lady Mary; but they would scarcely find a bookseller now enterprising enough to republish them, instead of occupying, as they do, the post of honor in every library.

In point of literary merit, then, we think that Bleak House is a falling off from its predecessors. In fact, ever since Nicholas Nickleby and the Old Curiosity Shop, we are of opinion that Mr. Dickens's works have declined in interest. That they are all clever, is not to be denied: people would not endure the continued jargon in which the tale is told,

were it not that the mass is leavened by constant sprightliness of thought, and not unfrequently by exhibitions of positive genius. But we greatly fear that the author, for some years past, has had more on his hands than he could properly attend to. What with his editorial connection with the London Daily News, and, later, with Household Words; his Child's History of England; his regular Christmas Stories, and the innumerable calls upon his time and attention at public dinners, dramatic festivals, and every popular occasion of a literary character, we can readily conceive that to prepare, besides, three or four dozen octavo pages, of a complicated novel, monthly, for the press, is almost more than any man can do, and do well. And this, again, involves the whole ground of our complaint; it is, indeed, the *teterrima causa belli.*

There is one feature in Mr. Dickens's novels that, we think, must have struck every reader. It is the ready way in which a refractory character is disposed of, the moment he becomes troublesome. There is no need of resorting to any of those agreeable, but slightly improbable, expedients described in the tales of our childhood, where, by merely clapping one's hands thrice, a genii, or a griffin, or a hundred black slaves clothed in white, bearing jars of jewels on their heads, enter, prepared to fulfil the most preposterous behest. No; the days of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess of China are gone by forever; our author simply calls in the aid of some of Death's ambassadors extraordinary or ministers plenipotentiary, and, presto! the deed is done. Really, the atmosphere of his books seems to be as unhealthy to any officious personage whom his father's sins, or his own, have thrust into a too prominent position before the public, as that of the Old Bailey Assizes, with Mr. Baron Page, or any other "hanging judge" upon the bench, to the unfortunate wretch to whom a due regard to the commercial and other vested interests of the nation forbids the extension of those hopes of mercy here that he is bidden to seek for hereafter. *Sus. per coll.* runs through every volume, as surely as through the Newgate Calendar. Oliver Twist, the first of the series *suo sponte*, (for the Pickwick Papers are understood to have been originally started but as text to poor Seymour's sketches) favors us

with the adventurous careers of a bold burglar or twain, and the tragic termination of Messieurs Sykes and Fagin, the one by an unfortunate slip of the noose, the other by the officious assistance of Mr. Calcraft. Besides, we have the murder of poor Nancy, just at the nick of time, when it was impossible to keep her up any longer. For no one can know better than Mr. Dickens, that such a character as that girl's, in her position in the stews of London, was a moral impossibility. Nicholas Nickleby, to use one of his own expressions, "draws it rather mild," and we are spared Tyburn Hill and its attendant horrors; but no sooner does old Ralph find that, by his own misconduct, it is become absolutely necessary, for the peace of his family and the satisfaction of the public, that he should cease to exist, than, without resorting to the humdrum practice of calling in an apothecary and two or three physicians, he jumps at the conclusion, that,

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong;"

and, Judas-like, straightway goes and hangs himself. A decent regard, perhaps, to the opinions of mankind compelled him to fulfil the wishes of more than one of the acquaintance introduced to him by Mr. Dickens, that he should die in his shoes; and accordingly, at the critical moment, he is found swinging heavily from a peg behind his own back door. The Old Curiosity Shop has but a death by drowning. But, to make up for this, Barnaby Rudge contains some recondite murders, with a lot of blind assassins, choice felonies, and — oh, rare! a hangman to be hanged on his own gibbet, by way of pendant to the whole. In Martin Chuzzlewit, revolvers and bowie-knives clank pleasantly together in symphony, while the sublime Montague Tigg (and with him all the hopes of the great Anglo-Bengalee Company, porter and all) expires beneath the brutal hand of Mr. Jonas, and the indefatigable Nudgett, — the prototype of the detecting Bucket, — shines out in all his glory, as from one dock to another the murderer is haled away to condign punishment. David Copperfield conforms to the progress of the times. Where Bill Sykes, or the Dodger, would have swung as high as Haman, Mr. Littimer and Uriah Heep are but sent to cheer, with their

hideous mockery of reformation, one of her majesty's model gaols. The picture, nevertheless, of their immurement, — and, perhaps, it is a wholesome one, — is not spared us. We could well exchange it, though, for some good old-fashioned Bridewell, — such a one as Hogarth paints in the Harlot's Progress, — provided Mr. Justice Creedle, under whose personal care the model convicts are placed, were there to bear them company at pulling the hemp wherewith, perchance, to adorn his own neck, or, Ixion-like, wearily to tread the still revolving mill, with just such a cruel lash at his back as the painter has placed in the hand of the cold-eyed turnkey.

And now, coming to Bleak House, we thought we had supped full on horrors; that the dagger and the bowie had had their day; and that, since capital punishment had been generally abolished for less offences than the taking of human life, we might reasonably hope for a short respite from such ghastly chapters. But, oh, poor human foresight! we not only have a "highly interesting case of murder," (and that, too, of a lawyer, to make the matter more characteristic and personal); but, after all the horrible particulars of the most frightful form of shuffling off this mortal coil that ever entered into the mind of poor sinner, praying on bended knees for Almighty deliverance from battle, murder, and sudden death, we have it all served up to us again, as a *réchauffée*, by the coroner's inquest, and a popular parody of the same, accompanied by Mr. Squills on the piano-forte, at the Sal's Arms, in the evening.

Now, with all due deference to the better judgment of Mr. Dickens and the British public, we must say there is something too much of this. We would not limit an author in making the most of all the paraphernalia with which the imagination surrounds a bloody or mysterious death. When he finds it advisable to put one of his most impracticable subjects out of sight, and finds he cannot do better, by way of working up popular interest to a suitable height, than to knock him on the head or open the jugular, — why, in the name of all that novel-writers revere, let an author do so. Let him even show us, with an awful, solemn air, and with solemn words that thrill us through to our inmost core, (for we all know we like it occasionally, and persist in gloating

over the page till the candle dies in the socket, and the letters seem swimming before us, and then creep, shiveringly, to bed,) the bloody knife — the spots upon the stair — the gory finger-traces left upon the pillow, pressed down with the weight of that head that shall never press it more — the fair young locks or reverend tresses stiff with clotted, curdled blood, and that blood its own; — but, for decency's sake, let there be a stop somewhere. Let it be remembered that we are not an audience of undertakers or of body-snatchers. We cannot, for month after month, and year after year, with healthy appetites, break our fasts upon such diet. Once or twice may do very well for an example, just as we sometimes, with passive nonresistance, wink at the exercise of Judge Lynch's interpretation of the *lex talionis*, when we are not personally indictable therefor. As an occasional thing, the class of sensations excited by such scenes as we may fairly term unnatural, since they are in violation of all our natural laws, is far from being disagreeable to our palates, morbid it may be, or sated with a more innocent diet. There are periods when the mind craves such excitement; it longs to be led to the ghostly, guilty chamber, where the cup of crime and sin had at last been filled to the brim and overflowed; to stand in the twilight gloom, with heart beating as audibly as the eternal ticking of the great clock, that seems throbbing with the consciousness of the dreadful tale: —

> "The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs,
> And pointed full upon the stroke of murther;"

to mark the dim spots upon the floor, — spots the like never by it seen before, faint, black, not singular in their appearance, but which at once it knows for blood; to trace by them the dying man's agony, from his bed to the door, "and thence by mazy doubles to the grated casement," there to sink in abject horror beneath the mortal stroke. These are all legitimate matters for the artist's pencil; but the perpetual repetition of such scenes may be well objected to, if merely on the score of good taste, particularly when the brush is laid on coarsely, and the subject in itself not over delicate. It is not fair to ask us to sit tamely by, and see every disagreeable old repro-

bate's legs knocked from under him in this style, and himself disposed of with all those circumstances of

> "Horrible and awful,
> Which e'en to name would be unlawful,"

which seem now to garnish each bloody dish that is served up to us. We think a daily *post mortem* a very bad whet to one's appetite for dinner.

It will be recollected that, in Bleak House, there is a singular sort of character, — an uncouth, miserly, rusty, drunken old creature, named Krooks, nicknamed by his neighbors the Lord Chancellor. When the proper time arrives for this old toper to drain his last tankard, and go where Toby Tosspot, King Cole, and so many other lusty bibbers have convivially gone before, it would never do to let him make a natural exit from the stage. As his life has been far from pleasant to his fellow-beings, there is a poetical justice in making his death as disagreeable as possible to himself; and, accordingly, since *spontaneous combustion* is generally considered as undesirable in practice as it is unhackneyed in novels, that method of finishing him off is resorted to. In the whole course of our experience in novel-reading, we remember but two other instances. The first is in Jacob Faithful, where the mother of that young waterman vanishes, in a drunken fit, on board of the lighter, leaving nothing behind her (not even a widower, for *he* incontinently jumps overboard, and is drowned in the Thames) but a handful of ashes in the sheet where she was reposing, and a very unsatisfactory smell. The other case occurs in a singularly silly book, called the "Confessions of an Eton Boy," in the last chapter of which a honeymoon is suddenly wound up by the disappearance of "the happiest of men" into the untimely bowels of a blue shark, on the coast of Van Diemen's Land, and the death of the heroine through spontaneous combustion, — and all told with a stern brevity which, considering the circumstances of the case, and how much room there was for describing the peculiarities of their position, is only equalled by the immortal Ingoldsby's *resumé* of the career of a certain little boy,

> "Who ran away on board a ship, and far beyond the seas,
> Got scraped to death with oyster shells, among the Caribbees!"

Our author, however, is more diffuse than the Eton Boy, in his account of Mr. Kroop's demise.

"Mr. Guppy, sitting on the window-sill, nodding his head and balancing all these possibilities in his mind, continues thoughtfully to tap it, and clasp it, and measure it with his hand, until he hastily draws his hand away. 'What, in the devil's name,' he says, 'is this! Look at my fingers!'

"A thick, yellow liquor defiles them, which is offensive to the touch and sight, and more offensive to the smell. A stagnant, sickening oil, with some natural repulsion in it that makes them both shudder.

"'What have you been doing here? What have you been pouring out of the window?'

"'I pouring out of the window! Nothing, I swear! Never, since I have been here!' cries the lodger.

"And yet look here — and look here! When he brings the candle, here, from the corner of the window-sill, it slowly drips and creeps away down the bricks; here, lies in a little thick nauseous pool.

"'This is a horrible house,' says Mr. Guppy, shutting down the window. 'Give me some water, or I shall cut my hand off.'

"He so washes, and rubs, and scrubs, and smells, and washes, that he has not long restored himself with a glass of brandy, and stood silently before the fire, when St. Paul's bell strikes twelve, and all those other bells strike twelve from their towers of various heights in the dark air, and in their many tones. When all is quiet again, the lodger says: 'It's the appointed time, at last. Shall I go?'

"Mr. Guppy nods, and gives him a 'lucky' touch on the back; but not with the washed hand, though it is his right hand. He goes down stairs; and Mr. Guppy tries to compose himself, before the fire, for waiting a long time. But in no more than a minute or two the stairs creak, and Tony comes swiftly back.

"'Have you got them?'

"'Got them! No. The old man's not there.'

"He has been so horribly frightened in the short interval, that his terror seizes the other, who makes a rush at him, and asks, loudly, 'What's the matter?'

"'I couldn't make him hear, and I softly opened the door and looked in. And the burning smell is there — and the soot is there, and the oil is there — and he is not there!' Tony ends this with a groan.

"Mr. Guppy takes the light. They go down, more dead than alive, and holding one another, push open the door of the back shop. The cat has retreated close to it, and stands snarling — not at them; at

something on the ground, before the fire. There is very little fire left in the grate, but there is a smouldering, suffocating vapor in the room, and a dark greasy coating on the walls and ceiling. The chairs and table, and the bottle, so rarely absent from the table, all stand as usual. On one chair-back, hang the old man's hairy cap and coat.

"'Look!' whispers the lodger, pointing his friend's attention to these objects, with a trembling finger. 'I told you so. When I saw him last, he took his cap off, took out the little bundle of old letters, hung his cap on the back of the chair — his coat was there already, for he had pulled that off before he went to put the shutters up — and I left him turning the letters over in his hand, standing just where that crumpled black thing is upon the floor.'

"Is he hanging somewhere? They look up. No.

"'See!' whispers Tony. 'At the foot of the same chair, there lies a dirty bit of thin red cord that they tie up pens with. That went round the letters. He undid it slowly, leering and laughing at me, before he began to turn them over, and threw it there. I saw it fall.'

"'What's the matter with the cat?' says Mr. Guppy. 'Look at her!'

"'Mad, I think. And no wonder, in this evil place.'

"They advance slowly, looking at all these things. The cat remains where they found her, still snarling at something on the ground, before the fire and between the two chairs. What is it! Hold up the light!

"Here is a small burnt patch of flooring; here is the tinder from a little bundle of burnt paper, but not so light as usual, seeming to be steeped in something; and here is — is it the cinder of a small charred and broken log of wood sprinkled with white ashes, or is it coal? Oh, horror, he *is* here! and this, from which we run away, striking out the light and overturning one another into the street, is all that represents him.

"Help, help, help! come into this house, for Heaven's sake!

"Plenty will come in, but none can help. The Lord Chancellor of that Court, true to his title in his last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors in all Courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretences are made, and where injustice is done. Call the death by any name your Highness will, attribute it to whom you will, or say it might have been prevented how you will, it is the same death eternally — inborn, inbred, engendered in the corrupted humors of the vicious body itself, and that only — Spontaneous Combustion, and none other of all the deaths that can be died."

So much for Mr. Dickens, upon spontaneous combustion, concerning which we have a word or two to say. On the appearance of the number of Bleak House containing this account, its unnaturalness was at once proclaimed by some of the London press, and the disease was declared to be even more than an improbability. It was an impossibility; such an outworn theory as should be forthwith exploded,— banished from the text-books of sensible physicians. Mr. Dickens not only defended his position in the papers, but he availed himself of one advantage his mode of publication afforded; — he vindicated it in the next number, and by a sort of back-handed blow, entirely got the advantage of his adversaries, who were compelled to talk out of sight and out of hearing of ninety-nine hundredths of his readers. And as he puts his statements with equal looseness and positiveness, it is as well to endeavor to give in this place a brief glance at the estimation in which the theory of this sort of cases is held by the most competent authorities. It is not an unusual thing in the annals of European jurisprudence, to see a criminal cheating, or seeking to cheat, the gallows, on the hypothesis that the victim encountered death from this cause; and in time with Grisi, Ostend oysters, and other foreign luxuries, the same line of defence may cross the seas, and be put forward here. It is therefore as well to be prepared, betimes, for its reception.

The history of any such scientific subject, not readily susceptible of direct and immediate proof, must always be for a season eminently controversible. We have all, in late years, seen the fact of deaths from *hydrophobia* (speaking in a popular sense) doubted or denied by a large and learned portion of the faculty. Thirty or forty years ago, nobody questioned its reality. The humane practice of clapping the suspected one between two feather beds, and so smothering him, was so common an event in rural practice in England, that, when Sir Vicary Gibbs announced his intention of proceeding, on the part of the crown, criminally against all future participators in this ingenious occupation, he was regarded with disgust by half the old wives in the land. Then for a long while, (as though, when the dogs found there was no

more feather-bed work to be done, they had given up the trade,) we heard no more of death from hydrophobia. People rarely were bitten by rabid animals; or if they were, it seemed as though

> "The man recovered from the bite:
> The dog it was that died;"

until, at last, a fortunate and unquestionable case occurring in the Hospital at Philadelphia, in the very midst of a terrible show of disagreeing doctors, settled the matter forever. Whether this will be the case with spontaneous combustion, or not, remains to be seen. After an undisturbed reign of a century or more, its legitimacy has, of late, been very shrewdly questioned, and that by men of no little mark. But our readers shall hear for themselves.

Following the strict meaning of the words, we agree with Devergie (*Méd. Lég.* vol. ii. p. 274, and *Ann. d'Hyg. Pub.* vol. 46, p. 383) that there is not on credible record a single case of spontaneous human combustion, — that is, of a combustion partial or entire of the human body, *durante vitâ*, without the aid of ignition from external causes. But in its looser and popular sense, the phrase is usually employed to denote the condition of preternatural susceptibility of the living body to become ignited by foreign assistance, and to be consumed with singular rapidity. As it seems to us that the former ground is generally abandoned as untenable by the most judicious of writers on the subject, (even though they may incline favorably to the other method of putting the case,) we will not devote much space to its consideration. The real battle lies in the possibility or impossibility of the second division of the question; and to it we propose devoting the rest of this paper.

Perhaps this will be the most proper place to note the alleged phenomena that are said to accompany the occurrence of this hideous disorder, in order that our readers may fairly understand the nature of the ensuing remarks. According to Orfila, as quoted by Taylor, (*Med. Jurisp.* p. 255,) and with whom Dr. John Apjohn, in the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine of Forbes, Tweedie, and Connolly, concurs, they are as follows.

1. The victims are almost always women, old, intemperate, and corpulent; though where, as is sometimes the case, extreme emaciation instead of great stoutness is the result of hard drinking, the disease may appear. The winter time is almost the only season in which it is said to have occurred.

2. A light blue flame appears lambent over the part which is about to be attacked, inextinguishable by water, and not readily communicable to inflammable bodies placed in its vicinity. The combustion spreads with extreme rapidity, quickly decomposing the greater part of the body, particularly the trunk, while the head, hands, and feet are often spared. The walls and furniture of the apartment are covered with a thick, greasy, fetid soot, and the air impregnated with an offensive empyreumatic odor. What is most curious of all, however, is that the articles around the body are seldom affected by its combustion; even the clothes upon it sometimes are not burned.

The earliest recorded case, that we find, is one quoted by Prof. Johnson, from Claromontius, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century. This, however, like another mentioned in the *Actes de Copenhagen*, under the date of 1692, presents too little of accurate detail to authorize us to do any thing more than to refer to them. The most important examples that are known are as follows.

Bianchini, of Verona, gives that of the Countess Cornelia Baudi, an Italian, aged sixty-two years, who was in the habit of bathing her body in spirits of camphor. On entering her chamber one morning, the maid, who had seen her go to sleep apparently in good health the night previous, discovered her remains upon the floor. The legs and arms and a portion of the head alone were unconsumed. A heap of ashes, emitting a greasy fetid moisture when touched, was all that remained of the rest of the corpse. A sooty substance had deposited itself on the furniture and walls, even penetrating to the linen in closed drawers. The bedclothes were slightly disturbed, as though she had risen quietly from her couch, and the wax of two candles on a table hard by had melted with the heat, while their wicks remained unconsumed. This case was communicated to the Royal Society, at London, by Dr. Mortimer, and was

published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1745, and in the Annual Register of 1763.

The case mentioned by Lecat has always been so much dwelt upon, by those who have debated this subject, that we will briefly state it here. The victim was a woman named Millet, who lived at Rheims, in 1725, in the same dwelling with Lecat. She was a drunken creature, and did not live happily with her husband, who seems to have been attached to her pretty serving-maid. On the 20th of April, 1725, the woman Millet was found near the fireplace, in the kitchen, entirely burned up, with the exception of the feet and some parts of the head and the vertebræ. A small portion of the flooring, beneath the body, seems to have been all else that was damaged by the fire. Millet was tried for the murder, and convicted; but a superior court reversed the sentence, on the supposition of the cause having been spontaneous combustion, and he married the pretty serving-maid, — a circumstance that will always throw a doubt over our minds as to Mr. Millet's innocence. A number of other cases might be quoted; but to do so would be unnecessary, as they are all, mainly, alike. That of Bertholi, a friar, however, may be given in some detail. This man, says Dr. Apjohn, who lived at Mount Volere, went to the fair of Filetto, and, having walked about all day, retired, in the evening, to the house of a relation at Feuile, to spend the night. Upon his arrival, he went directly to his bedroom, and had a handkerchief placed between his shoulders, beneath his shirt. In a few minutes after, having been left alone, a singular noise, mingled with cries, was heard from his room; and when the people of the house rushed in, they found him on the floor, surrounded by a lambent flame, which retired as they approached. When visited the next morning by Joseph Battaglia, a surgeon of Ponte Basio, the integuments of the right arm were found loosened from the muscles and hanging down, and those of the back, between the shoulders and the thighs, were in the same condition. The account which the patient gave of his singular attack, was, that he felt a blow upon the right arm, as if inflicted by a club, and then saw a spark hanging to his shirt-sleeve, which immediately reduced it to ashes. The handkerchief already spoken of, as

also his drawers, were uninjured; but his nightcap was consumed, though his hair was not touched. He survived four days, in great suffering, and then died, leaving a case of perfect incomprehensibility to the world. Those who believe in spontaneous combustion ascribe it to electricity, and what not; others, again, are rather incredulous. The Baron de Liebig makes very merry over the fact of the nightcap being burned, and the hair on the head escaping scot-free. If it is admitted, says he, that the priest had his nightcap on his head, as is necessarily supposed by the narrator, (for if the cap had been burned upon a chair, the salvation of his locks would not be at all wonderful,) there is here but the effect of chance; we cannot suppose the nightcap was consumed by any such peculiar and unknown flame as is contended. Whatever might have been the condition of Bertholi's health, the nightcap did not participate in that condition. It was not sick; it possessed no preternatural susceptibility to spontaneous ignition; the same sort of fire that will consume a tress of hair would have consumed it. If the real truth of the matter could ever be shown, we apprehend that it would appear the priest was drunk — a natural enough conclusion to a day spent at a fair by an Italian friar, in those times — and set fire to himself from a lamp which was in his chamber.

But the blue flame, *that receded from the approach of strangers*, and defied examination, is no bad emblem of many of these stories. It is impossible to put them to a satisfactory test; and most of them are disfigured by such suspicious circumstances as to naturally impel the mind to suspect other causes than that alleged to have produced the death. A man and his wife, in the lower classes, live unhappily together; they get drunk; they quarrel; the neighbors hear a struggle in their apartments, and the next morning her corpse is found, nearly burnt up; and this is a good case of spontaneous combustion. A drunken woman, with a lighted pipe in her mouth, seats herself at night before the fire, and the next day she affords a similar experience. Mr. O'Niel, keeper of the Five Pounds Almshouse in the city of Limerick, is awakened, at two o'clock in the morning, by one of the paupers, who complains that a fellow-lodger, in the

room above, has burned a hole through the ceiling and entered his apartment; and, on examination, Mrs. Peacock, "burning with fire and as red as copper," is found to have been the intruder; and the Methodist Magazine for 1809 (on the authority of which this tale is told) informs us that every observer, recalling the well-authenticated circumstance of her having recently been guilty of several derelictions from truth, was obliged to resolve so awful an event into "the visitation of God's judgment, in the punishment of a daring and persevering sinner!" To match this, we have the specific of holy water, which, after the failure of all other remedies, has been found in France an infallible cure in cases of spontaneous combustion, otherwise inextinguishable by all the waters of the ocean. But the most singular of all these cases, got up apparently to bolster a dubious theory, is a story, which appeared not long ago in one of the most respectable journals in the world, and was copied thence half over Europe. It contains, probably, just as much truth as many of the instances cited in the books on this subject, and may be repeated here as a specimen of the impostures the public are continually subjected to.

"A most extraordinary circumstance," (says the *Journal des Debats*, of February 24th, 1850,) "has recently transpired at a *cabaret* of the *Barrière de l'Étoile* at Paris. A man by the name of Xavier G——, a journeyman painter, of grossly intemperate habits, being on a drinking bout with some of his boon companions, wagered that he would devour a lighted candle. Scarcely had he introduced the flaming wick into his mouth, when he gave a faint cry and sank upon the floor, amidst the amazement of the whole company. A bluish flame played upon his lips; his friends, seeking to succor him, were seized with horror on perceiving that the unhappy man was consuming within. In less than half an hour, his head and the upper part of his chest were completely carbonized. Two physicians were on the spot, and pronounced the case to be one of spontaneous combustion, a phenomenon well known to science, but not, as yet, susceptible of explanation."

A number of observations, upon the characteristics of this disorder, followed; but they need not be repeated here. The paragraph was, however, widely copied, and excited the attention of scientific men in various regions to such a degree,

that an investigation was set on foot by some curious gentlemen; and what, will it be guessed, was the result of their inquiries? Simply, that the whole story was false. Professor Regnault and M. Pelouze, the well-known chemist, having looked carefully into the matter, were utterly unable to discover the least trace either of the accident itself, or of the two medical men who stood by; and, to crown all, the notice of M. Carlier, the *Préfet de Police*, having been called to the story, he very soon traced the fable to its source, and publicly declared it to be a miserable imposture, without one solitary ground for credibility. No such man, no such circumstance, ever existed.

The murder of the Countess de Goerlitz, in 1849, by her domestic, and the man's attempt to divert suspicion from himself by causing it to appear that she was a victim to spontaneous combustion, produced an investigation which, while it resulted in his condemnation, gave a severe blow to the general belief in the disease itself. Many of the first men in their line in Germany, — Liebig, Bischoff, and others, decidedly ignore it, and protest that it should be erased from the rolls of respectable practitioners. Others, again, chiefly in France and England, adhere to the old faith. It is certain, however, that it is under a cloud just at present, and Mr. Dickens has had hard work in persuading some of his readers that Krooks is really and legitimately "done to death," and off the stage, with no chance of popping up into life again, like a Jack-in-the-box, utterly falsifying the verdict of the inquest and the sixfooter so generously furnished him by his administrator. Whether it will succeed in keeping its hold upon the faith of men, or whether, after being haled down from its high estate, and rudely buffeted between friends and foes in the contest, it may be sent, for a season, into exile, to be restored by the united voices of reason and experience, and come back upon us

> Like a glory from afar,
> Or a re-appearing star,

it is difficult to predict. We heartily wish the world were well rid of it; but it has possession, and that is nine points of the law. Still, we are convinced that, the more atten-

tion is paid to the subject, the rarer will be its occurrence; and, if there be any truth at all in the numerous theories presented to us, it may be simplified into this: that, by an unnatural and excessive use of alcohol, the living human body *may* become susceptible of ignition and combustion to an extraordinary degree, in which case its unctuous particles will serve to feed the flames. But this can only be effected under peculiar circumstances, and by external aid. And for any thing beyond this point, we can find no support in physiology or elsewhere.

We must apologize for having dwelt so long upon a theme so unsatisfactory. It is not agreeable to reflect on the possibility of one's flaming out like a lime-kiln, as a necessary sequence to an unknown quantity of sherry or madeira. The philosophy of Captain Macheath's song in the Beggar's Opera,

> "A man can die
> Much bolder with brandy,"

is not a sound philosophy at all, in this view of the case. But the question arose so naturally, from the volumes under examination, and is, besides, one so novel to most readers, that we thought it well to devote a few pages to its elucidation.

Art. VI. — 1. *Italian Irrigation: a Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy, addressed to the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company.* By R. Baird Smith, F. G. S., Captain in the Army, and First Lieutenant of Engineers Bengal Presidency. Printed by Order. London and Edinburgh. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *The Calcutta Review*, Vol. XII. July – December, 1849. Art. III. *Canals of Irrigation in the N. W. Provinces.* Calcutta, 1849. 8vo.

3. *Notes on the North Western Provinces of India.* By Charles Raikes, Magistrate and Collector of Mynpoorie. London. 1852. 8vo.

The traveller in India, after passing the holy city of Be-

nares, finds himself, as he approaches the sacred confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, at Allahabad, entering upon a country differing not only in its natural features, but also in the appearance and character of its inhabitants, from the vast plain of Bengal, which he has left behind. He is now in that division of the British Empire in the East which is known as the North-Western Provinces. These provinces, lying for the most part in the valleys of the Ganges and the Jumna, a great portion of their territory being situated between these two rivers, contain, in their full extent, somewhat more than seventy thousand square miles, and are occupied by a population of not less than 25,000,000 inhabitants. They are at once the most important, most interesting, and best governed part of India. Reaching from the cold summits of the Himmalayas, in which the great rivers have their source, down to the alluvial level of Central India, they exhibit many varieties of soil and climate, of race, language, and customs. The various tribes of Hindus, — Brahmin and Rajput, Jat, Goojur, and Kachi, — and the Mahommedan descendants of the old Mahommedan conquerors, though not kept apart from each other by any natural divisions of the country, are yet separated by differences in origin, tradition, and habit, and afford curious contrasts in their dispositions and modes of life. Benares, Muttra, and Hurdwar, three of the most holy and characteristic places of Hindu superstition, frequented by pilgrims from all parts of India, — Delhi and Agra, the two chief and most famous cities that remain to mark the Mussulman invasion and occupation of Hindostan, all lie within the limits of these provinces.

From the days of Tamerlane to those of Nadir Shah, this tract has been the great battle-field of the East. In early times, conqueror after conqueror swept over it, leaving desolation to mark his course, till at length the foreign Mahommedan rule was established, and, for a few short centuries, it became the seat of all the fancied wonders and the real splendors of the courts of the Great Moguls. But with the decline of their power during the last century, the country sank into a state of utter disorganization, and became the scene of perpetual strife. About fifty years ago, it was reached in the

progress of English conquests; the rule of the East India Company was extended over it, and since then it has enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity and improvement.

It is in this territory, full of the finest memorials of Hindu and Mahommedan supremacy, that the English have been most successful in their experiment of governing the people of India, — and there they have commenced and completed works that afford splendid and undeniable proof of their understanding, to use the words of Sir William Jones, "that the principal object of every government should be the happiness of the governed."

In view of the immense difficulties, with which they have had to contend, the highest credit is due to those civil and military officers in the East India Company's service, by whose well-directed efforts the improvement in this part of India has been chiefly effected. Having to contend against the obstacle of distance from the source of authority in England; having to reconcile the interests of the conquerors and the conquered — interests too frequently deemed adverse to each other; having to grope ignorantly, step by step, through the most complicated intricacies, to a knowledge of the characters, customs, and prejudices of those whom they were governing; having to adapt their regulations of government to native East Indian comprehension, and to a form of civilization essentially different from their own; having to overcome the distrust and dread of authority, which was the legacy of former bad governments; and, hardest of all, having the means that might have been employed in the improvement of the country, often drained off from it into the seive of distant war; — notwithstanding all this, these men have laid securely the foundation of a continually increasing prosperity, and have done more for the welfare of the people in the last fifty years than the Mahommedan rulers accomplished in five hundred.

It would be impossible, within the narrow limits of these pages, to give a complete account of the various measures for the public good that have been undertaken, during this period, in the North-Western Provinces. We should like to describe, for it deserves to be known, the revenue system, based upon an admirable land settlement, by which the rights of

every landholder and cultivator have been accurately determined, with the most careful regard to ancient prescriptions and rights, while they are secured by an annual registry; and this, too, over a country as large as England and Scotland put together, "held by peasant proprietors, parcelled out into minute divisions, and with an agricultural population of between fourteen and fifteen millions." And we would willingly give an account, in connection with the land revenue system, of the educational scheme of village schools and vernacular instruction that has been adopted within a few years past, and which proposes to engage the self-interest of the people in the attempt to remove their ignorance.* But leaving these, and other similar topics, it is our present object to give a description of public works of another kind, interesting from their direct effect upon the prosperity and improvement of the country, namely, the Canals of Irrigation, which are now being extended over these provinces.†

"Water, Sir, is a great thing," said a poor Hindu cultivator, whose bullocks were drawing it from his well; "Water, Sir, is a great thing." How great a thing, indeed, we doubt if any one can fairly estimate, who has not seen the effects of a tropical drought, or, at least, experienced the length of a hot, dry season, extending, as in India, for month after month. In such a climate, a supply of water is of the first necessity in agriculture. Its presence or absence is the difference be-

* The inhabitants who possess rights of property in the soil compose a vast majority of the adult population. Their rights being annually recorded, it is, of course, an object of desire to every proprietor to be able to consult the register, to see that no mistake or fraud has been committed. "The means are thus afforded," says the present excellent Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Mr. Thomason, in a resolution of the 9th of February, 1850, "for setting before the people the practical bearing of learning on the safety of the rights in land, which they most highly prize." *Calcutta Review*, No. xxvii. July, 1850, p. 139.

† In doing this, we shall follow, for the most part, an article upon the subject which appeared in the Calcutta Review, for July, 1849. It is, as Mr. Kaye has justly called it, in his recent valuable work on the East India Company, "a very mine of information," in regard to these canals. On its first appearance in India, it excited much attention, from the ability with which it was written, and from the novelty, even to most Indian residents, of the facts which it detailed. It has since been reprinted, with some alterations, by its distinguished author, Captain Baird Smith, in an Appendix to his important work on "Italian Irrigation," a book of which it is pleasant to regard the article as, in some degree, the origin.

tween fertility and barrenness — between plenty and starvation. The more ample the supply, the more abundant are the returns to the husbandman, and the better their quality. In a country like the North-West Provinces, where so large a proportion of the inhabitants depend for their subsistence upon the immediate produce of the land, having no stores laid up as provision against bad seasons, and no means with which, at such a time, to purchase food, the failure of water is but another name for famine. From the very earliest times, the need was felt of a more regular and certain supply than that furnished by the rains and the rivers.* The first process of agriculture, after the sowing of the seed, was the watering of the earth in which it lay. Very soon, wells and tanks were dug, and dams constructed, with more industry than skill, by which the dangers of drought might be warded off.† But these could be of but very limited operation, and the necessity of works upon a larger scale, and of more general usefulness, must have been early experienced, though the troubles to which the country was exposed, and the want of sufficient scientific knowledge, long prevented their execution.

The first canal for irrigation, upon an extensive scale, of which there are accounts, was constructed about the middle of the 14th century, by order of Feroze Toghlak, one of the most enlightened of the early Mahommedan princes. Fifty years later, a curious passage in that remarkable book, the Institutes of Tamerlane, shows the disposition of the great devastator in a somewhat amiable light, and proves his desire to spread the blessings of artificial irrigation: "And I ordained whoever undertook the cultivation of waste lands, or built an aqueduct, or made a canal, or planted a grove, or restored culture to a deserted district, that in the first year nothing should be taken from him, and that in the second year, whatever the

* In the Institutes of Menu, we find reference to dams and pools for securing water. Ch. ix. § 279.

† Masonry wells are common in every part of India. It is a pleasant thing to hear the husbandmen singing, as they draw the water for their fields. There is a tradition that Tanseyn, the famous old singer of Delhi, used to spend much of his time in listening to these songs of the well, that he might weave the simple airs into his more finished melodies. So beautiful was his singing that the river Jumna is said to have stopped in her course to hear him.

subject voluntarily offered, should be received, and that in the third year, the duties should be collected according to the regulation." But the stream in the canal of Feroze Shah soon ceased to flow; and it was not till more than 200 years afterwards, in the reign of the wisest of the Great Moguls, Akbar, that, as it appears, an order went forth that the channel should be dug out wider and deeper than before, so that the water might flow in it, in a perennial stream, to the cities of Hansi and Hissar, lying in the arid plains to the west of the Jumna.

About the time of the landing of the Pilgrims and the settlement of Massachusetts, the magnificence of the court of Delhi reached its height, during the lavish rule of Shah Jehan. The most beautiful remains of Mussulman dominion in India, the great palace of modern Delhi, the Jumma Musjid, outrivalling all other mosques, the Taj Mahal at Agra, all were built by the order of this luxurious and tasteful monarch; and, with characteristic largeness of design, a canal on a far ampler scale than any hitherto attempted, was brought from the line of the old work of Feroze Shah down to the royal city of Delhi. Wonderful traditions remain of the benefit which the villages along its banks realized from its fertilizing waters. Its stream flowed through the splendid city, branching into innumerable channels, watering the gardens and supplying the fountains of the chief men of the state, and flowing through "the great halls and courts and private apartments of the imperial palace," where, in the exquisite white marble inner hall of audience, may be seen, to this day, the polished but now empty channel in which the water ran, cooling the hot air, and hastening along to the thick shade of the adjoining gardens.

During the same reign, another canal was dug on the east of the Jumna; but engineering difficulties, beyond the skill of those days, apparently prevented the attempt to maintain it for more than a single season. The western canal, on the contrary, remained efficient "for about a century and a quarter after its construction in 1626." Gradually, however, with the decline of the Mogul power in the 18th century, all the public works of the country fell into decay; and for nearly half a century before the British conquest, the people had ceased

to derive any benefit from the irrigation of their fields by the water from these canals.

The English government was hardly secure in its possession of the North-West Provinces before the question of restoring these works was brought up. But, although several propositions were made, so little was the importance of the matter then understood, that no considerable steps were taken in it till the year 1815, when the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, having had his attention directed to the subject during a tour in the North, wrote, urging upon the East India Directors to authorize the necessary expenditures for the reopening of the Western Jumna or Delhi Canal. The suggestion of the Governor-General was approved. The work was commenced in 1817, and in 1821 the waters once more entered Delhi. But "the original views of Government and of its officers were very restricted. Doubts were entertained of the ultimate success of the restored canal. Expensive works were discouraged; and the only object contemplated, at this time, was to maintain a small supply in the Delhi branch. All the works undertaken were, accordingly, of a temporary and most imperfect character; earthen bunds were used for carrying the canal across the beds of the intersecting mountain streams; few, if any, bridges were considered necessary, the canal being fordable throughout; and natural channels were invariably taken possession of, in spite of their defective levels and tortuous courses." The evils of this system soon became manifest; and, upon the appointment, in 1823, of Colonel Colvin, of the Bengal Engineers, ("an officer of eminent professional talent, of great energy of character, and of unwearied zeal," who had previously been engaged in the restoration of Feroze Shah's Canal,) "to the superintendency of the works of irrigation generally, throughout the Delhi territory," a beginning was made towards rectifying the mistakes which had their origin in the narrow views and false economy with which the work of reconstruction had been commenced. The progress of the improvements was, however, slow. The Government, unwilling to engage in large expenditures, hesitated about adopting the excellent plans presented by Colonel Colvin; and it was not till some years

had passed that the most important of his projects were sanctioned. Gradually, since that period, the canal has arrived at a state of considerable efficiency, and it is to be hoped that the government has learned that it is the poorest economy to hesitate in undertaking the works necessary to bring it to a condition of still higher usefulness.

Without entering into the history of the reopening, or, more properly, the reconstruction, of the Eastern Jumna Canal, through which the water flowed in 1830, we proceed to consider, more in detail, the nature of these works, and the results which have sprung from them.

The united length of the lines to the west of the river Jumna,* is four hundred and forty-five miles, exclusive of the main watercourses thrown off on both sides. The great number and variety of works on them may be judged of from the fact that they are spanned by one hundred and fifty-nine masonry bridges, fifty-four of timber, and one suspension bridge; and that there are six hundred and seventy-two outlets for irrigation, or about three to every two miles of their whole course.† The total area of the district under the influence of the canals, is about 860,000 acres, and of this somewhat more than 350,000 are actually watered. "No village," says Captain Smith, "actually waters its whole area, part being in fallow, or waste, or occupied by inferior crops not requiring water."‡

* We have to use the name of this river so often, and it is a name so unfamiliar to most of our readers, that they will allow us to recall to them that it is the stream on which Delhi, Muttra, and Agra are situated; that it has its source among the eternal snows of the Himmalayas, and unites, as we have before said, with the Ganges, at Allahabad. It is a famous river in Hindu legend and history. In the mythology of the country, Jumna is, according to Mr. Hamilton, in his Useful Gazeteer, "the sister of the judge of the infernal regions, and the daughter of the sun; so that," as he unexpectedly adds, "her lineage and connections are very respectable."

† We take this statement of the number of the different works on the canal, from Captain Smith's article, which was written in 1849. It is probable that the works have become still more numerous since that time.

‡ "A village, so called, in the revenue parlance of the North-Western Provinces, is a tract of land with fixed name and boundaries, whether it contain what, in England, is properly called a village, or not. It may be inhabited, or it may be *bechuragh*, (without a lamp,) as those estates are called which contain no human habitation; it may contain one cluster of houses, or many." Raikes's *Notes on the N. W. Provinces*, p. 119.

But it must not be supposed that the blessings of irrigation are confined to the one half or one third of the village area actually watered. The water is used, as far as it is needed, to secure sufficient harvests for the whole village community, and its indirect benefits reach much beyond the limit of the irrigated fields.

A striking proof of the beneficial effects which have followed the opening of the canals, is the gradual increase of population in the districts through which they flow, as marked by its excess over that of the unirrigated portions. Without entering into the details of the separate districts, it appears that the average rate of population in the irrigated, as compared with the unirrigated tracts, is as 275 to 158 to the square mile, or as 1. to .57; and it is an illustrative fact that the greatest discrepancy occurs in the least fertile portion of the country, the sandy district of Hissar, where the proportion is as 142 to 87. Thus, taking the country through, villages directly benefited by the canal, support a population nearly, if not by this time more than, two fifths greater than that of villages not visited by the waters. And the fact becomes the more impressive when it is remembered that this difference has been created within the last thirty years.

The total expenditure on the Western Jumna Canals, including the cost of the original works, the current repairs, and the salaries of the officers composing the canal establishment, had amounted, in 1847, to 3,536,629 rupees;* while the revenue from them, increasing with much regularity from year to year, till, in 1846 – 7, it reached the sum of 302,885 rupees, — had attained, in total amount, to the astonishing sum of 4,206,078 rupees, — thus paying for all the expenses of construction and maintenance, and leaving a surplus in the hands of government of nearly 670,000 rupees.

The chief source of this annual revenue is, of course, the water-rent, which is levied in two ways, either by a certain rate, according to the size of the irrigation outlet, — or by a rate on the actual extent of the land watered, — a method

* The rupee may be accurately enough estimated at the value of half a dollar. The sum above would, therefore, be 1,768,315 dollars.

vastly inferior to the first.* In addition to the revenue from this source, a considerable sum is annually derived from the rent of flour-mills, from the watering of cattle in some pastoral districts, and from transit duties upon rafts of timber floated down from the rich and most beautiful forests of Deyrah Dhoon. These duties, which are very light, amounted, in 1820–21, to the grand total of fourteen rupees; while, in 1846–47, they reached the sum of 6,800 rupees, and even this was less than the amount collected in some previous years. The growth of the revenue, from this source, is a direct and simple illustration of "the improvement in the condition of the people in the canal districts," as it shows "the largely increased consumption of timber among them in the construction of substantial and comfortable dwelling-houses."

Still another source of revenue is the sale of produce from the plantations that have been made along the banks of the canals. Trees, furnishing wood of value for economical purposes, have been set out, adorning the lines of the works, furnishing a pleasant shade for travellers, and replacing, in some degree, the groves which were destroyed over a large part of this territory by the Sikh, Mahratta, and other troops, during the general scramble for the remnants of the power of the old Moguls. The revenue derived from these plantations has already more than covered all expenditure upon them, and their value increases with their age.

A small sum annually accrues from "fines levied for breaches of the canal regulations," and is the only portion of the income that may be expected to diminish, rather than to increase, in succeeding years.

Such are the elements making up the direct revenue from the canals; but this is not all the return that the government receives from them. Much the largest part of the resources of the state is derived from the land-tax, which may be roughly estimated as equivalent in value to one third of the gross pro-

* As we intend to present, here, only a popular view of these great works, we will not enter into the questions connected with the levying of the water-rent. They are, however, among the most important in the practice of irrigation. We must refer those desirous of further information, to the second volume of Captain Baird Smith's "Italian Irrigation," where the whole subject is thoroughly discussed.

duce of the land.* Now it is found, on comparison of the tax paid by canal villages, and that paid by those beyond the reach of the canals, that the use of irrigation has greatly increased the land revenue. So much, indeed, has the regular supply of water raised the profits of agriculture, by securing the certainty and the abundance of the crops, that the total increase of revenue from the land due to the Western Jumna Canals may be fairly reckoned at an annual sum of 300,000 rupees. When this amount is added to that of the direct canal revenue, "we have a net income on the invested capital of thirty-six per cent."

The growth of the revenue from water-rent, although regularly progressive, was at first very slow; but, in the year 1837–8, it suddenly rose to an amount double what it had ever attained except in the immediately preceding year, and almost to twice what it had then been. During this year, the rains utterly failed, or fell in such scanty showers as served only to excite and mock the anxious expectations of the people. Over the whole North-West Provinces the terrible drought prevailed. The land became a desert of dust. The seed died in the ground; the grass withered and dried up, and a fearful period of absolute famine set in. The people, dependent on their annual harvests for support, were driven to the extremest pitch of destitution. Whole villages were depopulated. The bands that unite men together were broken. Parents sold their children for a morsel of food. The bonds of superstition and immemorial custom snapped in pieces. The rage of hunger destroyed even the distinctions of caste, and the Bramin braved all the horrors of pollution, as he devoured food that had been defiled by the touch of the lowest of the human race. Substances, the most revolting, were greedily swallowed, to allay the pangs of starvation. The cattle died in the fields that refused them nourishment. Public and private benevolence stood almost without help or hope before the awful extent of desolation. In six districts, the govern-

* The land revenue of the North-Western Provinces amounted, in 1846–7, to 40,529,921 rupees. This was more than four fifths of the government income for the year. *Calcutta Review*, No. xxiv. p. 416: "The Settlement of the North West Provinces."

ment remitted, at once, nearly one half of the land-tax, and, "in the seven succeeding years, a farther reduction was made still larger in amount," so that the total loss of revenue, in these districts alone, amounted to more than one million of pounds sterling. "Nor was this all. Such was the extent of land thrown out of tillage, and the reduction of rent in the remainder, owing to the deficiency of cultivators, and such the impoverishment of the people, that it was necessary not only to refrain from the rigid exaction of the government demand, but also to relinquish, absolutely, [for the period for which a settlement had been made] part of its amount." *

During this fatal year, as we have just stated, the use of the works for irrigation was vastly extended; and, wherever the streams of the canals flowed, was plenty in the midst of the surrounding distress. The gross value of the autumn and spring crops, grown during this season of famine, on land watered by the Western Jumna Canals, — the greater part of which would have been totally unproductive without the use of canal water, — has been estimated, from actual measurement, at 14,628,000 rupees. Of this sum, "about one tenth was paid to government, as land and water-rent, while the remainder supported in comfort, during the period of devastating famine, the inhabitants of nearly five hundred villages." As Captain Smith justly says, "any more striking illustration of the social and fiscal value of canals, could not be given."

The Eastern Jumna Canal, which, as has been stated, was opened in 1830, has, during its shorter period of operation, been productive of results similar to those which have marked the existence of the larger western works. Indeed, in some respects, the results from it have been even more remarkable, owing to the much greater efficiency in the distribution, and economy in the use, of its water. Its length is about 150 miles, and it has a discharge of 538 cubic feet per second, which affords the means of watering 160,000 acres. For six years previous to 1849, it was under the superintendence of Captain Baird Smith, from whose treatise we have so

* *Calcutta Review*, Vol. xii. p. 456: "Settlement of the North-West Provinces."

often quoted, and, under his able management, it was brought to a state of efficiency, such as had been reached before on no Indian canal. He describes it happily, with a mixture of pride and enthusiasm equally agreeable and natural in one who had had so large a share in extending its benefits, and for whom it had so long been the scene of active labors. "Most beautiful it truly is," he says, "with its broad road, smooth as an English lawn; its double rows of trees drooping over the stream; its long, graceful sweeps; its rich bordering of most luxuriant crops; its neat station-houses; and the peculiar care with which all its works are maintained. It is, certainly, one of the most interesting and attractive of Indian sights. The gem of the whole is the southern division, where, for nearly sixty miles, the visitor passes through a country which is the Garden of the North-West, and finds constant cause to admire the beautiful, although limited, scenes, that every turn of the canal brings before him."

There has been a regular progressive increase in the use of the water, and, consequently, a gradually increasing revenue. In the famine year the rent at once nearly doubled, and the value of the crops, saved by the use of the waters, was about 5,000,000 rupees. The cost of the canal, owing to the greater difficulties in its construction, and the greater completeness in its works, particularly in the extent of its main subsidiary watercourses, by which the best distribution of the water is secured, has been more than double that of the Western Jumna.* But, notwithstanding this greater outlay, the government receives an annual income from canal returns and increased land revenue, of at least twenty-four per cent. on the original investment. The increase of population in the irrigated districts has been not less marked on the east than on the west of the Jumna, and in all directions the benefits, flowing from this canal, seem to be as inexhaustible as its waters.

We may pass over the miniature canals of the Deyrah Dhoon, with only a reference to their existence in this rich, luxuriant Himalayan valley, where the beauties of a tropi-

* The cost of the Western Jumna Canals was 2557 rupees per mile; that of the Eastern Jumna, 5640 rupees.

cal and a temperate region are combined to enhance the charm of one of the most magnificent of landscapes.

"We have now completed," to quote again from the historian of the canals, "our account of existing Canals of Irrigation in the provinces subject to the government of Agra. We find, that since these works first occupied the attention of the British authorities, they have expended upon them a sum of nearly £557,000, and have drawn from them, in direct canal revenue, nearly £546,000. They have brought under the influence of irrigation, and secured, in a condition of the highest productiveness, an area of 1,300,000 acres, yielding produce to the annual value of not less than two and a half millions sterling, and supporting a population of 600,000 souls, of which a considerable proportion has been reclaimed from habits subversive of all good government, destructive to themselves, and mischievous to their neighbors. Great tracts of land, formerly waste, now sustain a dense, industrious, and thriving peasantry, well supplied with every material comfort they desire, placed beyond the reach of the vicissitudes of the seasons, bearing, with use to themselves, a proportion of the state burdens considerably in excess of that imposed upon their less favored fellow-subjects, and so sensible of the advantages they enjoy, that, even in the very worst of those localities, where inconvenience has arisen from the imperfections of the canal works, the general superiority of their circumstances is willingly admitted, and the desire for canal irrigation unhesitatingly expressed. So long as the control of the canals is vested in the local government, the progress of improvement will be encouraged to its utmost extent; and we doubt not but that, as each year passes by, the admitted evils will gradually become less and less in number and extent, until, under the skilful employment of liberal expenditure, they shall have entirely disappeared."

Such a statement, as the preceding, of the advantages that have been derived from existing canals, is a good introduction to the still more interesting part of our subject, — the account of those in progress of execution by the British government, — and chiefly of the great Ganges Canal.

The idea of making the great sacred river the source of prosperity and civilization to the people who had so long regarded it with superstitious veneration, of making it pour benignant waters over the fields of those who had so long ignorantly worshipped its unused stream, was one that possesses

a fine element of poetry, which will always add a beauty to its noble practical application. The first suggestion of it seems to be due to Colonel Colvin, of whom we have already spoken; but it was left to Colonel Cautley, whose name will be inseparably connected with the work as long as even a remembrance of it exists, to make the first surveys, and to prove the practicability of the undertaking. The contrasts presented during the famine of 1837–8 between the districts through which the existing canals passed, and the other portions of the country, were such as to direct the attention of government in the most forcible manner to the importance of extending irrigation. The necessary surveys on the upper part of the line of the proposed Ganges Canal were accordingly ordered, and in 1840 Colonel Cautley presented his first report, showing that no insuperable difficulties existed, and urging that the canal should be constructed on the largest possible scale, so as to appropriate the whole visible stream at Hurdwar, its proposed head. In the course of the next year, the Court of Directors gave their approval to the work, and directed that a committee of engineer officers should be associated with Colonel Cautley, to determine on the best method of carrying the project into effect. This committee "submitted their report in February, 1842, and recommended that the canal should be constructed of such dimensions as would admit of its discharge being 6,750 cubic feet per second, which supply was considered sufficient for the irrigation of the whole Doab," that is, the country lying between the Ganges, Hindun, and Jumna, and forming the principal part of the North-West Provinces. But orders for the prosecution of the work had hardly been given when Lord Ellenborough reached India as Governor-General, and put a stop to all measures of peaceful improvement, while he played the poor, low part of a pompous military chief. Through the discouraging years of his administration, no advance was made on the canal. At length, in 1847, Lord Ellenborough having been succeeded by Lord Hardinge, a man of a different stamp, arrangements were made for the vigorous prosecution of the works; and, wrote Captain Smith in 1848, "twelve years after the first line of levels for the project had been taken, the Ganges Canal may

be said to be fairly in progress, on a scale commensurate with its importance, and on the plan which its projector advocated from the first, and, amidst all opposing influences, never ceased to advocate, — that, namely, of a canal primarily of irrigation, but provided with all works necessary for purposes of navigation." The delay of so many years had but made the necessity for the work more urgent, while the accuracy and completeness of the calculations and surveys on which the project was based had been thoroughly tested.

The canal which, since 1848, has been going on steadily till it is now approaching its completion, is the most magnificent public work in India, and hardly surpassed by any in the world. Starting from Hurdwar, where the Ganges breaks through the rocky outworks of the Himalayas, it continues its abundant course through the heart of the Doab, throwing off branches on either side "which rival the largest of the existing canals," till it reaches its terminus at Allahabad, having traversed, with its branches, a total distance of 898 miles from its commencement. "The only obstacles," says Captain Smith, "to the construction of the canal are met with on the first twenty miles from the head, or between Hurdwar and Roorkhi. These difficulties arise from the course of the canal intersecting at right angles the whole of the drainage of the Sub-Himalayas, of which the western valley of the Ganges is the receptacle."

The town of Hurdwar, where the canal begins, is a picturesque and curious place. It is a sort of miniature Benares. Nowhere can be found a contrast more striking between the beauties and excellence of nature, and the perverse superstitions which men have associated with her noblest displays. The town lies on a narrow strip of land between the wooded hills, whose steep sides rise abruptly over it, and the river that flows at their feet. Here is the gateway through which the Ganges passes from the mountains which guard its source, down to the open plains; and to this spot multitudes of pilgrims resort to bathe in the unpolluted stream, and to carry away the purifying waters to the furthest limits of India. The narrow, dirty streets of the town are crowded with priests, devotees, and mendicants, many of whom are hardly more human in their aspect than the monkeys that run over the

tiled roofs of the bazaar. The river bank is lined with pagodas and other edifices of stone, from which broad flights of steps lead down to the sacred bathing place. When the canal was commenced, the Bramins, who gained their livelihood from the pilgrims attracted by the reputed sanctity of the place, were alarmed lest the sacred character of Hurdwar might be destroyed. But care was taken to remove their fear by dealing with it in the most considerate manner, by improving the place for bathing, and by clearing the bed of the river where it passes by the town. A more general feeling among the natives was, that the work was one of most unmitigated presumption, and that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that the mighty Gunga would ever so far forget herself as to forsake her ancient channel and consent to flow in a new one made by sacrilegious hands.* It was not, as we have heard, until after the water had been actually let on to a small portion of the works, that their doubts began to give way.

The first masonry works are at Myapur, a mile and a half south of Hurdwar. A branch of the river having been taken possession of up to this point, it is here that the artificial channel commences, "having a constant width at bottom of 140 feet, and a variable width at top dependent on the depth of excavation, but which may be stated generally to be about 200 feet. The depth of water provided for, is 10 feet and the slope of the bed about 18 inches per mile." It might be wearisome to describe the various works by which the canal is brought over the frequent difficulties which present themselves in the few next miles, — though in neglecting to do

*Mr. Raikes, in his very useful and interesting "Notes on the North-West Provinces," gives an entertaining account of the difficulties of a native Deputy Collector in getting the children of his district to go to school. The story is told by Rung Lal, the deputy. Part of it illustrates the popular belief to which we have alluded above. "When the people gave up this notion, a new fancy was brought out: sixteen schools, out of four-and-twenty in the jurisdiction of your humble servant, were stopped; yes, absolutely closed; and what, sir, do you suppose, was the reason? The old women spread a report that the Ganges Canal, which has been so long cutting, would not *chul*, that the water would not run in it, and that the boys were not really wanted for *education*, but for *sacrifice* to propitiate Gunga-jee! The schools, as I say, were deserted until I went round to the villages, and swore upon the Ganges water that there was no real cause for alarm."

this, we are obliged to omit the account of many things worthy of note. But we cannot pass over the works in the Solani valley, not quite twenty miles from Hurdwar, with the same silence, both because they are the most important works on the line of the canal, and because some of our own pleasantest associations with India belong to them and to the station of Roorkhi, which overlooks their course. And here, again, we will make use of Captain Smith's words, being unable to improve and unwilling to alter them. After passing through a high ridge of land, about two miles in breadth, the canal enters the valley of the Solani, which, at this point, is two and a quarter miles wide.

"The level of the canal bed begins to rise at once above the surface of the country; and the great work of embanking the channel, or forming the earthen aqueduct, commences.

"This work, by which the canal is brought through the valley to the Solani river, will consist of an earthen embankment, or platform, raised to an average height of about 16. 1-2 feet above the country, having a base of about 350 feet in width, and a breadth at top of about 290 feet. On this platform, the banks of the canal will be formed, 30 feet in width at top and 12 feet in depth. These banks will be protected from the action of the water by lines of masonry, retaining walls formed in steps, extending along their entire length, or for nearly 2. 1-4 miles north of the Solani.

"The river itself is crossed by a masonry aqueduct, which will be not merely the largest work of the kind in India, but one of the most remarkable for its dimensions in the world.

"The total length of the Solani aqueduct is 920 feet. Its clear waterway is 750 feet, in 15 arches of 50 feet span each. The breadth of each arch is 192 feet. Its thickness is 5 feet: its form is that of the segment of a circle, with a rise of 8 feet. The piers rest upon blocks of masonry, sunk 20 feet deep in the bed of the river, and being cubes of 20 feet side, pierced with four wells each, and undersunk in the manner practised by natives of India, in constructing their wells. These foundations, throughout the whole structure, are secured by every device that knowledge or experience could suggest; and the quantity of masonry sunk beneath the surface will be scarcely less than that visible above it. The piers are 10 feet thick at the springing of the arches, and 12. 1-2 feet in height. The total height of the structure, above the valley of the river, will be 38 feet. It will not, therefore, be

an imposing work when viewed from below, in consequence of this deficiency of elevation; but, when viewed from above, and when its immense breadth is observed, with its line of masonry channel, which, when completed, both north and south of the river, will be nearly three miles in length, the effect must be most striking.

"The waterway of the canal is formed in two separate channels, each 85 feet in width. The side walls are 8 feet thick and 12 deep, the expected depth of water being 10 feet." "A continuation of the earthen aqueduct, about 3-4 of a mile in length, connects the masonry work with the high bank at Roorkhi, and brings the canal to the termination of the difficult portion of its course." *

The details, which are here given, serve to show the thoroughness and security with which the work has been constructed. The waters will not be more safely confined within the natural walls of the cut through which they enter the valley, than within the revetments of the embankments and the sides of the aqueduct by which they cross it. During the dry season the Solani flows a scanty dribbling stream through a wide bed of sand; but when the rainy months set in, and the snows melt on the inaccessible summits of the mountains, it pours a swollen flood, which might well test the strength of any inferior work, but will, we may well believe, beat in vain against the solid, unshaken piers which support the more constant stream.

The town of Roorkhi, the head-quarters of the canal, was, a few years ago, but a small native village. It is now a flourishing, and rapidly increasing English station. It is a pleasant place, with its look of busy industry and fresh western activity.† A broad, uneven plain stretches off from the river to the

* It gives some further idea of the extent of these works to learn, from a report of Major Baker, that the construction of the aqueduct will require 84,000,000 of bricks, and 1,000,000 cubic feet of lime. The total cost of the canal from Hurdwar to Roorkhi will be about 3,000,000 rupees, of which, more than half is spent upon the aqueduct.

† We quote, from a manuscript journal, an account of a part of the scene at Roorkhi, in 1849. "Standing on the bridge that crosses the canal, one sees an unexampled sight for India. In order to transport materials and earth along the line of works, a railway, two or three miles in length, has been laid down, — the only railroad in Asia. The cars, drawn by horses, (engines have been sent for from England) are passing and repassing upon it. The natives understand such a labor-saving machine as this, — every other contrivance, however novel, they have seemed to regard with little admiration or surprise. Thousands of them are busy at bricklaying or excavating, or engaged in other sorts of labor required on the works. They

foot of the mountains that rise, range upon range, in the early morning light, but whose more distant peaks are hidden in the glare of the full day. There was a propriety in choosing this place as the head-quarters of the canal, not less from its natural situation, than from the character of the neighboring works. The work-shops, model-room, and offices needed for the canal, are well established, and it is now some years since a College was opened, which, "under its excellent Principal, Lieut. Maclagan, of the Engineers, promises to become an institution of the highest utility to the canal and other departments of public works," as well as to the country generally, by raising up a class of native and European Civil Engineers, who may assist in the maintenance of the existing, and the creation of new, works for the public good.*

But we are lingering too long at Roorkhi, and must proceed to the further description of the canal. From this point it continues, with an easy and unimpeded course, for about fifty miles, when it throws off its first branch, which stretches away for 160 miles, and will have a discharge of 1240 cubic feet per second. Three other branches follow, at distant intervals, the longest of which runs for 172 miles.

"As each of the branches, as well as the main line, will be adapted for internal navigation, the commerce of the Doab will participate with its agriculture in the benefit to be derived from the canal. For purposes of cross communication, bridges will be provided at every two

all labor under the immediate direction of native superintendents. It is a striking thing to see them thus employed in accomplishing a work that is to be of infinite advantage to themselves, and learning, at the same time, by the practical teaching of experience, the lessons most important to be learned by Hindus — the power of combination, the benefits of association and mutual dependence, and the superiority of other science and arts to their own. At a little distance lies an immense field covered with brick kilns, some in process of building, some with the smoke issuing from their tops, some already burnt and ready for use. 100,000 bricks are turned out daily for the construction of the aqueduct. Altogether, viewing the canal itself, the little new town, and all this activity there is no place in India where the contrasts between the past and the present are more impressive or more satisfactory." Lieutenant Goodwyn, of the Engineers, was at this time at the head of this division of the canal. His great merits as an officer were not more than his kindness as a friend.

* Lieutenant Maclagan has been during the present year on a visit to this country, engaged in the examination of our various educational institutions. The interests of the College at Roorkhi could not be in more faithful hands.

or three miles. All the various works required for the regulation of the supply, for the convenience of the establishment, for mills, &c., will be constructed wherever required. Plantations will be formed within the canal limits, on each bank. Orchards of grafted mango trees, similar to those so successfully established on the Eastern Jumna Canal, are estimated for. The transverse section of the canal is gradually diminished, as each branch draws off its proportion of the supply from the main line."

The cost of the whole canal is estimated at one and a half millions sterling, and "there is no probability that this estimate will be exceeded." To authorize so large an expense, the government must have been well satisfied that the returns would be proportioned to the outlay. And such, indeed, they promise to be. The enormous extent of territory that will come within the influence of the canal, and the consequent increase of revenue from the land, appears from the following extract:

"Supposing," (we quote again from our authority,) "that the full supply of the canal, being 6,750 cubic feet per second, is rendered available for irrigation, as ultimately we have no doubt it will be, we know from experience on the canals of the Jumna, that each cubic foot of this discharge is sufficient for the irrigation, during the year, of 218 acres. The total area, which would be actually watered during the year, would, consequently, amount to $6,750 \times 218 = 1,471,500$ acres, or, for facility of calculation, say 1,500,000.

"Assuming as astandard of comparison for the whole of the Doab, the best irrigated district on the Eastern Jumna Canal, ... we find ... that irrigating villages actually water one third of their total areas. Consequently, the supply of the Ganges Canal would furnish abundant irrigation for an area of $1,500,000 \times 3 = 4,500,000$ acres.

"In districts benefiting by canal irrigation, it is found that for such localities as, from position, difficulties of level, or other causes, cannot be provided with water, irrigation from wells is extensively employed. From data given in the Special Committee's report, it would appear that, in the best irrigated district on the Western Jumna Canal, the proportion of canal to well irrigation is as five to one; assuming this for the Doab, we should have an area, irrigated from wells, amounting to 900,000 acres.

"The total area, for which irrigation would be provided, would, accordingly, amount to 5,400,000 acres. But the whole irrigable area

of the Doab is, as formerly shown, 11,102,048 acres. This tract of country would therefore be irrigated to the extent of very nearly one half its surface, — a proportion equal to that of the best district west, and nearly double that of the best district east, of the Jumna. In making this comparison, it should not be overlooked that the best districts on existing canals have been selected as standards for the whole Doab, a measure which tends to give a more limited range to the influence of the Ganges Canal than would have been the case had inferior tracts been selected. But we are anxious to avoid all appearance of exaggeration in estimating the benefits to be anticipated from this great work."

Over this wide extent of country, — down this new valley of the Ganges, — the steady flow of irrigation will be like a fertilizing inundation, lasting the whole year round. We cannot go through, in detail, with the facts upon which the estimates of the annual returns from the canal, and the probable cost of its maintenance, are based, nor with those relating to the pecuniary value of the crops improved and secured by it.* We must be content to take Captain Smith's summary of them; but in reading his statement it is to be observed that, on every point, he has rather understated than exaggerated the prospective results. There is no need, indeed, of exaggeration in describing such a work and such results. The simple facts, most moderately stated, are sufficiently surprising and eloquent.

"We have shown," he says, "that the canal will add to the revenue of the government the sum of £350,000 per annum; that it will protect from the risk of famine a tract of country, containing upwards of 11,000,000 acres, inhabited by nearly six and a half millions of souls, and paying to the state an annual land revenue of nearly £1,800,000. It has farther been shown that, in the event of a failure of the ordinary rains, agricultural property to the value of seven and a half millions sterling would be secured to the community; that an increase in the produce of the land, valued at £1,200,000 per annum, would be obtained; and that, as compared with the only other available method

* These facts are, in many cases, derived from statistics prepared by order of the government of the North-Western Provinces. This government deserves the highest credit for directing the collection and publication of these and other valuable statistics upon different branches of administration. It is as far in advance of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay governments in this as in most other respects.

of irrigation, a saving of expense to the amount of two and a half millions annually would be effected."

Two objections have been raised to this great work, which, if well founded, would have diminished, in a considerable degree, the completeness of the satisfaction with which we believe it is to be regarded. The first of these was that the "abstraction at Hurdwar of so large a portion of the stream as 6750 out of 8000 cubic feet per second," would be of very serious injury to the navigation on the river. It has, however, been shown in the original reports on the works, and in the article which has been our chief authority throughout this account of the canals, that there is a great percolation of water through the porous stratum of shingle composing the bed of the upper part of the river, and that this water again "makes its appearance when, at the lower levels of the river's course, the substratum of clay outcrops and the porous shingle bed terminates." In addition to this supply, the volume of the stream is increased below Hurdwar by various tributaries, — so that, notwithstanding so large a portion is originally taken off by the canal, enough will still remain for all the usual needs of navigation. Nor is it to be forgotten that the canal itself will afford many facilities for navigation, and that the revenue from it will supply the government with ample means to improve the channel of the river, if it should be found that the capacities of the stream have been injured, or the interests of the towns upon its banks have suffered by the construction of the works for irrigation.

Another objection has been "based on the supposed insalubrity of irrigation, as exemplified in parts of the existing canals of the Jumna." This objection early excited the attention of the government, and a special committee was appointed for the purpose of examining the existence and character of the danger from this source. Their report was prepared with great care, and is one of much general interest. It conclusively proved that unhealthiness was not a necessary consequence of irrigation by canals, but that it was an accidental consequence, developed in almost exact proportion to the degree in which the canals interfered with the free drainage of the country. In view of these conclusions, the

Ganges Canal has been constructed with the most careful regard to maintaining and improving the drainage of the country through which it passes; and various precautions, recommended by the committee, will be adopted in regulating the use of its waters. There seems no reason, therefore, to believe that the canal will produce any malarious influence within its districts; but, on the contrary, a reasonable ground for hope that the increase of wealth and comfort, which it will bring to the people, may be accompanied with a diminution of disease.

The canal is now approaching its completion, and, before the end of 1854, the waters will flow in it through its entire length. The date of its opening will be a marked period in the history of the North-Western Provinces. Colonel Cautley, who has superintended its construction, with but a short interval, from its commencement almost to the present time, being forced by ill health to retire from the place of Superintendent, has been succeeded by Captain Baird Smith, who, as our readers have long since learned, is fitted to follow with equal steps such a predecessor, and to continue well, and still further develop, what has been so nobly begun. A government is happy that has such officers to fill its posts, and such works to be carried out by them.

We have given so much space to the description of these canals in the North-Western Provinces, that we can but refer, in the most brief manner, to those in the other parts of India. In the settlement of the recently conquered territory of the Punjab, it has been felt that no surer method was afforded of bringing the disorganized, warlike, and restless population into a state of quiet, and of securing the gradual improvement of the people, and their good will towards the government, than by developing the resources of the country by means of canals and roads. Sir Henry Lawrence, a man of the highest character, and one of the ablest officers in India, being at the head of the local government of the Punjab, pressed the subject upon the notice of the Governor-General, and his recommendation being approved by Lord Dalhousie and by the Court of Directors, a canal, known as the Baree Doab Canal, is now in course of construction, which, drawing

its waters from the river Ravee, will extend, with its branches, 450 miles through the heart of the country. Nor is it improbable that the other large streams of the land of the five rivers, may shortly be made use of for a similar purpose.*

In the south of India, in the Madras Presidency, works have been constructed to employ the waters of the Cauvery river in artificial irrigation, with the most beneficial results; and others with a similar object are going on upon the Godavery and the Kistnah.

We have now sketched the present general condition of the system of canal irrigation in India. Many curious and interesting details have been necessarily omitted in so brief an account. But the system may be regarded as only in its beginning. Every year, we trust, will see some addition made to the territory watered by canals, and some new stream added to the catalogue of those which are employed in the service of the people.

It is impossible to take a general survey of these great works, even at this distance from them, without a feeling of the heartiest satisfaction that any men should have been able to effect so much good, and should have effected it so successfully. It is a proof not less of the scientific ability of the officers of the East India Company, than of their right feeling and their recognition of the responsibilities of their position. England, as well as India, may be proud of what they have done.

The canals, as we have seen, are productive of benefits beyond those of a merely material character. They are great moral agents. They are the promoters of peace and civilization not less than of fertility and plenty. "Statistical details and magisterial experience," says Baird Smith, in an admirable passage at the close of his work, on "Italian Irrigation," "show clearly that where irrigation, with its pleasant train of consequences, is introduced, crime diminishes, plenty and security prove the best policemen, lawless habits yield to their genial influences, and men who were the Ishmaelites of soci-

* It has been proposed to use the Sutlej, in a canal, for fertilizing the "hard desert," which lies to the east of that river. Such a work would have to create, not to benefit, agriculture in that district.

ety fall, without force or constraint, into the ranks of the great army of industry." Nor is their effect to be measured in a single generation; — it will grow with the growing population and increase, year by year, from century to century. They take their place at once with the kindest works of Nature herself, — for they partake of her enduring beneficence, her free and equal generosity. The native, whose fields are watered by a canal, will trust to it as he trusts to the changes of the seasons, and to the swelling of the seed in the ground.

We can imagine no higher satisfaction than that which may be felt by those who have constructed and directed these works. It is a privilege rarely attained to see the immediate good results of one's labors for others. But in this case, the work is hardly completed before those who have been engaged in it may behold the blessings which it brings. Without a metaphor, it is theirs

> "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read their history in a nation's eyes."

It is theirs to feel that they have laid a secure foundation for the permanent prosperity of the people whose interests have been committed to their hands.

The contrasts between these works of the English in India, and those left by the previous conquerors of the country, are a most striking exhibition of the differences in the character of their rule. The time of Eastern romance has gone by, but it is succeeded by a happier period of realities. The lustre of Eastern splendor is fading away, but in its place the steadier and clearer light of a generally diffused welfare is beginning to shine. The wealth of a whole people is no longer concentrated in the display of a single court, — but is spread over the land through innumerable channels. When Shah Jehan built the Taj Mahal at Agra, erecting the most exquisite building in the world, as the tomb for his wife, he spent, in its construction, more than twice the cost of the Ganges Canal.* The wealth expended on its marbles and mosaics was squeezed, by tyrannical extortion, from a poor and

* This building, which more than realizes all that has been dreamed or fancied of the beauties of Oriental architecture, is said to have cost 31,748,026 rupees.

overburdened people. Akbar, the best and most considerate of Indian emperors, is said to have kept in his stables 12,000 horses and 8,000 elephants, — the numbers are, very likely, rounded in the Eastern fashion; but the tradition of lavish luxury remains to show how the revenues of his territories were expended. "If we omit three names," says Sir Henry Elliott, in his valuable work on the Historians of Mahommedan India, "if we omit three names in the long line of Delhi emperors, we shall find that the comfort and happiness of the people were never contemplated by them; and, with the exception of a few serais and bridges, and those only on roads traversed by the imperial camps," we shall "see nothing in which purely selfish considerations did not prevail."

Whatever may have been the mistakes and the faults of the East India Company's government in India, and they have been very many, there can be no question of the fact that it has been, on the whole, of incalculable benefit to the people. Were it to come to an end to-morrow, the works that we have described would remain as a monument of its regard for its subjects, and of the sincerity with which it sought their improvement. It is true that these works are not less important to the revenue of the state, than to the harvests of the husbandmen; but it does not detract from the merit of a government that its interests should be so far identical with those of the governed, as to be promoted by the same means. These canals are, indeed, one of the clearest examples of the truth, that to improve the condition of its people is not only the highest duty, but the most obvious policy of every government.

We will not enter here upon the question how far the East India Company has made this the rule of their policy. But there can be no doubt that this has been the spirit with which many of its servants have labored. It is, indeed, to the members of the civil and military services in India that the gradual improvement in the country is chiefly due. Their position is often one of great power and great responsibilities. In the preceding pages we have shown one instance of the manner in which they have used this power and met these responsibilities. Honoring what they have already done, believing

that this is but the earnest of what they will hereafter do, we heartily adopt the words with which Mr. Raikes, addressing the fellow-members of his service, closes his book: —

"To raise up a degraded race; to cure the plagues of past bad government and bad morals; to prepare — if you may be so blessed — the way for real virtue and true religion: to this you are called; and look round the world as you may, you will never find a more glorious vocation."

ART. VII. — 1. *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded, together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1850. 8 vo. pp. 262.

IT is quite too late in the day to review Uncle Tom's Cabin; but it is not too late to speak of the subject to which it relates, and from which it derives much of its interest. Upon the discussion of this subject, surrounded as it is with difficulties, and hedged about with sensitive and vehement passions, the publication of Mrs. Stowe's work has exerted an important influence. It has not merely fanned the excitement of parties; it has induced many sober and reflecting people, who had hitherto stood aloof from a controversy which had too much the aspect of a bitter political feud, managed on both hands with equal indiscretion and acrimony, to turn their thoughts towards it again, in the hope of finding some middle course, or of suggesting some plan which might have an effect to alleviate the evil which it seemed impossible to eradicate. It is for this class of persons only that the present article is intended.

The enthusiastic reception of Mrs. Stowe's novel is the result of various causes. One is the merit of the book itself.

It is, unquestionably, a work of genius. It has defects of conception and style, exhibits a want of artistic skill, is often tame and inadequate in description, and is tinctured with methodistic cant; but, with all its blemishes, — thought, imagination, feeling, high moral and religious sentiment, and dramatic power shine in every page. It has the capital excellence of exciting the interest of the reader; this never stops or falters from the beginning to the end. The characters are drawn with spirit and truth. St. Clare is a person of talents and education, high-minded, generous, and impulsive; the influences of his position and circumstances on his character are well developed. Ophelia is an admirable picture of a conscientious, practical, kind-hearted, energetic New England woman. St. Clare's wife is well imagined, but somewhat overdrawn. The Shelbys are worthy, amiable, commonplace people, soberly and truly sketched. Legree is a monster, and is painted in strong colors; but the picture wants truth and minuteness of detail to bring out the conception, for no woman's hand could properly describe him. The pencil that drew Front de Bœuf, Dick Hatteraick, and William de la Marck would have made him start from the canvas. We fear he is not exaggerated. There are many such at the North and South; only, in the North, we do not give them so much power, and they sometimes, when not saved by the "ingenuity of counsel," or an executive pardon, or the sympathy of a jury, or the lenity of an elected judge, meet their reward in the dungeon or on the gallows. Eva and Tom are dreams; the one is a saint, the other an angel. But dreams are founded on realities, and "we are all such stuff as dreams are made of." These characters are both exaggerated; but to color and idealize is the privilege of romance, provided the picture does not overstep the modesty of nature or contradict nature. There are no Evas or Uncle Toms, but there are some who possess, in a lower degree, their respective virtues. Many a home has been blessed by the presence, and darkened by the departure, of a child, whose early intelligence seemed inspired, and whose purity, sweetness, and love were too delicate to mingle with the coarse passions of the world; — and many an old family servant in the South is distinguished

for probity, fidelity, truthfulness, and religious feeling, and, slave though he be, is the object of respect and attachment.

But whatever may be the literary merits of Uncle Tom, they do not account for its success. It exhibits by no means the highest order of genius or skill. It is not to be named in comparison with the novels of Scott or Dickens; and in regard to variety of knowledge, eloquence, imaginative power, and spirited delineations of life and character, manners and events, it is inferior even to those of Bulwer, or Currer Bell, or Hawthorne. Yet none of these have been read and talked of, for months together, by Europe and America, or have sensibly influenced a great moral movement, or have disturbed whole communities by the dread of a social revolution. It is true, that, were Uncle Tom not well written, it would not have produced these effects; but the result is so disproportioned to its merit as a work of art, that we must look to other causes. The book has one idea and purpose to which it is wholly devoted. Its sole object is to reveal to the world the nature of American slavery, and thus to promote the cause of abolition.

Now this subject of slavery is one in which the world, or at least the reading and thinking part of it, which has become a very large part, just now takes a very lively interest. In Europe, the dream of political liberty, in the sense of the French Revolutionary school, has vanished. It has been discovered, after repeated and most disastrous experiments, that it means the absolute power of the mob and its demagogues; that equality means plunder, and fraternity, massacre. The people of France have discovered, by bitter experience, that there, at least, democracy is inconsistent with freedom, property, and civilization; and they have acquiesced quietly and cheerfully in a strong government, supported and guided by the public opinion of the rich and educated, and surrounded by bayonets to protect property and order, and keep the dangerous classes in subjection.

Disenchanted on the subject of political liberty, disgusted with Kossuth, and Mazzini, and Louis Blanc, tired and out of humor with Poles and Hungarians, with French Revolutions, Chartist movements, and Irish rebellions, which have ended in

nothing but sound and fury, because destitute of truth and reason, adequate cause, virtuous motive, or definite purpose; — their sympathies have found an object in the condition of the negro slave. Political liberty, in the democratic sense, they have found a delusion; but personal liberty is quite another thing. They can understand why it is dangerous to the security of society to give political power to the ignorant and reckless mob; but they cannot understand why it is necessary for any community to deprive a portion of its people of all civil rights whatever, and reduce them to the condition of property. They see a great, prosperous, and civilized democracy, advancing with rapid strides to the position of a formidable power, rivalling them not only in wealth but in refinement, boasting of liberty, advocating liberty, openly and avowedly giving countenance and support to every revolutionary movement among their discontented classes, — yet all the while, holding four millions of its own people in abject slavery, and defending with warmth and defiance its right so to hold them. This strange inconsistency provokes comment and discussion. The subject is not a new one in Europe; late events have revived it there. Constant intercourse with us has brought it closer to their minds and feelings. They see in it an incongruity, — a contradiction to the advanced culture, the enlightened intelligence, of the age, a stain and blemish on the common humanity and civilization of the world. They have got rid of it themselves; personal slavery with them is matter of history. It lies behind them, among the barbarisms of the past. They regard it as a wrong and an evil which ought not to exist, and which, therefore, the good, the wise, and the gifted should endeavor to remove by those means which have dispelled so much moral evil from the world, — by truth and reason, by argument and persuasion, by the keen arrows of invective and scorn. Mixed with these sentiments, there is, doubtless, something of national jealousy and fear, something of dislike to republican government, and of triumph at being able to point to such a blot on its mantle. But these feelings only add to the excitement of the subject, and prepare the public mind of Europe to receive, with the greater eagerness and interest, the animated pictures,

the heart-stirring scenes, the passionate appeals of Uncle Tom.

With us, the subject is of far deeper concern. It comes home closely and immediately to our firesides and altars, to our honor and prosperity, to our peace and union. On it hang the issues of life and death. It is not an abstract question, to be discussed with philosophic serenity in the seclusion of libraries and drawing-rooms; but it involves property and security, sectional power and party power, and sweeps into its vortex the passions which disturb the repose of society and shake the stability of empires. The country has just passed through a painful and perilous crisis growing out of this question, which yet did not decide it. It still hangs like a dark cloud over the horizon of the future. The public mind, like the sea after a storm, heaves and swells with ominous agitation, and parties are mustering their forces to renew the contest. It is a question about which many are alarmed, many more are strongly excited, and none are indifferent. Viewed simply as a moral question, affecting individual conduct and the condition of millions of human beings, it is one of deep and serious interest; but involving, as it necessarily does, a vast amount of property, and connected, as it has become, with party strife and sectional rivalry, moderation, fairness, and reason in the treatment of it are not to be expected. A work like Uncle Tom, coming at such a moment, so admirably suited to the common mind, teaching, not by abstract reasoning addressed to the intellect, but by actual scenes and events affecting the imagination and the feelings, written, too, with so much power and beauty, is eagerly seized on by one party as a valuable auxiliary, and indignantly resented by the other as a new attack. It becomes at once the topic of animated criticism and discussion, and the result is — it is read by all.

Another cause of the wide-spread popularity of Uncle Tom is its foundation in truth. It is a highly-colored description of a reality. This is undeniable by any one who can reflect on what must be the consequences of absolute and irresponsible power, bestowed without reference to character. Here is the real source of the power of the work. Were it a mere

fanciful picture of ideal scenes, it would have already taken the place of other falsehoods, and been forgotten; for it does not pretend to be a work of mere imagination, and if it did, it wants the creative power, the touches of genius, that could give it life as such. If it be not founded on truth, it is nothing. It has been accused of exaggeration, and it is said that the imputed atrocities are exceptions to ordinary usage. But the charge of exaggeration admits the substance, and to acknowledge the exceptions yields nearly the whole case; for the favorable view of Southern life is given by Mrs. Stowe as well as the unfavorable, and she does not say or imply that brutal violence and cruelty are either universal or general. The main points, the state of the law and the existence of practices under it which are inconsistent with enlightened and Christian humanity, and which are not prohibited, are even sanctioned, by the law, are not, and cannot be, denied.

This picture of slavery has astonished Europe and the North. It has astonished many also in the South, who, judging of the state of society only from what passes before their eyes, are ignorant of the existence of what they do not see, or indeed of the true meaning and nature of what they do see, until their attention is forcibly called to it. Nothing is more common than such ignorance of what is passing around us. How few know or think of the scenes of misery and destitution in our cities; yet they exist within a few squares of the comfortable and luxurious homes of wealth, and we see beggars in the streets every day. Now and then, a statistical account, or a police report, or an investigation made for charitable purposes, reveals them to us. Otherwise we should know nothing about them, and perhaps indignantly deny that, in this land of plenty, in New York and Philadelphia, thousands live in all the wretchedness of extreme want, or that the percentage of poverty and crime equals or surpasses that of London.

Some years ago, certain statements were published showing the condition of the children who worked in the English factories and mines. These statements produced universal horror and disgust. The attention of Parliament was called to the subject, investigating committees were appointed, and

remedial laws passed. The amazement and indignation universally expressed by the journals of the day showed clearly that very few people knew any thing about the painful reality which these examinations brought to light; and, doubtless, had the charge been made without the proof, hundreds of sensible persons, living in the neighborhood of these very factories and mines, would have rejected, with warmth, the idea that such a state of things could exist in England.

So it is with slavery. Very few in the North have more than a vague and general idea of it. No precise and definite images that mark its character have been presented to their minds. They have never seen the slave-pen, or the slave auction, or the slave-gang chained and driven along the road to market. They have never visited the Calabooze at New Orleans, or the Sugar-house at Charleston. They have never seen the wife sold from the husband, the child from the parent; nor made acquaintance with the negro-trader, the negro-catcher with his trained dogs, or the negro-whipper, professions unknown in the Northern States. Very many in the South, too, are almost equally ignorant of such things, and those most ignorant from whom we are likely to hear any thing on the subject. These have seen slavery in its mild and beneficent aspect, in the old homesteads of Virginia and Carolina, where hereditary attachment and enlightened humanity have softened and mitigated the system. The evil of it, though around them, they have not noticed, or not thought of as evil; the good they know and are familiar with, and it is difficult to make them believe that the evil exists; just as it would be difficult to give to the amiable mistress of a sumptuous and decorated mansion in the Fifth Avenue or Walnut Street, a distinct and adequate idea of the misery and degradation of the dens and alleys of Southwark or the Five Points. We are all very prone to believe that our little sphere is the world; and it is a true saying, that one half of mankind do not know how the other half live. Those who, having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not, are greatly the majority; and the chief office of the preacher and teacher, the poet and the thinker, is to tell us what we are, and to show us the things that are before and around us.

It is true, that, in some of the Southern States, particularly in Louisiana, there are laws providing for the protection of the slave from excessive cruelty, and for his proper treatment in regard to food, clothing, and labor. But they are so vague and general, encumbered with so many conditions, so easily evaded, and so very lenient to the master, that it is obvious they are totally inadequate for the end in view. In no case can a slave be a party to a suit, but must find a white man willing to act for him; and in those cases most requiring the intervention of the law, the oath of the master, denying the charge, is a sufficient defence. There is also one general principle pervading the whole law of the South, that no negro can be a competent witness against a white man, which, so long as it is maintained, must render all laws, intended for the defence and benefit of the negro race, nearly nugatory.

A more signal example of the prejudices of race could scarcely be imagined; for such a principle, being contrary to reason, can proceed only from prejudice. It is founded on the vulgar idea that a suit at law is a hostile attack, and therefore, that the evidence of a negro, supporting such an attack, is derogatory to the dignity of the white man. This notion, natural enough to a party implicated, is unworthy of a government, as it betrays ignorance of the principles of jurisprudence. The first object of all legal proceedings is to investigate the facts in order to apply the law, — to discover the truth; and this principle shuts out the truth. Cannot a negro tell what he knows, and describe what he has seen and heard? And is it not sufficient that he is subjected to cross-examination, that court, bar, and jury are composed of the superior race, and that his testimony will be received with caution, because of his color and condition? Is there any danger that he will be too easily believed when his testimony is against a white man? and are not the rules of evidence sufficient to protect the jury from falsehood and deception? Modern opinion justly regards the common law as unwisely strict in some of its provisions as to the exclusion of testimony; and the courts now discourage objections to the competency of witnesses, — desiring to open wide all avenues to a knowledge of the facts. It is thought that the sanction of an

oath, the test of cross-examination, the opportunity afforded of estimating credibility from the manner, education, intelligence, and relative position of the witness, afford sufficient security; and that it is better to run the risk of admitting some falsehood, than to incur the certain evil of excluding much truth. The law which refuses the testimony of negroes refuses what must often be the best and the only evidence in the case, and renders all laws, professedly passed for the advantage of the slave, practically ineffectual, by making it easy to evade them.

It may, with much truth, be urged, by way of extenuation and apology, that the system, on the whole, works well, as is proved by the rapid increase and general condition of the negroes in the South; that cruelty is rebuked by public opinion; that the large planters, the wealthy and educated, own the great majority of the slaves; that with these, as also with many others, they are for the most part well-fed, clothed, and kindly treated; that doubtless there is a certain proportion of bad masters, and a certain proportion of miserable, ill-used, overworked negroes; but that, in every community, violence, brutality, and ignorance exist, which produce, as a necessary consequence, much human suffering; that the statistics and police reports in the North show the existence of wretchedness from extreme want, and a constant succession of riots, brutal assaults, and horrible murders; but that it would be unfair thence to infer a general state of moral degradation, or to ascribe the presence of these evils to the institutions and domestic relations of Northern society.

To this reasoning there is a conclusive reply. It is true that, in the Northern States, cases of violence and outrage are of frequent occurrence. But they are *crimes;* they are against the law, not *permitted and sanctioned by it.* No portion of the population here is placed beyond the pale of the law and excluded from its protection. When the Southern States shall have extended the shield of the law and the care of the magistrate over every human being within their limits; when wrong, outrage, and injustice shall have been declared crimes, and punishable as crimes, whether committed against white or black, slave or free, — then only will they be en-

titled to plead not guilty to many of the charges made against them by Mrs. Stowe. Till then, they must remain silent; till then, they must stand convicted of maintaining a system at war with the principles of enlightened humanity and Christian civilization. They must remain in a state of moral isolation from the rest of mankind, and behold pointed against them the whole artillery of the literature and opinion of the world.

This is a frightful position for any people to hold. As moral evil necessarily produces material decay and disaster, it is one in which no people can live and prosper. It is one in which the South does not prosper. There, alone, throughout our broad territory, are to be seen the tokens of stagnation and decline. In no part of it, is its progress in wealth and population comparable to that of the North. To internal weakness and disease are now added, arising from the same cause, the formidable array of public opinion in Europe and America. Such a state of things cannot continue. It must, unless something be done to remedy the evil, come, in some way or other, sooner or later, to a violent and calamitous end.

Is there a remedy? and what is it? These are important questions, and they are daily becoming more important.

The South is a valuable portion of our country. Its extent of fertile territory, its staple productions, the cultivation, refinement, and noble traits of a large portion of its people, add vastly to the power and wealth of the republic. Its rice, sugar, and tobacco increase the accommodation and luxury of mankind. Its cotton crop alone is a vital element in the industry and commerce of the world, and has become essential to the comfort of all classes in all civilized nations. The prosperity of the South advances the prosperity of the whole country; union with the South is essential to the safety, liberty, and happiness of the whole country; disunion can produce nothing but anarchy, bloodshed, and ruin. Can no way be found to reconcile interests so vast with the dictates of humanity and justice? This is the Sphinx's riddle, which we must read on pain of death.

The wealth and greatness of the South are the result of the labor of about 4,000,000 of negroes, directed by the su-

perior intelligence of the whites. These negroes are, as a race, inferior in mental and moral force to the white race with whom they live. This inferiority is proved by their condition here and everywhere. Being the result of organization, it is a permanent inferiority. The negro is improvable to a certain point by contact with the civilized white, but only to a certain point. When that contact ceases, he relapses speedily into barbarism.

It is a law of nature, that the intellectually strong shall govern the weak; in other words, that the weak shall serve and obey the strong. As the white race is the permanently strong, and the negro race the permanently weak, it follows that so long as the two races live together, the negro must be the servant of the white.

But the negro, though inferior to the white, is still a man. He has intelligence, passions, moral sentiments, affections. He is capable of happiness and misery, of other pains and pleasures than those of the body. The laws of nature are all beneficent. If superior strength implies government, government implies duty and responsibility. The duty of the governing party is care, guidance, and protection, and it is responsible for the well-being of the party governed. From this duty and responsibility there is no escape. Whoever has charge of another incurs thereby an obligation of the highest character, which cannot be neglected, either by an individual or a nation, without incurring a heavy penalty. This obligation is a consequence of the great moral law of nature, which commands us to do good when in our power, to love our neighbor, to love even our enemies, to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and which binds together all men in one brotherhood, whatever the differences and distinctions of rank or race or nation.

If these principles be correct, it follows, that the negroes in the South are naturally and permanently the servants of the white race; that it is the duty of Southern legislatures to provide for their proper treatment, and to protect them from violence and outrage. The masters must be required to perform the duty of masters; so far as the law can compel, they must be compelled to exercise justice and humanity, kindness

and care. It follows, also, that these same legislatures are responsible for the happiness of these 4,000,000 of toiling human beings; that in withdrawing from them the protection of law, in declaring that they do not and will not regard their welfare, but simply the profit of their owners, and thus delivering them up helpless victims to occasional brutality and vice, they have failed to perform a solemn duty.

These 4,000,000 of negroes, with their humble capacities for enjoyment and improvement, are worthy and meritorious objects for the attention and care of a wise and humane government. They are here. To send them away is impossible; to emancipate them, equally so. It would destroy great interests, it would endanger the peace of society, it would be disastrous to themselves. Ignorant, improvident, without self-sustaining energy of character, and of limited intellectual faculties, they are incapable of providing for their own support or caring for their own interests. Freedom to them would be like freedom to children, or to the domestic animals. It would be helplessness, abandonment, the absence of guidance and protection. Thus deserted, indolence, vice, and poverty would speedily degrade them below even their present condition, and they would gradually dwindle away and disappear, as they are disappearing in the North, where they are left to themselves to struggle with difficulties too great for their strength, difficulties arising from climate and social circumstances which do not exist in the original seat of their race, and which therefore they are not fitted, by nature, to encounter.

The negro is naturally the servant of the white man, because all mental inferiority is naturally the servant of mental superiority, the degree of servitude varying with the degree of inferiority. It is his happiest position. His docility, his good temper, his bodily vigor, his intellectual weakness, all fit him for it. As a servant, under just treatment, he thrives and rejoices, and is tormented by no ambition for a higher sphere. He is a servant in the North. The menial labors, the drudgery of society, to obey always and never to command, to be forever one of a degraded caste, are his portion there. He has the privilege of choosing his master and his

employment; but on the other hand, he must take care of himself and his family, a task often too great for his feeble powers, amid the energetic stir and competition of a stronger race. But he has one advantage. Servant though he be; inferior by nature though he be; though he may neither sit in the legislature, nor on the bench, nor vote, nor enter the jury-box, — the law cares for him and protects him. He has civil rights, the right of self-defence, the right to wife and child, the right to hold property. Acts criminal and punished by law if committed against a white man, are equally criminal and punishable if committed against him. These rights are accorded to him in the North by the governing race, — some of them because it is just under all and any circumstances to give them; others, because the condition of society makes it safe to give them.

The negro is a servant in the North, but he is a slave in the South. Slavery is another and stricter form of servitude. The slave cannot choose his master, or his employment, or his place of residence, or acquire property. He may be compelled to labor, and his master has control over him, and may punish his vices, his idleness, his disobedience, or insubordination. This condition is imposed on the negro in the South, because the circumstances and interests of society there require it. It is rightfully imposed; for the white race are the natural rulers, and may justly regard their own safety and welfare as objects of paramount consideration. For these they must provide at all hazards; but, in doing so, they must not violate humanity and justice. They have among them this vast multitude of helpless and dependent beings, from whose labor they derive their wealth and importance. Slavery with them is a necessity, whatever may be its evils. The peace, security, and prosperity of society, the interests of commerce and the arts require it; the well being and safety of the negro himself require it. But the laborer is worthy of his hire; and thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. The free negro of the North makes his contract for his labor, and the law enforces it; he can defend himself and his family from aggression and outrage, and the law sustains him. The slave is deprived of the right to make a contract, of the right to

defend himself and those dear to him, and the law should itself be to him all that it has taken away. The very helplessness, dependence, mental inferiority, and hard fate of this humble race call loudly, with the commanding voice of duty, on government to interpose, with special care, its protecting arm, to shield the slave from wrong by all the force and terrors of the law; to secure for him all the happiness of which his condition is capable.

The enormities of the law of the South, as it exists in the statutes and judicial decisions of the several States, arise from one great principle upon which the whole system is founded — that a slave is property.

This is an error. A slave is not, and cannot be, property. Such an idea is equally inconsistent with the nature of property and the nature of slavery; and it is because the institution has been thus founded on an untruth, that so much evil has flowed from it; for error is the source of all evil, and evil continually.

A slave is not property, because he is a man. A man cannot be the subject of property, though his labor may. He is not a thing. Even in the lowest forms of humanity, he has intellect, passions, sentiments, conscience, which establish his brotherhood with all men, which establish the theoretic equality of man as man, and separate him from the lower animals and material things. To man, to the race of men, the earth was given as an inheritance. Whatever he can make, or modify, or add value to, is property. But man was not given to man to possess. He is not a product of industry, but himself a producer.

A proposition so plain, it is difficult to make plainer by argument. Its truth is self-evident. No man can imagine himself to be property. Every instinct and impulse of his nature revolt at the idea. But the idea of subjection to a superior nature, of obedience and service in return for protection and care, of looking up to another for guidance and direction, is natural, arises at once from inequality of intellectual force, and pervades, in a greater or less degree, all the relations of life.

The argument that inferiority of race confers the right of

property is an obvious fallacy. What degree of inferiority confers it? The Indians are an inferior race. Are they property? The Irish Celt is inferior to the Anglo-Saxon. Is he property? What would be thought of any State that should declare him a chattel? Is the negro the only race who can be the subject of property? With his capacity for improvement, his courage, his warm feelings, is he so low in the scale of being that he cannot be recognized as a man, but must be regarded as one of the lower animals? If so, why are there free negroes? The idea that any thing can be the subject of property which yet cannot be appropriated, is absurd. There are no free horses. Free horses in a civilized community,—that is, horses turned out and abandoned by their owners,—are the property of any one who chooses to take them. Wild horses in the desert are also, legally, the property of him who can secure them. But free negroes are protected by the law of every community; and wild negroes, that is, negroes in their native land, are also theoretically protected by the law of all civilized nations, and though often captured by violence, such capture is piracy, and no right of property can be acquired by it.

But though the law cannot regard a man as property without committing a wrong and violating the truth and nature of things, it may rightfully declare him a slave;—that is, it may determine the relation he must hold to other men. This power is inherent in the idea of government. It is constantly exercised by all governments. The only question that can arise is, not as to the power, but whether it is justly exerted in the particular case. If the truth be, as it undoubtedly is, that, under existing circumstances, it is necessary, to the security, well-being, peace, and happiness of the people of the South, white and black, that the negroes should be slaves; that is to say, not chattels, but men deprived of liberty, compelled to labor, and bound to a definite servitude,—then slavery is an institution, or social relation, which government has not only the power to create, but may justly create, enforce, and regulate. But all power is trust-power, and is coupled with duty and responsibility. It is to be exercised for the good of the governed—under penalties. This is the divine and

eternal law. If the governing party look to its own good exclusively, its action is injustice and oppression, the punishment for which is the vengeance of the injured, or the constant dread of it; for

"Fears attend
The steps of wrong."

The slave is a party governed, for whose benefit the power to govern exists as much as for that of his master. In so far as he has been governed justly, slavery has been found consistent with his happiness and the well-being of society. In so far as he has been governed unjustly, in so far as his master's interest and not his welfare has been exclusively regarded, slavery has proved a danger and a sore evil, a disease and a canker in the state; has roused the indignation and opposition of the world, and called forth deadly passions that threaten the repose and existence of society.

There are, no doubt, some persons, — believers in the "rights of man," according to the French Jacobinical version of them, — who would deny the power of government to establish such a relation as master and slave, however much the condition of things might require it, and however carefully it might be guarded from abuse. They consider personal liberty as one of those rights, and political liberty as another. But these notions about vague and undefined rights, incapable of practical application, have been long since banished from the counsels of the wise. They are necessarily violated by every government; and, if carried out to their extreme consequences, would destroy all government whatever. The only right of man is to be governed according to the principles of truth, reason, and justice, for his own happiness. The government which suits the mental and moral condition of a nation is the rightful one, whatever its form, for that nation, whether power be intrusted to one, or a few, or many, — whether it be *by* the people or not, provided always, it be *for* the people.

No one worthy a reply would contend that political liberty, or, in other words, a share of political power, ought to be given to the negroes of the South, or that it is not, in some cases, properly withheld from the negroes of the North. Po-

litical power is refused by all governments to women and minors, — by most governments to the very poor and ignorant, and for the same reason that it is withheld from negroes, North or South, — their presumed incapacity to exercise it. Yet, if the abstract right exist, such refusal is a wrong. So with regard to personal liberty. The law everywhere establishes various relations by which this is violated; by which one person is subjected to the will of another, under certain conditions and restrictions suited to the nature of the case. Such are the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, master and apprentice, master and servant, the master of a vessel and the mariners, the officers of an army and the troops, the commander of a ship-of-war and the sailors. In all these cases, individuals are deprived of personal liberty, and subjected to the authority, more or less absolute, of others, for their own good and the good of society. Were not *both* these objects intended and accomplished by the law, then it would be an injustice. The foundation of all these relations is the mental superiority of those to whom authority is intrusted. Slavery rests on the same basis. Government has the same power to establish and regulate this relation as others. Slavery is necessary to the repose, prosperity, and safety of the white race in the South, because of the numbers and degraded condition of the negroes; it is also essential to the well-being of the negro, because of his incapacity to govern and take care of himself, and because experience shows that he is by nature fitted for this relation, and that he thrives and is happy in it. Slavery, therefore, exists rightfully in the South. No rights of the negro are violated when he is made a slave. His right, like that of all men, is to be governed for his own benefit. Some even go so far as to maintain that a social relation, founded on the same principles, and modified to suit different circumstances, a relation more strict than that of master and apprentice, and less severe and permanent than that of slavery, might, with equal justice and much advantage, be introduced into some of the Northern States, in relation not only to negroes, but to the swarms of emigrants who crowd our shores, many of them equally degraded by ignorance, poverty, and vice, and equally needing

care, guidance, and government. Less liberty in them, and more authority over them, would be alike beneficial to themselves and society. But as these last have not only personal liberty, but political power, and can influence or decide an election, and as their votes are more easily gained by flattering their passions than by governing them for their good, such provision can scarcely be expected; and, for our own part, we are not sure that it is desirable.

The governments of the Southern States, then, commit no wrong when they keep the negro in slavery; but they do commit a wrong, and violate the truth of things, when they declare that he is property. The consequences that flow from this distinction are most important, and show the imperative necessity of founding all institutions and all reasoning on the eternal principles of moral truth.

From the error, the falsehood, that man can be the subject of property, which is the basis of the law and practice of slavery in the South, have arisen most of the evils of the system, — the reproach and odium that have been heaped upon it, and the alienation of the Northern people. This doctrine of property once admitted, the consequences are obvious. It implies absolute control on the part of the owner, without duties or responsibilities to the thing owned. It implies that the property exists only for the benefit of the owner, which is alone worthy of regard or care; that it has no interests or enjoyments which the law can recognize. It implies that any one may be an owner, however depraved and vicious. These are the legal and logical consequences that flow from such a principle; and they are established, with few exceptions, theoretically in the law, and practically in the habits of the South; though the enlightened humanity of slave-owners has very generally softened the shocking hardness of the system, and exercised the terrible power conferred on them with a moderation and gentleness worthy of the race from which they sprang and of a Christian age and country. The power, nevertheless, is claimed by all to its fullest extent, and whilst the law gives it, the stigma cannot be effaced.

Could this false and wicked principle be stricken out of the law, slavery would then, in truth, become what its advocates

claim it to be, one of the domestic relations. Give the slave his true position, — that of a man, of a servant, and a perpetual servant, and immediately would arise mutual duties and responsibilities, — of care, kindness, and protection on the one part, of obedience, loyalty, and service on the other, which could be clearly defined and enforced by the law. Government could then regard the slave as the legitimate object of its care and attention, could provide practically and really for his welfare, and could limit the power of the master, so as to prevent its abuse; could also say, *who should not be masters*, — controlling this relation, for the good of both parties and of society, as it does the other relations of life. The slave could be shielded from excessive cruelty, from absolute degradation; some rights could be given him; and, as his improved condition enlarged his mind, these could be, and would be, extended, until the relation would lose its repulsive features, and take its place among the kindly and humane institutions of society. All this could be done without weakening, in any degree, the authority which any virtuous and enlightened slave-holder either exercises or desires to exercise. Much must still be left with him. His power must be maintained; but the gross abuse of power, by the brutal, the avaricious, the passionate, and the vile, might be restrained.

Each party would be a gainer by such a system. The injurious moral influences of slavery upon the master and upon the community would be diminished by wholesome restraint; scenes of revolting cruelty would be prevented; a sore reproach would be removed from the South and from the country, whilst the friends of both would be encouraged and strengthened in the contests too likely to arise from this unhappy subject. The slave would be equally benefited. Not only would better treatment be secured to him, in many cases where it is now wanting, but his moral condition would be improved by the feeling that he was guarded and protected; by the knowledge that there was a power above his master, to which he could appeal from wrong and outrage. He would be elevated, in his own esteem, by the consciousness that he was working for something; that the law gave him a right to his humble food and raiment and shelter; and that he

was better than the ox or the mule, the companions of his toil.

The truth, that the slave does really, notwithstanding the law, stand in a human relation to his master, is recognized by the practice and language of a large number of wealthy, educated, and humane proprietors. Their ideas and their conduct are in advance of the law. They speak habitually of slavery as a domestic institution, as one of the social relations. Custom and opinion among these, especially in the old States, and where families have inherited their property, secure to the slave much kindness and many privileges. Mutual attachment has grown up between the parties. A certain standard of treatment has been established in regard to holidays, food, clothing, work, discipline, and punishment, well suited to the character of the negro, and which, on many estates, could hardly be improved. This standard cannot be widely departed from without loss of character. But unfortunately the gentlemen, the enlightened and humane, those who have character and position to lose, and who can be influenced by public opinion, by any thing short of legal restraint in the pursuit of their interest or the gratification of their passions, are not appointed by the law as the exclusive owners of slaves. The trader, the speculator, who buys land and negroes to make money, and who regards the latter simply as stock, as an investment, — the mercenary, the reckless, the brutal, still remain; and to these, also, the law gives the negro as a chattel, stripped of every human right, the helpless, unshielded, uncared for victim of rapacity, of selfishness, of coarse and violent passions inflamed by the possession of absolute power.

Now, here is the point of the case. This is the evil set forth in vivid colors by Mrs. Stowe; and the only question for sane men to consider is, can this evil be remedied? — not can slavery be abolished; that is neither possible nor desirable. But can it be made to conform to the dictates of humanity and justice, to the enlightened opinion of the civilized world? This evil, like all moral evil, is the result of error, of falsehood. It follows, as a necessary consequence, from the law which says that man can be property, that a

slave is property, which is untrue, and being so, every inference from it, whether of doctrine or practice, must be untrue and pernicious.

Let the law tell the truth. Let it say that a slave is not, and cannot be, property; that, as a man, he is entitled to justice, to the care of government, to protection from wrong, and the subject at once becomes manageable. Let the law conform to and execute the virtuous and enlightened portion of public sentiment in the South; let it really make slavery a domestic institution; let it enforce, universally, in the treatment of slaves, the customs and habits which have grown up among respectable masters; let it describe slaves, not as chattels, but in the wise and truthful language of the Constitution, as "persons held to service and labor;" and a new light would break in the horizon over this terrible subject, the light of dawn. We might then hope for day. Slavery would assume a new aspect. It would put on the robes of justice and truth. The Southern people would then have an answer to the charges made against them. They could say, we have this race among us. They are bound to us, and we to them, for good and for evil. To get rid of them is impossible; to emancipate them, equally so. It would involve calamities far worse than slavery to us and to them. The only thing that remains for us to do is to take care of them, to govern them for our welfare and their own; and that we are doing, that we mean to do.

Had this been done heretofore, there would have been no abolition party, and Uncle Tom would never have been written. Were it done now, its influence on opinion would be immediately felt. The chief argument of the abolitionists would be taken away. The moral sense of one half of the country would no longer be revolted at the life and habits of the other; the moderate, the judicious, the lovers of their country and of humanity, those who regard the right and the true as above country, above life, above every thing earthly, could give to slavery their support and aid; the fanatic, the demagogue, would be disarmed, and the frightful dangers which surround the agitation of this subject might be averted.

Whatever the motive of Mrs. Stowe's books, their effect

will be good. They point to the truth, and the truth is always beneficial. It is the one thing needful in the management of all affairs. In the novel, the truth is not merely told; it is painted; it addresses the imagination and the feelings. Being thus put into a popular form, the multitude, on whom abstract reasoning would be thrown away, can understand and appreciate it. Curiosity, discussion, investigation are stimulated, and public attention forcibly drawn to the subject. The Southern people are put on their defence. In this contest, they have no State rights, or constitutional rights, to fall back upon. These are no barriers against reason, truth, and justice. They must reply, and are driven to apology, extenuation, denial, or confession, — at all events, to examination and discussion, from which some practical good may be hoped. Their condition is thus revealed to themselves, the good as well as the evil of it; and there are among them so much wisdom and virtue, so much cultivated intelligence and moral worth, that they may well be trusted to find remedies for the evil, and to hold fast to the good.

Mrs. Stowe has also, in her novel, unconsciously and unintentionally, done the South a service, by showing very clearly three things of great importance.

First, that the general condition of the slaves, notwithstanding many exceptions, is a happy one, well suited to their nature. The Shelbys may be regarded as a fair picture of the majority of masters, because they are a fair specimen of the majority of families of respectability and easy fortune everywhere. With such masters and such treatment, the negro is as well placed as he can be. He has kindness and care, government and guidance, and is exempt from the miseries of poverty, idleness, and vice. His position is better than that of most of the free negroes in the North, of the peasantry of many parts of Europe, and infinitely better, in all respects, mental, moral, and material, than that of his brethren in Africa. A similar description of the condition of the slaves on a well-ordered estate is contained in the letter of a gentleman in Virginia, at page 8 of the Key.

Secondly, the book shows, that, while the benefits of slavery may be increased and extended, its evils are capable of being

remedied by wise and just legislation. These evils arise chiefly from the cruelty of brutal masters; from the separation of families by judicial and other sales; and from the defenceless condition of the slave with reference to others than his master.

It would swell this article beyond its proper limits, to attempt a discussion of the means by which the atrocities produced by these causes might be prevented. In the slave laws of other nations, ancient and modern, may be found provisions which would palliate or wholly remove them. It is a disgrace to the country and the age, that our laws on the subject are more severe, with the exception of the early Roman, than any other. It is obvious that the cruelty of masters might be restrained by providing for the sale of the slave who is the subject of it, and by declaring persons guilty of it incapable of holding slaves, as they are certainly unfit for such a trust. The inhumanity of separating families might be prevented by regarding farm and plantation slaves as part of the realty, so that they could not be sold from it, at least by process of law; by prohibiting the sale of slaves apart from their wives, children, husbands, or parents, unless by their own consent, properly authenticated; and by providing that such sale should be void, or that by it, the slave should *ipso facto* gain his freedom. The slave might also be protected not only from excessive severity by his master, but from the violence and abuse of others, by penal laws properly executed.

Laws founded on these principles would but enforce on all what are now the opinions and practice of respectable slave-owners. Similar provisions exist already in the statutes of some of the Southern States. That they could be made effectual, and to a great extent accomplish their object, by vigor of execution and by a different system of evidence from that which prevails, it is impossible to doubt. An enlightened public opinion, to demand them, alone is wanting; and it is wanting, not so much among slave-holders, as among those who are not slave-holders, but who vote; and whose ignorance, passions, and prejudices control government. These last, a wretched population, idle, vicious, and poor, such as grows

up where free industry is degraded by slavery, and robbed by it, also, of employment and reward, oppose with violence every attempt to improve the condition of the negroes, because their selfishness and pride are gratified by having a class below them, whom they may insult and abuse with impunity. They are the worst enemies of the slave, and their liberty, or political power, the greatest obstacle to any scheme for his benefit.

Thirdly, no one can read Uncle Tom without the irrisistible conviction, that the Southern people alone can deal with this subject. Slavery, as this work shows, is so interwoven with all the relations, interests, and habits of their lives, that they only, who are thus in contact with it, can properly understand and manage it. It is no light task; and we believe that this novel, though written in no friendly spirit, — written, indeed, with much of the bitterness of fanaticism, — will have a happy influence in convincing the liberal and enlightened among the Southern people of the necessity for reform, and of stimulating them to the work.

Much has been said of the evils of slavery; and it is a remark that passes current with most persons, that it is a social and political curse. It would be more correct to say, that it is an evil for any country to have any portion of its people who are fit subjects for slavery. It is not slavery that is the curse of the South; it is Africa. It is the presence of an alien, inferior race, with whom amalgamation is degradation and corruption of blood, who can never be citizens; whose natural tendency is not to improvement, but to barbarism; who make industry ignorant, unskilful, and abject; who form no part of the people, though a large proportion of the population; and who are thus a source of weakness, and not of strength. This is the curse; and it would be infinitely greater, were this degraded population free instead of being slaves. It is the punishment for the lawless rapine that tore the negro from his native sands, — for the nameless horrors of the middle passage, — for all the atrocities of the slave-trade. A portion of the South being so largely African, slavery is a necessity.

Wherever the white man can work, negro labor, slave or

free, is an evil; but wherever the climate does not permit him to work, it is not an evil, if properly regulated. It is better that countries thus situated should be cultivated, producing, as they do, so much that adds to the wealth of the world. Without negro labor, they must be a wilderness, and in them, negro labor implies slavery. In the northern slave States, slavery is gradually disappearing. With them, emancipation is possible and desirable, and must happen in the progress of wealth and agricultural improvement; for skilful, intelligent labor always drives inferior labor out of the market. Thus, natural causes are withdrawing slavery from the North to the South; from the region of wheat and grass, where the white man can work, to the region of cotton and rice and sugar, where he cannot work; from the farm to the plantation. There it must remain, or the land must be abandoned; and there, if under humane and just direction, it may be rightfully maintained, to the advantage of the country and of civilization.

Thence, too, it seems likely to extend. Vast prospects are opening to the South, vague and dim now, but becoming daily more definite in the nearing future. Regions of undeveloped resources, and inexhaustible fertility, lie around the Gulf of Mexico, our Mediterranean, awaiting the hour when the valor, enterprise, and knowledge of a superior race shall call forth their stores of boundless wealth, to give fresh springs to industry, wider scope to commerce, new materials for the arts, immense increase to the accommodations, luxuries, and refinements of civilized man. All this may be won, and, in those climates, can only be won by the labor of the negro, guided and directed by Saxon intelligence. But it must be rightfully won. It is a rich harvest; but it cannot be reaped by tyrants and oppressors. For such, no harvests ripen. By the eternal law of God, failure, disaster, decay, and misery are forever linked to cruelty and injustice. This truth shines with divine light on every page of human history. Well-being comes only of well-doing; and if, in the reckless greed of gain, the callous calculations of avarice, the Anglo-American, in that day when he shall lead the negro to these new fields of labor and wealth, should disregard the welfare of his

humble companion; if he care only for himself and his gold, and, carrying with him the arts and the cultivated mind of civilization, forget the moral virtues that can alone sustain him, the negro will be terribly revenged. Out of his wrongs will come the punishment of his oppressors. Fear will dog their steps; the hatred, enmity, and opposition of the world will meet them in all their enterprises; their energy of character, their intellectual power, will wither and decay in the foul atmosphere of selfishness and crime, and they will themselves share the degradation they impose;

> "Thus even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

They may succeed for a time; they may grow cotton and rice and sugar, and make money; but, like all ill-gotten wealth, it will prove; not a blessing, but a curse. The punishment will be sure to come at last. As Carlyle says: —

"Foolish men imagine, that, because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice but an accidental one here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed, some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death. In the centre of the whirlwind, verily, now, as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great Soul of the world is *just*."

The fate of St. Domingo, of Cuba, and of Jamaica is full of instruction and warning.

One word more. It is said, perhaps truly, that the existence of this Union depends on the execution of the fugitive slave law of 1850. That law is not liked at the North. By some, it is openly and vehemently denounced and opposed; by many, it is reluctantly acquiesced in, as a hateful necessity. There are very many whom this law places in a most painful conflict between their reverence for right, and their love and duty to their country. They appreciate fully all the evils of disunion; they also appreciate fully all the shame and misery of living under a law that shocks their sentiments of humanity and justice, and of giving to it their aid and support; for "whoso consents to wrong doeth wrong." A law which is thus revolting to the conscience of a large portion of the people, and

the best portion too, those who have a conscience to be revolted, is a narrow foundation on which to build the existence and safety of a great nation; — a narrow and weak foundation, which must constantly need the props of self-interest and party management, the underpinning of "compromises," to keep it up. Self-interest, party drill and tactics, commercial relations, railroads and telegraphs are not the stuff out of which can be made the bands which unite man to man as a brother. When alienated feeling has been produced by *moral disapprobation*, there is already disunion. The invisible central cord is broken, and its outside wrappings of paper constitutions, commercial ties and party ties, will show what they are made of at the first strain. The main timbers of the house are rotten, and the next tempest will prostrate it to the ground. The people of the North, — not the mob, or the worshippers of mammon in the cities, — but the people who dwell on the peaceful farms, who plough the hills and valleys, and reap their harvests, who are daily accustomed to the sight and the companionship of free, hopeful, happy, and law-guarded industry around them, are no admirers of slavery, because they consider it another name for cruelty, oppression, and tyranny. When they see a man escaped from such a state, their first impulse is to assist and protect him, not to send him back. When they see him seized by the officers of the law; when they are told that he is a piece of property; that they must help to send him back, or give their support and encouragement to those who do; that this law must be executed on pain of disunion, on pain of national death, — there arises at once a hard and doubtful struggle in their minds, between their sense of duty as citizens and their feelings as men; between their love of country and their love of humanity and justice; between the claims of the law and all the influences and teachings of their habits and lives.

If, however, they could look on the runaway, not as a man unjustly claimed as a chattel, but as a person who has rights secured to him by law, as a servant who had fled from his master, as one who really *owed* "service and labor" in return for support and protection, and who had wrongfully and foolishly left a position well suited to his mental and moral con-

dition, thousands of honest and well-meaning men, who now oppose, or refuse their countenance and aid to, the fugitive slave law, would with joy and alacrity give it their support. The abolitionists would dwindle to an insignificant faction; fanaticism would lose its chief source of excitement, and the demagogues a topic for agitation. The subject of slavery would no longer be regarded as a weapon in party contests, as a means of influence and power in the ever-recurring strife of President-making, to which our politics seem now to have degenerated. It would thus be left, where alone it can be placed with safety, in the hands of the Southern people, who would be responsible to the country and to the world for its just and wise management. According to that management will be towards them the feeling of the North, — either coldness and aversion, or the sympathy, respect, and love due to worthy countrymen and brothers; and these are bonds stronger and more enduring than cotton and corn, than iron rails or iron wires, to preserve the Union, and to bind us together, not only as one nation, but as one people.

Art. VIII. — 1. *England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a Series of Original Letters, with a Historical Introduction and Notes.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler. London. 1839. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts; now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents.* By Agnes Strickland. Vols. V. and VI. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

The authoress of the latter of these works, by her lively yet learned treatment of a subject on which both her talents and her sex entitle her to be heard, has aided in disabusing the popular mind of a traditional prejudice which many historians

of great reputation had done their utmost to confirm. No impartial reader of her Lives of Mary and Elizabeth Tudor can believe that the elder sister deserved to have the ugly epithet of "Bloody" prefixed to her name, or that the younger, great as was her popularity, and glorious as was her reign, possessed any of those endearing qualities which the fond appellation of "Good Queen Bess" would seem to imply. But the fair writer's zeal has led her somewhat too far. She has done much to disseminate an error precisely opposite to that which she has labored to remove. If her representations should be accepted in their fullest extent, the objectionable epithets will continue to be used. The application alone will be reversed. The world will, hereafter, speak of "Good Queen Mary" and "Bloody Bess."

In all the sovereigns of the house of Tudor, the natural texture of the character, so to speak, was the same. The fibres were coarse and strong. In the women, we observe no beautiful or delicate trait, no grace of thought, no glow of feeling; in the men, there was no generosity, no magnanimity, no chivalrous sense of honor. In all, there was the same stubbornness of will, the same coldness of heart. It was a hard, unyielding nature, — not reckless when impelled by passion, not gentle or amiable when controlled by principle. We abhor the insensibility with which it trampled on its victims, but admire the steadiness of purpose by which it triumphed over all obstacles. While the vacillation and want of energy inherent in the Stuarts, from the first prince to the last pretender in the line, twice lost them a crown, of which few wished to deprive them, and twice prevented them from regaining it when fortune was propitious; the constancy and resoluteness that so eminently characterized the Tudors enabled the founder of the dynasty to establish himself upon a throne to which he had not the shadow of a rightful claim, and his successors to maintain themselves in more than one crisis of extraordinary peril. With shades of difference in its manifestation, strength of will predominated in the character of every member of this family. It was displayed alike in the quiet and wary, but unwavering, persistence of Henry VII.; in the selfish, sensual obstinacy of Henry VIII.; in the conscien-

tious, if unenlightened, inflexibility of Mary; and in the haughty, yet politic, firmness of Elizabeth. The first of these princes, whatever may have been his faults, was governed, in the main, by no baser passion than ambition, and his astute and indefatigable policy harmonized with the exigencies of the time. Elizabeth, with higher intellect and larger views, placed herself among the foremost champions of a cause on which the future of Christendom depended. The course pursued by Mary neither furthered the development of the nation, nor ran parallel with the tendencies of the age; but her motives, at least, were respectable; she acted in accordance with what she believed to be the strongest of all moral obligations. But Henry VIII. was neither guided by political principles nor by a mistaken sense of duty. In his character, the peculiarities of his race assume their most repulsive aspect; and we doubt if the record of a career, so utterly, so brutally, selfish as his can be found in the annals of history. There are names, "at which the world grows pale," of men who, impelled by demoniacal frenzy, have passed from crime to crime, until their natures seemed to lose all semblance of humanity. Nero, endowed, perhaps, by nature, with an excess of sensibility, was steeped, while yet a boy, in all the infamies of the accursed age in which he lived, and reached, at last, an abyss of insatiable desires, when the lust of pleasure and the lust of blood were one. The madness of uncontrollable appetites goaded that wretched heathen soul onward in its course of stupendous wickedness; and if the victim paused, if moments of reflection came, Remorse herself seized the scorpion whip, and drove him towards his fearful doom. Henry's character was of a different stamp. His was not a weak and susceptible nature, dragged by the impetuous current of an evil age into a vortex of insane desires. There was a method in his fury, very unlike the wildness of desperation. His intellect, though shallow, was clear; his will was inflexible; his heart was wholly callous. No affection, no loyalty, ever awakened a corresponding feeling in his breast, or even the faintest consciousness of what he ought to feel. Neither argument nor entreaty could move him from a selfish purpose. Wolsey sometimes knelt before him for

hours, vainly endeavoring, by all the arts of persuasion, to shake his determination. An intense egotism pervaded his nature. He valued men only as they ministered to his gratification or his ease, not for any intrinsic qualities of their own. When he was weary of them, or no longer needed them, if they opposed his nefarious schemes, or if their rectitude but silently reproached him, he crushed them and forgot them. The trustworthiness of virtue and the subserviency of vice were of equal estimation in his eyes. The great services of Wolsey, the integrity of More, the base compliances of Cromwell, received a like reward from his impartial brutality.

But this is not the depth of his infamy. He was incapable of feeling in cases where the most inhuman feel. He knew no shame for actions of which depravity itself is ashamed. He forgot things which the most ungrateful remember,— things which are remembered by most men when they have forgotten the weightiest benefits. He sent women from his bed to the scaffold, and no recollection of their embraces brought a blush to his unmanly cheeks. He cast off the incomparable wife, on whose faithful bosom he had reposed for fifteen years or more, and used all the arts of malice and of meanness to torture the miserable remnant of her days. He consigned to an ignominious death the accomplished woman, to gain possession of whom he had made a revolution in his kingdom and agitated all Christendom, and the ignorant girl who had been his wife for a month. He caused his daughters to be virtuously educated, and branded them as illegitimate. What a wretch must this have been, who never saw in his dreams the forms which he had caressed, and which the headsman had mangled! Who can look without disgust at that face which Hans Holbein's faithful pencil has transmitted to us? — the small pig's-eyes, the drooping, flabby, greasy cheeks, — these would have revealed the man, had history been mute, — the man destitute alike of principles and of affections, who never experienced an emotion of love, of pity, of gratitude, or of remorse.

No person of ordinary, unsophisticated feelings ever read the history of this monarch without the strongest sensations of horror and contempt. Yet Henry VIII. has been very

leniently dealt with by nearly all Protestant writers, who have fancied, that, among this mass of vices, they could discern indications of a nature originally noble. The faults of his character have all been traced to the too early possession of arbitrary power, and to the sycophancy that stimulated every evil propensity. His easy manners, his frank and careless speech, have caused men to believe that "Bluff Harry" had, after all, a naturally good heart. It is true that he was not a hypocrite. He had not the refinement of intellect or the regard for men's opinions necessary for hypocrisy. But this free and unceremonious address, these apparent marks of good humor and good fellowship, betokened only a nature satisfied with itself, and accustomed to give free play to every selfish impulse. Far from indicating any kindly feeling or personal regard, these nauseous familiarities were lavished upon persons to whom he behaved with inconceivable baseness. We know, from the best evidence, that the hardened nature of the man was visible to every observer not blinded by his own vanity. When Roper congratulated his father-in-law upon the loving demeanor of the king, who had put his fat arm about the Chancellor's neck as they walked together in conversation, "Son Roper," replied the keen-sighted More, "if having my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." Sharon Turner finds a proof of Henry's magnanimity in the fact, that when Reginald Pole expostulated with him on the violence of his measures, Henry, whose hand, while he was speaking, played with the dagger hanging at his girdle, preserved sufficient self-command not to thrust the weapon, as he felt strongly inclined to do, into his kinsman's breast!

Hallam, who applauds the affability of his manners and the generosity of his temper, observes that "after all, Henry was every whit as good a king and man as Francis I., whom there are still some on the other side of the Channel servile enough to extol; not the least more tyrannical and sanguinary, and of better faith towards his neighbors." Francis I. (whose character, as he has been dead these three hundred years, we cannot imagine any Frenchman of the present day extolling from servile motives) was, doubtless, an arbitrary

prince and a licentious man, whose example gave its tone to the most profligate of courts, and who oppressed his subjects by such exactions as were never tolerated by the English nation under the most despotic of its sovereigns. But we do not remember to have read that he punished loyalty and fidelity as crimes; that the men who were most devoted to his service were consigned, one after another, to ignominy and death. He was unfaithful to his wife; but he did not degrade her from her rank, or deny her the company of her children, or strip her of the comforts of life, and assign her a residence where the unwholesome air swiftly terminated her existence. The women who shared his sensual pleasures were not afterwards the victims of his brutal temper. Madame d'Estampes did not perish by the sword of the executioner, but is credibly reported to have survived her royal lover. The children of Francis were not made the objects of public stigma, or treated with insolence and harshness by his parasites. No one ever expressed a wish, in his presence, that the head of the king's daughter were "from her shoulders," in order that he might "toss it with his foot." The veneration which Francis showed for his mother, his regard and affection for his sister, the ardent love which he bore to his children, the delicacy of his behavior towards his daughter-in-law, on an occasion when delicacy was something more than courtesy,* are traits recorded not merely by his "servile" countrymen, but by the intelligent Venetian ministers, whose practice it was to furnish to their government secret and faithful reports of what came under their observation. If a prominent feature in the character of the French monarch was love of applause, the conduct by which he often endeavored to gain approbation was of that kind which most deserves it. "Take back

* "Henry, the second son of Francis I., who was now dauphin, was married to Catharine de Medici, of Florence. For a long time they had no children, and, as she was by many not deemed his equal in birth, the idea of sending her back to Florence began to be spoken of. Catharine herself, wise and resolute as she was, came to the King, and offered to depart, whilst a flood of tears choked her language. 'My child,' replied the King, 'as God has willed that you should be my daughter-in-law, such shall you remain.' This act is worthy of high estimation, for Francis was anxiously fearful that none of his sons would have male issue, and that his race would, therefore, become extinct in the second generation." *Ranke, Civil Wars and Monarchy in France*, i. 165.

your keys," he said to the citizens of Rochelle, after the suppression of an insurrection, which the bloody chastisement that followed the "Pilgrimage of Grace" leaves us no room to doubt how Henry would have punished; — "Ring all your bells; you are forgiven; I covet only the hearts of my subjects." No one will pretend that the policy of Francis was dictated by a pure desire for the welfare of his people. But at least, it did not fluctuate with the play of his sensual appetites; it was characterized by intelligence and activity; and instead of dreaming and chattering about impossible conquests, he enlarged the resources of his kingdom, and maintained its independence against a most sagacious and powerful antagonist. And even if these points of dissimilarity did not exist, the world would still see a great difference between the bloated voluptuary, who valued luxury more than he coveted glory, and whose highest personal exploit was killing a stag in Windsor Forest, and the gallant soldier of Marignano and Pavia, whose body was hardened against the effects of exposure and privation, who slept on the ground, without removing his armor, during the night that interrupted a battle, and whose feats of daring were the favorite themes of chronicle and song.

The three children of Henry VIII., though born of three different women, all exhibited the strongly-marked characteristics of their father's race. In intellect, they were all, perhaps, his superiors; but yet, in all, it was the same intellect, distinguished rather by clearness and vigor than by subtlety or depth. They were educated, however, under very dissimilar influences; for, in the long intervals that elapsed between their births, Henry had time to change his religion and his household, to decapitate his old advisers and surround himself with new. In their characters, or, at all events, in their principles, we observe a contrast which corresponds to this difference of education. Mary and Edward were both most carefully trained, not only as regarded their intellectual culture, but in respect of religious opinions and moral principles and conduct. The views and habits thus early induced could not fail to take the strongest hold of such tenacious minds. The teachings and example of her pious mother made Mary

a zealous Catholic. Under the influence of the fathers of the English Church — far more rigid in their notions, as is well known, than those who, after the accession of Elizabeth, remodelled the national creed — Edward became a no less zealous Puritan. He wept when compelled by the threats of the imperial ambassador to refrain from punishing his sister for her adherence to a creed which he considered idolatrous. He wept, also, when he signed the death-warrant of Joan Bocher,— not, as has been justly remarked, because he was justly affected by the thought of the shocking doom to which he was consigning her body, but because he lamented the obstinate heresy which her immortal soul was to expiate by far more fearful pains. The indifference with which this young prince regarded the persons to whom he might have been expected to show himself most strongly attached, is strikingly shown by two passages in his journal, which would have been sufficient to identify him as a Tudor, had his mother's fame not been as spotless as it was. In one of these, he says, "At another time, he (the Admiral) said, ye must take upon yourself to rule, for ye shall be able enough, as well as other kings, and then ye may give your men somewhat; for your uncle is old, and I trust will not live long. I answered, it were better that he should die." The other entry is the simple, matter-of-fact statement, under date of January 22, 1552, that his uncle "had his head cut off on Tower Hill" that morning.

The attention given to Elizabeth's education was, on the whole, less scrupulous than that bestowed upon the education of Mary, who in childhood was the heiress presumptive, and on that of Edward, who from birth was the heir apparent to the throne. The gross negligence of those who had charge of her, in all that regarded moral discipline, was revealed in the course of the investigations made, when she was in her sixteenth year, into the circumstances of her residence with Seymour and the Queen Dowager. But hers was a mind to profit more by experience than by precept. The scandal of that exposure made a strong impression on her. The buxom, hoydenish girl developed into the elegant and accomplished young woman, whose prudence, self-command, and powers of

dissimulation enabled her to avoid the dangers so thick about her path. No sooner had she ascended the throne, than a boldness and a vigor, for which no one had given her credit, displayed themselves in every act. She desired to maintain, unimpaired, not merely the authority, but the dignity, of the crown. To this ambition all other feelings were made subservient; and hence it is, that though no sovereign ever had greater weaknesses, no one has ever thought of calling her weak. It was not her wounded vanity which made her consent to the execution of Essex. His offences against her as a woman would have been more amply punished by his abasement than by his death. But he had insulted the royal prerogative, — a crime which she never forgave; and least of all, could it be forgiven in him. However we may pity his fate, however fantastic or ridiculous Elizabeth's fondness for him may appear to have been, the stern despair with which she sacrificed that feeling to the principle from which she never swerved gives grandeur to her character, and merits our highest admiration.

Mary alone, of Henry's children, enjoyed, throughout the period when it was needed most, the blessings of a mother's watchful care. And that mother was a woman whom history and Shakspeare join in representing as endowed with all the virtues and all the graces of her sex. By her, Mary's education was personally superintended, and her purity and integrity of mind assiduously cultivated. Her natural qualities were far superior to those of her daughter. But we observe in Mary's conduct, as the result of principle and early habit, much that sprang directly from the impulses of Katherine's finer organization. The foreign envoys admitted to her presence were charmed with the deportment and the accomplishments of the young princess. Her keen dark eyes betokened intelligence. Her face, if not handsome, had a ruddy complexion; and the expression of her countenance was open and not unpleasing. The decorum of her manners was remarkable. She often took part in the masks, and balls, and other gayeties of the court; but no charge of levity or indiscreet behavior was ever whispered against her. Though treated with even greater respect than is usually accorded to

the daughters of a royal house, there was no arrogance in her bearing, nor has vanity ever been enumerated among her faults. Enthusiastic visitors found a mixture of sweetness with seriousness, of quickness with deference, in her conversation and demeanor. Doubtless, there was a precocious gravity in Mary's deportment, and strictness in her conduct, arising partly from an innate love of order, which made it easy to accustom her to all the proprieties of life, and partly from a deficiency of that mental sportiveness and grace which prolong the period of childhood. In a lower station, the praises bestowed on her would not have been unmingled with smiles, such as are provoked by the precision and stiffness that belong to the manners of overbred young people. Mary's occupations and amusements were regulated by a code as rigid as any that was ever devised by a parent or schoolmistress. Her course of reading included the New Testament, selected portions of the Old Testament, of the Fathers, and of the principal Greek and Latin authors, the Paraphrase of Erasmus, and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. The romances of chivalry were absolutely forbidden; and the only work of fiction she was allowed to peruse was the story of Griselda, that pattern of meek submission to domestic tyranny. Cards and dice were also placed under the ban; but to this restriction the princess probably demurred, for we find her afterwards much addicted to these amusements.

In other respects, the discipline of her earlier years left a more durable effect. Whatever there was in Katherine's religion that could be taught, or could be imitated, Mary easily acquired, and pertinaciously retained. Faith in the dogmas of the church was imposed upon her as the most stringent of all obligations; and to the authority which she was thus taught to reverence, she continued throughout life to yield implicit deference. She conformed to all the observances of her sect with scrupulous exactness. Nor were duties of a more active and practical kind neglected. She never ceased to practise those works of charity, the performance of which was enjoined upon her as not only right and meritorious, but as necessary to salvation. In the last year of her life, she is stated to have visited *incognita* the cottages in the neighbor-

hood of Croydon, and to have distributed alms to their needy inmates. At a very early age, she became fond of officiating as godmother to children of whatever rank; and where the parties belonged to the humbler walks of life, they obtained in this way a title to her protection and assistance, which she never disregarded. She learned also to treat her servants and dependants with consideration and kindness, and to satisfy their just expectations. She never received a service which she did not avail herself of the earliest opportunity to repay. Many instances, scattered through her history, prove the sacredness in which she had been taught to hold a promise. When the adherents of Northumberland burnt Sawston Hall, which had sheltered her for a night during her flight to Kenninghall, she assured the owner of the house that she would build him a better; and the edifice which she erected is still standing, a monument of her gratitude and her truth, — qualities which are the rarest among the virtues of princes. In fact, the claims of justice, — the claims which her own conscience recognized, — Mary never overlooked. She was a faithful and zealous friend, and showed herself solicitous and active in serving those whose interests she was under a natural obligation to promote. She requited her mother's ardent love by a strong and unswerving attachment to her person and her cause. She would not abandon, while Katherine survived, those pretensions which were identified with the rights of the ill-fated queen; and in her own last hours, she gave proof of the grateful veneration with which she cherished her memory. It is unnecessary to remind the reader how Mary exerted herself to obtain pensions from the Protector for "those persons who had served her a very long time, and had no kind of living certain;" or of her applications to the Duchess of Somerset, in behalf of some who, she says, "were my mother's servants when you were one of her grace's maids."

Such traits as these justify Tytler and Miss Strickland in discarding the common view of Mary's character. Yet we do not think that she can with exact propriety be described as an "amiable woman," or that her memory, when cleared of the unjust odium which has defaced it, will wear any peculiar

lustre. Well-shaped features do not always make a face lovely or attractive. In spite of all her excellent qualities, Mary's character has still a harsh and somewhat repulsive aspect. Her virtues were not the luxuriant growth of a rich, natural soil. Her piety, her benevolence, her gratitude, were the fruits of a rigid moral training, not of any natural sensibility. Had she been less conscientious, her attachments would not have been so strong or so durable; the record of her charities and her kindnesses would have been a meagre one. Had her heart been more tender, she could not have complied so easily on all occasions with the requirements of her conscience. The faults from which she was free, were those which may be almost always traced to a neglected education. Her life was correct, her principles were strict, her convictions were sincere, her conduct was consistent. The qualities she wanted, to entitle her to love and admiration, as well as respect, were such as no education could bestow. Her character would have needed no eulogy, if, with her dauntless spirit and integrity of purpose, it had united the delicate instincts of her mother's warm and affectionate nature. But these Mary did not inherit, and Katherine could not impart.

The glimpses we obtain of Mary's private life, during her brother's reign, give us the best notion of what sort of a person she would have been, if her lot had been cast in a less exalted station, and amid quieter scenes. She spent this period in comparative retirement, rarely visiting the court, where the religious changes of course disgusted her, and where she was not a welcome guest; while the ill health from which she suffered, and perhaps the jealousy of the government, prevented her from seeing much society beyond that of her own household. Her time seems to have been methodically distributed amongst serious studies, needle-work, alms-giving, and card-playing. A sharp and shrewish air, which belongs to most women who have had to struggle unaided with the difficulties of life, and who by their own energy have got the better of adverse circumstances, attracts our notice in much that is related of her conduct at this period. Under the powerful protection of the Emperor, she could answer the remonstrances of the court upon her obstinate adherence to the

Roman Catholic rites with keen thrusts of feminine sarcasm, which she delivered with peculiar vigor.

A committee, sent by the Council to threaten her into compliance with their demands, met with a signal discomfiture. She rated them sharply for showing so little favor to one whose father "had made the most of them what they then were, almost out of nothing." When they told her that the comptroller of her household had been imprisoned for refusing to prevent her chaplains from saying mass, she remarked that "it was not the wisest of all councils that sent her own servants to control her in her own house; for of all persons, she was least likely to obey those who had been always used to obey her." "As to my priests," she exclaimed, "they know what they have to do, if they refuse to say mass for fear of imprisonment; they may act therein as they will, but none of your new service shall be said in any house of mine; and if any be said in it, I will not tarry in it an hour." After this "gentle passage of arms" had continued awhile, she retired to her chamber; but while the chancellor and his companions were searching in the courtyard for one of the refractory priests, Mary opened a window, and calling to them in shrill tones, (though they "offered to return to the house to hear what she had to say,") "I pray you," cried she, "ask the lords of the Council that my comptroller may shortly return; for since his departing, I take the accounts myself; and lo, have I learned how many loaves of bread be made of a bushel of wheat! I wis, my father and mother never brought me up to brewing and baking! And to be plain with you, I am a-weary of mine office. If my lords will send mine officer home again, they shall do me a pleasure; otherwise, if they will send him to prison, beshrew me, if he go not to it merrily and with a good will! And I pray God to send you well in your souls, and in your bodies too, for some of you have but weak ones." Hereupon, the deputation returned to the court to "report progress."

If Katherine of Aragon, by her early and unremitting care, laid the foundation of her daughter's irreproachable private life, it cannot be denied that she instilled into Mary's mind one feeling which proved the bane of her public career, the

source of all the great misfortunes of her reign, and of the obloquy which has rested upon her memory. Beneath her royal garb, the daughter of Isabella of Castile concealed the habit of a religious order; but with greater pride, perhaps, than that with which she donned her richest robes, with recollections as pious and tender as those associated with the coarse garment of St. Francis, she continued, throughout her long residence in England, to wear the mantilla of her beloved Spain. Few of her affections were so ardent as her love for her native land, and for the kinsmen who swayed its destinies. Her fondest wish was, to effect a marriage between her daughter and some member of her own family, — a desire of which, happily for herself, she did not live to see the accomplishment. The contract by which Mary, in her seventh year, was affianced to her cousin, Charles the Fifth, had at least this result, that the princess, in accordance with a promise made to Charles, was educated, in certain respects, in conformity with Spanish customs, and that she learned to consider Spain as her future home, and to regard her mother's relatives as peculiarly her own. She of course acquired the Castilian, in which Katharine, who also taught her Latin, was doubtless her instructress. When degraded from her rank, Mary naturally looked to the royal house of Spain to uphold her rights. It was impossible that any strong affection or cordial understanding could exist between her and Henry's other children; at home, every friend on whom she could rely, was driven from her side; in her necessity, she was forced to seek assistance and advice abroad. All the circumstances of her earlier life tended to divest Mary, before she ascended the throne, of those strong national feelings which, in a monarch, and above all in an English monarch, have always sufficed to cover a multitude of deficiencies. This it was which, when discovered, destroyed her popularity, and consigned her name to infamy. There was one fact which should have changed the current of her feelings, and reimbued her with the patriotism which she had lost. She had been discarded by her father and her brother; the nobility had been untrue to her. But the popular feeling had never deserted her; it had been an invisible defence to her against the brutality of her father and

the fanaticism of her brother; in the hour of extreme peril, it had risen with irresistible power, and restored to her the birthright of which she had been deprived. If there ever was a case in which gratitude was due from a sovereign to a people, this was surely it. But to her people, — to her people alone, — Mary was ungrateful. Spontaneously, and almost unanimously, they bore her to the throne; and her rule resembled at once that of a partisan and a foreigner.

While the loyal gentry and yeomanry of England were flocking to Mary's standard at Framlingham, envoys from Paris and Brussels had already arrived at London, to take part (diplomatically) in the contest, and to set on foot intrigues for turning the result to the advantage of their respective courts. "From information which we have received," says Charles, in the instructions given to Renard, "we suspect that it is intended to exclude our cousin from the succession; not only on account of her firm adherence to our holy faith, but also by reason of the jealousy with which our influence over her is regarded in England, where it will probably be imagined that we should seek to marry her to a foreign prince, who would introduce changes into the government." The envoy was, therefore, directed to remove, if possible, the suspicions of Northumberland and the other members of the actual government, by informing them that Charles himself considered it advisable that Mary should marry an English subject, who would be a more suitable person to govern the country than one who was unacquainted with its affairs. In this way their apprehensions of having a foreigner for their king — a notion which they held in such universal abhorrence, "*tant abhorry d'eulx universellement*" — would, perhaps, be allayed; while those who might suppose themselves entitled to aspire to the possession of their sovereign's hand, would naturally seek the good offices of her kinsman, whose advice might be expected to affect her decision. "If by these means," continues Charles, "our cousin should gain possession of the crown, she will afterwards be able, by little and little, to enlarge her authority; and she may then defer making choice of a husband, under pretext of consulting us, her relative and ally, — taking care, however, not to provoke suspicion as to the real cause of the

delay. This will give time to create disputes between the principal rivals, which will afford an opportunity for putting an end to their pretensions." *

Although Charles thus assumed the tone of Mary's natural protector, he had no design whatever of supporting her right by arms.† Renard, therefore, when he found Northumberland in apparent possession of undisputed authority, and of the military resources of the kingdom, regarding Mary's cause as hopeless, and conceiving that all that remained for him was to establish a good understanding between his master and the *de facto* government, sent a message to the princess to dissuade her from causing herself to be proclaimed, representing the danger of setting up claims to a crown, even amongst a barbarous people like the English — "*mesmes entre barbares et gens de telle condition que les Angloys*" — and that if any considerable part of the nation were well affected to her cause, no proclamation was necessary, since they would take the field of their own accord.‡

A few days after this precious advice had been given and disregarded, the ambassador was able to inform Charles that Mary had been proclaimed by Northumberland himself! Hereupon he was instructed to obtain an interview, as soon as possible, with the new Queen, and, after offering his public congratulations, to inform her, in private, that the emperor had been preparing to send her aid, but had not ventured openly to espouse her quarrel, lest he might thus provoke the jealousy even of her own adherents. He had ordered a fleet, however, to be fitted out, ostensibly for the protection of the herring-fisheries on the coast of Holland, but in reality to be ready for any opportunity that might arise of giving Mary efficient succor. Charles then proceeded to offer advice, with the confidence of one who knew the deference with which his counsel would be received, as to the manner in which his kinswoman

* *L'Empereur à ses Ambassadeurs en Angleterre*, 23 *Juin*, 1553; ap. *Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle*, iv., 4.

† This is sufficiently apparent from more than one passage in the correspondence. "You well know," the Emperor writes, July 11, "that the present state of our relations with France makes it impossible for us to give any assistance to our cousin." *Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle*, iv., 25.

‡ *Renard to the Emperor*, July 7.

should proceed, in order to "reduce things gradually to a better state;" for which purpose, the necessity of dissimulation was, of course, insisted upon; for Charles, like most of the statesmen of that age, was a disciple of Louis XI.

"Above all things," he goes on, "let her appear to act only in accordance with the views of the principal persons in the kingdom, who will thus understand that she is, as indeed she ought to be, in all respects a good Englishwoman. And you will further say to her, that it is very requisite for her protection and defence, especially in enterprises which are not within a woman's province — *que ne sont de la profession de dames* — that she should soon make choice of a husband. And if, before she determines upon the person, she should desire to consult us, we shall not fail, from the sincere affection which we bear her, to advise her freely in regard to the matter." *

But although Mary was quite as ready to receive the emperor's advice as he was liberal in the tender of it, it was not easy for the envoy to obtain an opportunity of discussing the subject with her personally. In order to avoid giving umbrage to the Council, it was necessary that their interviews should be secret. But the Queen was at this time residing in the Tower; and as all who entered the gates were subject to strict observation, Renard could not obtain access to her without exciting suspicion. Mary sent him a message to come to her in disguise. But he was too prudent to trust to the concealment of a cloak, — "*prendre ung manteau*," — and determined to wait until she should have removed to Richmond.† In the mean time, he cautiously sounded some members of the Council as to their views in regard to the marriage of their mistress. He contradicted the common report that the Prince of Spain was affianced to the Princess Mary of Portugal. To bring about an alliance between Philip and the English Queen was now the principal object of Renard's mission. Finding that the kindness with which Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was treated by Mary, had given rise to the impression that he was the man on whom she intended to bestow her hand, the envoy informed her, in a letter, that common rumor attributed to Courtenay an affection

* *The Emperor to Renard*, July 22. † *Renard to the Bishop of Arras*, August 7.

for Elizabeth, which the princess was supposed to return, and insinuated that they were both engaged in political intrigues inimical to her majesty.*

"When I obtain an interview with her," he wrote to Granvelle, "I intend to draw her into a conversation on the subject of marriage — '*la faire tumber en propoz de marriage*,' — in order to discover whether she has an affection for any one of her own nation — which seems to me impossible, since she can have no confidence in a people with whose inconstant and treacherous character she is well acquainted." †

So great was the secrecy with which this negotiation was begun, that even Renard's colleagues, and the resident ambassador, were excluded from the knowledge of it; and as their jealousy was awakened by perceiving that some design was on foot, in which they were not allowed to participate, Charles sent them letters of recall. At the court of Brussels, no one was privy to the matter except Granvelle, to whom, by way of precaution, Renard was directed to send his despatches, instead of corresponding directly with the Emperor. Even the Regent of the Netherlands, Mary of Hungary, Charles's sister, was not made acquainted with the affair until there was good reason to anticipate a favorable issue. A message was sent to Spain to stop proceedings in the treaty for the Portuguese marriage, if it should not have been already concluded; and, in the mean time, Renard was directed, in his conversation with Mary, to throw out some hints in favor of the project, not as if he were empowered to treat upon it, but as if the suggestion came merely from himself. Granvelle warned him, also, not to commit himself by any decided opposition to Courtenay; "for should her inclinations point in that direction," he said, "she will not be prevented from following them, if she be of the same nature as other women, by any thing that you may say, which will only have the effect of making her your enemy forever after."

That Mary really entertained an affection for Courtenay seems to have been the general opinion at the English court. The French envoy was so well satisfied on this point, that he

* *Renard to Queen Mary*, August.

† *Renard to the Bishop of Arras*, August 7.

appears to have relaxed somewhat in the vigilance with which he had at first watched the movements of his antagonist. The eager joy with which Noailles had announced to his sovereign the accession of his "good sister, Queen Jane," had changed into the affectation of still greater pleasure, when the speedy alteration in the aspect of affairs had rebuked his too sanguine disposition.* He hastened to present his credentials to Mary, and to pay court to the man who, he imagined, stood highest in her favor. The French government had received an early insinuation that Charles was not disposed to let slip the opportunity, afforded by Mary's accession to the English throne, of strengthening his own position by effecting a closer connection with his cousin. They seem to have anticipated that the Emperor would offer to renew the engagement which he had broken off so many years before. Noailles was little disturbed by the first hints that reached him in regard to Philip. He continued to invite Courtenay to "little suppers," at which he gave the young nobleman excellent advice, of which he appears to have been sadly in need, as to his conduct at court. The envoy wrote home that Courtenay was made so much of by the Queen, that she would hardly suffer him out of her presence; that she sent an attendant with him whenever he went abroad; that she designed to create him a marquis, and that his mother was her constant bedfellow. His illusion was suddenly dispelled when one of his spies at the court came to him, on September the seventh, an hour

*The French government, in their extreme anxiety to side with the dominant party, offered to send a large force to Calais for the general protection of that place in the event of a civil war. The manner in which this polite offer was received by the Governor, the celebrated Lord William Howard of Effingham, is worthy of notice. In a letter to the Constable Montmorenci, he says: "Whereas I understand by your letter that you wish me to give you encouragement to repair hither with an army, under color of defending her majesty's possessions, you will please to understand, that this city was not intrusted to me in order that I should deliver it up to your king, or to any of his servants; but to guard and keep it against you and all others who may venture to assail it, and to live and die in the defence of it, like a true and loyal gentleman. And since you have thus given me notice, be assured that if you undertake any thing against this town or the adjacent territory, I will, by the grace of God, give you good reason to repent of it. Your good friend, W. Howard." (*Ambassades de Noailles*, II., 88.) Little did this blunt and faithful servant of Queen Mary imagine that one result of her misgovernment would be the loss of this sole remnant of the English conquests in France.

after midnight, and informed him that Philip, Prince of Spain, was to be the Queen's husband.*

This announcement was premature. That it was so, however, seems to have been no fault of Mary. However little reason she had for regarding her countrymen as "inconstant and treacherous," she certainly had no intention of marrying Courtenay. It is not improbable, indeed, that the favor she had shown him was partly designed to conceal her real feelings from her ministers and the court. It does not appear to have occurred to any of the parties interested in discovering her inclinations, that she could have any stronger reason for preferring Philip, than the ambition to make a splendid alliance. No one supposed that she was "in love," and with a man whom she had never seen. Even Charles could find no stronger reason for her marrying his son, rather than himself or Cardinal Pole, than the greater probability that she would have children by him to inherit the crown.† But when we consider the strength of Mary's attachment to her mother's family, her early expectations of being more nearly allied to it, and her constant recourse to it, when her position had been lowly and hazardous, for advice, for sympathy, and for support, we may easily conceive that now, when those dark hours were past, the revival of a design, which, even in childhood, had strongly agitated her breast,‡ might excite sensations of tenderness and hope such as she had long ceased to experience, and fill her mind with anticipations that wore the bloom of a second youth. Nor were the reports that reached her of Philip's character and manners calculated to throw a damp upon this *fancy* — soon to ripen into *passion.* She knew only that he was a rigid Catholic; that his deportment was characterized, in an extraordinary degree, by those national peculiarities which she had been taught to admire; that he was grave beyond his years; stately, yet gallant, in his behavior to ladies; and conspicuous for the talent and assiduity with

* *Ambassades de Noailles*, ii., 143.

† "*L'alliance duquel, pour l'espoir qu'elle auroit de plus tost avoir enffans, lui seroit plus à propoz.*" *The Emperor to Renard*, September 20.

‡ "Her assured love towards his majesty hath already raised such passion in her that it is confirmed by jealousy, which is one of the greatest signs and tokens of love." *Letter of Wolsey*, of April 7, 1525, cited by Miss Strickland.

which, from boyhood, he had conducted the regency of Spain. On Mary's mind the description of these qualities could not produce an unfavorable effect. Her impatience for the emperor's proposition outstripped the cautious movements of his ambassador. The latter could not take any decisive step until he received special instructions. When he found an opportunity of speaking to her generally upon the subject of her marriage, she listened to him with a flutter of pleasure and expectation, which, in some degree, betrayed her feelings even to Renard, who does not appear to have been particularly keen-sighted in such matters.

"She laughed," he says, — "*elle se print à rire* — not once only, but many times, and gave me a significant glance, by which I perceived that it was very agreeable to her to have the subject introduced. She gave me to understand that she had no desire for an English marriage, and recurring to what we had formerly said to the Council, as to the impolicy of her choosing a foreigner, she showed me that she had interpreted this declaration as intended to meet the exigency of the occasion." *

Not content, however, with these favorable indications, Renard resumed the conversation in a subsequent interview. What then passed must have sufficiently enlightened him as to the real state of the case.

"I began," he writes, "by speaking of Courtenay, and the rumors which had been spread of her intending to confer her hand upon him. Whereupon, she told me that she had never spoken to Courtenay, except when she granted him his pardon, [on occasion of releasing him from the Tower, where he had been a state prisoner many years,] and that there was no person in England with whom she wished to ally herself — demanding of me whether the Emperor had not decided upon an eligible person to propose to her. I replied that his majesty had not yet written to me on the subject, and that I foresaw he would be some time in making up his mind, from the difficulty of finding a person of a suitable age, neither too old nor too young, [a gallant ambassador this!], whose rank corresponded with her own. I assured her that his majesty would discharge this trust with the prudence and fidelity of a parent; but that it would be easier for him to advise her if he knew something of her own inclinations, so that he might sanction them if they met with his approbation, and if not, might lay before her the

* *Renard to the Bishop of Arras*, August 15.

grounds of his dissent. [Out upon this fellow! how indelicately he would rush into the sanctum of the lady's heart!] For my own part, I said, speaking only for myself, (*en mon particulier*,) I had thought of several princes, not yet engaged, and who were eligible matches; as the Archduke of Austria, the Prince of Piedmont, the heirs of Florence and Ferrara, and the Dauphin; but I knew of none who was of a suitable age, if she thought twenty-seven or twenty-eight too young. [Philip was in his twenty-seventh year.] Of older princes, all that occurred to me were aged or infirm.

"Hereupon, she suddenly remarked (*elle me dict incontinent*) that *his highness* [Philip] *was betrothed to the Princess of Portugal.* To which I replied, that I did not think the contract had been concluded; I had heard some talk of the matter previous to the war; but his majesty had since been too busy with military affairs to negotiate marriages, and his highness's time had been equally engrossed.

"Upon this the Queen said, she was very sorry that his highness was to wed the Princess of Portugal, for *they were too nearly related.* Those whom I had spoken of, she continued, were very young; she might be the mother of any one of them. She was older than his highness by a dozen years; *and besides, his highness would wish to reside in Spain*, to carry on the government of that country. His majesty knew the difficulty of effecting a marriage between a daughter of England and the sovereign of a foreign state. She trusted his majesty would have regard to *the necessity of the person's residing in England*, in order to administer the government; and that he would not advise her to marry any one whom she had never seen or spoken with. [Sheer coquetry — for this would have excluded nearly every prince in Europe, and she had expressed her determination not to marry a native.]

"I answered that I was confidently assured that, since matrimony comprehends two parties, his majesty would be most desirous that she should consult her own inclination before taking any decisive step. The various princes I had mentioned I knew to be worthy of such an alliance. As for his highness, I could not omit his name, on account of his many excellent qualities, his great prudence, judgment, experience, and moderation. He had been already married, and had a son, the Infanta of Spain, named Charles, who was now six or seven years old, [which made Philip appear older than the other princes of 'twenty-seven or twenty-eight' —]

"Without waiting to hear the end of what I had to say, she vowed that *she had never felt the smart of what they call love — que jamais elle n'avoit senti esguillon de ce que l'on appelle amor;* [well, she

was not in the confessional; — the accusing spirit did not carry up that oath]; and that she had never thought about marriage till after it had pleased God to raise her to the throne. Her own wishes would lead her to remain single; but she was ready to sacrifice them to public considerations. [Yet such considerations could have had little influence on her choice, since she well knew that in marrying a foreign prince she was acting in opposition to the strongest feelings of the nation; and when her Parliament remonstrated, she told them plainly that her marriage was no concern of theirs.] She trusted the Emperor would consider well what she had said to me [about the necessity for 'the person's residing in England?'] She desired to obey and to please his majesty in all things, as if he were her own father. She should not dare to discuss the subject with her Council; it must be opened to them by a communication from the Emperor. [So, afterwards, when Count Egmont brought the formal proposal, Mary said, 'it became not a female to speak in public, on so delicate a subject as her own marriage.'] It was true that her ladies talked to her of nothing but marriage — *que les dames quilz sont à l'entour d'elle ne luy preschent d'aultre chose sinon de mariaige;* — but the members of the Council, assembled or individually, had never touched upon the topic in her presence."

"Which is the sum of what passed in regard to the said matter of marriage. I would not lose the opportunity of speaking to her on the subject; and you and his majesty can now judge for yourselves what inferences are to be deduced." *

And we, for our part, ("*en notre particulier*,") leave it to the fair reader to pronounce if Mary was heart-whole, or at all events "fancy-free."

She now waited anxiously for Charles's proposal. As often as she saw the secretary of the embassy, she inquired whether any despatches had been received from his majesty, and if the envoy had any communication to make to her.† It was her desire that the emperor should send her a letter, conveying the proposal in such terms, that it might be laid before the Council for their approbation. But this open and straightforward course did not meet the views of her crafty kinsman. If Philip came forward publicly as a suitor for the hand of the English Queen, his negotiations for a marriage with the Por-

* *Renard to the Bishop of Arras*, September 8.
† *Renard to the Bishop of Arras*, September 9.

tuguese princess would at once come to an absolute termination. The intermarriages, so frequent in that age, between the royal houses of Portugal and Spain, proceeded from the hopes which each dynasty entertained of absorbing its rival by these means, and ultimately bringing the whole Peninsula under its own sway. Two of Charles's aunts, his sister, and his daughter, had married Portuguese princes. He himself had broken a contract with the very daughter of Henry VIII. of England whom he was now wooing for his son, in order to wed his kinswoman, Isabella of Portugal. Philip was the widower of a Portuguese princess, whom he had married at the age of seventeen; and, as we have seen, he had again made proposals for a daughter of the same house. But the Portuguese nation relished such matches as little as the English nation. Whichever family might prove the winner in this matrimonial game, it was clear that the smaller and weaker country could gain nothing by the amalgamation. Nor did the court of Lisbon regard the present project with much favor. The power, the ambition, and the astuteness of Charles caused his offers of alliance to be viewed with nearly as much apprehension as his declarations of hostility. Philip, too, was, even at this period, the most unpopular prince in Europe. Had his suit been carried on with the dilatoriness represented by Renard, it would long before have received its *quietus*. The difficulties made by the other party had occasioned the delay. "I do not think," wrote Granvelle, while he and his master were waiting for intelligence from Portugal, "that the treaty has been concluded; for those people are very slow in their proceedings when the object is one that they themselves desire, and much slower when it is one for which they have little inclination, which I suspect is the case in this instance." *

But before breaking off this negotiation, the emperor wished to be quite sure of the ground on which he was about to step. This was one reason for the strict secrecy with which he conducted the affair. He knew that "the English people naturally hated and abhorred foreigners," and "held the idea of

* *The Bishop of Arras to Renard*, August 14.

having a foreign prince as their ruler, in universal detestation." * Yet the prize, he conceived, was one worth incurring a great risk for. There was not merely the chance of ultimately uniting England and the Low Countries under the sovereignty of his grandchildren. He also hoped that Philip would be able to control the foreign policy of Mary's government, bring the resources of the nation to his assistance, and thus enable him to give the *coup de grace* to that power with which he had been carrying on an almost uninterrupted struggle ever since his accession to the throne. Such were the schemes of a man whose constitution was broken, whose mind was distempered by melancholy, and who was looking forward to the speedy termination of his career, either by abdication or by death.

Before making a public offer to Mary of his son's hand, Charles wished to be fully assured of her sentiments in his favor, and also to gain a definite notion of the degree of opposition which the project would meet with from her subjects. Hitherto, no member of the Council had been spoken to upon the matter. An expectation, indeed, prevailed at the English court, that Charles would offer advice to his kinswoman respecting her marriage; but it was some time before suspicions began to be entertained of the negotiations that were actually going on. The ambassador wrote, that, to gain the consent of the members of the Council and the principal nobles, it would be necessary to distribute large sums of money, and to promise estates, dignities, and other rewards for their coöperation. At length, he ventured to drop a hint on the matter to Paget; and finding that that unscrupulous politician was ready to embark in the scheme, he took him partially into his confidence, and availed himself of his counsel and assistance. The emperor wrote to Paget with his own hand, and, at his recommendation, directed that some other members of the Council should be sounded; that considerable sums ("*sommes notables de deniers*") should be privately distributed among them, and promises made to them of an increase of their rank and privileges, in case of their adherence. An intimation might also be given to them that, if they were not disposed

* *Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle*, iv., 10, et alibi.

to support the project, others, who were less impracticable, might be found to supply their places in the Council.*

It now remained to obtain from the lady herself an explicit assent to the engagement. Early in September, Gardiner, whose eyes were now opened to what was going on, made a final effort in behalf of Courtenay; but to this proposal the Queen gave an absolute rejection. The emperor then empowered his ambassador to tender to her privately, in his name, the hand of his son. Charles thought it necessary to apologize for not becoming a suitor on his own behalf; his age and infirmities afforded an obvious excuse. But he could not offer any one who was so dear to him as Philip. The envoy was directed to urge all the public and private considerations which might be supposed to render such an alliance desirable for Mary. She was requested to make a plain and direct statement of her sentiments, discarding the ceremony and reserve with which such matters are discussed between strangers. If she should express a desire to communicate with the Council before coming to a resolution, Renard was to tell her that the present question concerned only her own feelings; if she were not herself inclined to sanction the project, there was no necessity for consulting any one, and the whole affair might remain a profound secret. On the other hand, if her own inclinations were in favor of the alliance, and her hesitation proceeded merely from doubts as to its feasibility, she was entreated to give the envoy her entire confidence; to give him the names of the persons whom she wished to consult; and to be guided by his advice as to what steps she should take.†

Mary seems to have accepted this offer without any show of reluctance. But the secrecy with which the affair had hitherto been conducted could no longer be maintained. No sooner did it become known to the Council, than the majority of them, with Gardiner at their head, waited on the Queen,

* *The Emperor to Renard*, September 20.

† Letter above cited, of September 20. The dates which we have given are sufficient to refute the story, taken by Tytler and Miss Strickland from Graziani, Vie de Commendon, that Mary told the Papal envoy, in the middle of August, that "she had concluded her league with the Emperor, and had entirely resolved upon her marriage with his heir, Prince Philip."

and remonstrated strongly with her on the impolicy of such a marriage. If any thing had been wanting to confirm her in her purpose, this opposition would, of course, have had that effect. Parliament now took the alarm, and sent a committee to the Queen, to beseech her not to take a foreign prince for her husband. On the evening of the day on which she received this deputation, Mary knelt before the altar of her private oratory, in presence of the Spanish ambassador, and made a solemn vow to marry no one but the Prince of Spain. Another trial of her constancy awaited her. A rebellion, more formidable, more nearly successful than any that has ever been provoked in England by any single act of the government, followed the publication of the intended alliance. When this insurrection had been suppressed, and its ringleaders punished, Mary had no further resistance to apprehend.

There is one feature of this transaction, — the details of which have not been fully related by historians,* — which merits particular attention. Mary had obtained possession of the crown, which was her birthright, by the unexpected display of an ardent loyalty and attachment to her person, on the part of the great body of the people. All the dangers, all the sufferings, all the wrongs she had endured, had received an ample compensation in such general sympathy and adherence. But this generous fidelity failed to inspire her with any confidence in her subjects, or any regard for their wishes or their interests. In all important matters, her course was dictated by a foreign prince, who had given her no assistance in the assertion of her rights, whose advice came to her through secret channels, and whose aim, of course, was to render her policy subservient to his own. No English subject was privy to the communications that passed between the

* Lingard alone, at least among English historians, had access to the *Ambassades de Renard*, while they were still unprinted, among the State Papers of Cardinal Granville. But this able, though (necessarily) uncandid, writer made little use of these invaluable documents. We may hope that they will be turned to better account by the distinguished historian, who is understood to be now engaged upon a work which will embrace all the important events of the latter half of the sixteenth century, and among whose merits, — merits which the world has so amply recognized, — a total freedom from religious bigotry is not the least.

two sovereigns. Mary was, in fact, a mere tool in the hands of the most crafty politician of that age. Probably she never doubted that Charles had been prepared to support her cause with arms. She certainly never suspected that the secrecy enjoined upon her had for its object to enable Philip, in case the obstacles to his marriage with her should, on a closer view, appear insurmountable, to resume his negotiations with Portugal. She knew that such an alliance would meet with great opposition from her people; but she consulted no one; she asked advice only of the party that was chiefly interested in the accomplishment of the project. It must be allowed, that she had some reason for distrusting many of the members of her Council; for they had been the ministers of Edward, and had participated, though reluctantly, in the plot for raising Lady Jane Grey to the throne. But this was not the case with Gardiner, the ablest of her ministers, on whom she bestowed her confidence in this matter as little as on the rest. And mere considerations of policy should have led her, instead of isolating herself from those who were most influential in the state, to strive, by every means, to secure their confidence and attachment. At all events, she should have respected those strong national feelings, in which she had found her best support. Far from pursuing this course, Mary tolerated her ministers only because she was unable to change them; and plotted against her people, while the acclamations with which they had proclaimed her were still ringing in her ears. We have seen that she not only acceded to a plan of which her proper advisers were entirely ignorant, but received from her fellow-conspirators the details of her own share in its execution. In her secret conferences with Renard, the English ministers and the English people were spoken of as inimical parties, whom it was an object to outwit and defeat. "Your Majesty," said the envoy, "is well acquainted with the capricious character of the English. Whether as the consequence of their being an insular people, or because their addiction to maritime pursuits has introduced a general corruption of manners, they are turbulent, eager for novelty, inconstant, and vindictive. Their sovereigns, in past times, were compelled to treat them with rigor, and to shed the blood

even of the noblest among them, so as to have acquired the reputation of being cruel and tyrannical princes."* It was in this tone that a low-born Burgundian, the envoy of a foreign court, presumed to address the Queen of England.

The scheme was consummated. But little reason had either party to be satisfied with the result. It has been truly said, that the hostility to Spain, engendered by this alliance in the minds of the English people, supplanted their ancient enmity to France. The support which Philip extorted from them in his war with the latter power, — which occasioned the loss of the last relic of their Continental possessions, — tended to increase their resentment. A struggle ensued between the two countries, in which the Netherlands obtained their independence, — which could not have happened without the assistance they received from England, — and in which Spain lost her naval superiority, and that predominance which, under Charles V., she had maintained among the nations of Europe. Thus shorn of her external splendor, she rapidly sank under the action of those internal causes of decay which had been at work throughout the period of her short-lived greatness.

As for Mary, the bright hopes, to which she had sacrificed so much, were bitterly disappointed. She lost her people's love, but did not gain her husband's. Her nature was not one that easily yielded itself to emotions of tenderness. So much the stronger was this, the single, passion of her life. Its violence was increased by all that had made the completion of her wishes difficult, and by all that made the return, which her love demanded, improbable; by the opposition of her subjects; by the loss of her popularity; by the coldness of Philip's disposition, and the incompatibility of their ages.† Her desire

* *Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle*, iv., 129.

† It has been stated by respectable writers, that Philip was forced into this marriage by his father, and that he besought Charles to give him a bride who was younger than himself, and not one who was eleven years older. This story may be easily disproved. Philip's position, at this period, was not such that it would have been possible to constrain his inclinations; nor could he have been very reluctant to marry a woman whose age was greater than his own, since the Princess of Portugal, to whom he had just before made an offer of his hand, was six years older than himself. The fact is, that Charles did not venture to move in the affair until he had consulted his son, who at once expressed the strongest desire for the accomplishment of the match. See *Ibid.* 80, 103, *et al.*

for children, — which Miss Strickland thinks fit to designate as monomania, — proceeded, perhaps, from the idea that, if Philip should have a son by her, to inherit England and the Low Countries, this would secure for her some place in his affections. But this hope, too, was doomed to be unfulfilled. She had embarked her all in a single venture, and all was lost.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Six Months in Italy.* By George Stillman Hillard. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields, 1853. 2 vols. 16mo.

Little that is new remains to be told about Italy. Her life is in the past, and her history is written. Politically speaking, or with any reference to the events and interests of the present hour, Rome, Florence, and Naples are the most insignificant capitals in Europe. The interest which attaches to them is like that which covers Thebes and Nineveh with a mysterious charm; no one expects those solitudes to be peopled again, or their ancient glory to return. Italy, indeed, has exhausted her destiny. Twice has she been placed at the culminating point of power and renown, — once as the political mistress, and once as the home of the arts, of the civilized world. Whatever her future may be, it must be dwarfed by the remembrance of the glory that has passed away. Rome, it is true, still claims to be the head of Catholic Christendom; but her power, even in this respect, is only the lingering twilight of a sun that has set. The popedom is but a shadow of what it was; its spiritual thunders cannot disturb the repose of the feeblest prince in Europe; and in temporal matters, it is so rickety that it cannot stand without foreign aid. Every effort made to retrieve its fallen fortunes seems only to depress it still farther. Only six years ago, the world was called upon to admire that strange phenomenon, a reforming Pope, who was to cleanse the political sty and to regenerate Rome. A period of feverish excitement followed; but the difficulties were too great; one disappointment followed another, and, after a succession of disasters, the Pope became once more the tamest, the most conservative, and the pettiest of sovereigns. The people have shown themselves as unworthy of freedom, as they are incapable of achieving it by their

own efforts. Thrice, within the lifetime of one generation, in 1820, in 1832, and again in 1848, the golden prize has been placed within their grasp; and thrice, by their feebleness, their lack of public spirit, and their brawls, they have wasted the fruits of success, and have fallen back paralyzed under the sway of superannuated despotisms.

But to the visitor from foreign lands, and especially to the educated American, Italy remains, and will ever remain, the most fascinating country in the world. Here, we are so accustomed to look forward into an indistinct but glorious future, that it is a relief to find ourselves compelled, by the genius of a different locality, to look back into a richly-storied and glorious past. Though new to the outward sense, the country is not strange to us. It has been made familiar by the studies of our youth, by associations connected with every province of the fine arts, and by much that has been inwrought into the literature of all nations. Even Greece, though it may kindle a warmer glow in the heart of the scholar, does not spread before him so rich and broad a field of interest, or inspire his enthusiasm on so many different subjects. Greece, during the Middle Ages, and, in fact, ever since the promulgation of Christianity, presents nothing more to us than many other countries in Europe. Its peculiar glories are all in the remote past; the voice with which it speaks to us comes only from a far distant antiquity, and is therefore often broken and indistinct. But the true life of Italy was prolonged to a comparatively recent period. There is much in her mediæval history over which the scholar and the man of taste lingers with an abiding thrill of pleasure, and a curiosity that can never be sated. And it is not mere association, or the recollection of what is no longer visible, that chains him to the spot. The past has left substantial and glorious memorials of itself; all Italy is strewed with them. A lifetime may be spent in study and admiration of them, and the feeling will still be that the work is incomplete. From the tower of the Capitol, we look down, on the one hand, into the Roman Forum, and our gaze extends, on the other, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo. In the museums, the statues of Bernini and Canova stand side by side with the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere. We can take in at a glance magnificent structures, that represent the various styles of architecture peculiar to almost every century in a period of over two thousand years. And all these things, as we have said, have the peculiar and tender charm that results from long familiarity with their history. We have read about them, thought of them, dreamed of them, till at last, when we actually see them, they appear to be old acquaintances, and yet have all the zest of novelty.

We can understand the enthusiasm, then, with which Mr. Hillard writes about Italy, and the taste which led him to confine his remarks almost entirely to art and external nature, and to pass hurriedly over all questions respecting the Italians of the present day. If he speaks of them at all, it is to describe their garb, aspect, and physical constitution, — to consider them as subjects for the sculptor and the painter. He writes like a scholar, a poet, an artist, and a lover of nature; not as a politician, an economist, or a philosopher. There were reasons, as we have shown, for preserving this limitation in respect to Italy; but the uniform observance of it also shows the prevailing bent of the writer's mind. Mr. Hillard describes admirably; but he does not willingly speculate or theorize. We shall not be considered as underrating the merit of his work, if we place its chief excellence in description. For, how rare the faculty is, adequately to paint in words what has deeply affected the imagination and the senses! How many a young traveller, ambitious of keeping a diary, has vainly endeavored to reproduce on paper, at eve, what has most entranced him during the day! Language seems powerless to convey a tithe of what he has felt; and, in a fit of impatience, the task is abandoned, and the diary is thrown into the grate. Mr. Hillard describes well, because he describes simply; the details are suppressed, or kept in the background; the leading peculiarity is set forth in few but fitly chosen words; and then the emotions kindled in the spectator are pictured with a warmth and breadth of language which brings the scene home to the imagination through the feelings. The mental picture thus formed may not even approximate the truth; for words can never appropriate the painter's art. But words may give us a foretaste of the emotions created by reality; and if the reader himself has seen the object described, they may inspire the fading remembrance of it once more with coloring and life. Mr. Hillard's volumes will be best appreciated by those who have already visited Italy; but they will also be a useful guide to those who have that pleasure yet to come. For our own part, the work brings so vividly before us many happy hours, now long past, that we know not how much of the pleasure which it gives is due to the author, and how much to the recollections that it vivifies only by a casual spark.

Mr. Hillard is a perfect master of soft, musical, and perspicuous diction, which, though often curiously artistic, always seems the natural garb of the thought it so gracefully conveys. It is relieved with a great variety of allusions and a luxuriant fancy, while it is so chastised by a severe taste, that no awkward or incongruous image, no slipshod or strained expression, ever comes to mar the general effect. If one

were inclined to be hypercritical, he might object, that its bright and even flow occasionally lapses into monotony, or causes the reader to lose sight of the principal thought in admiration of the language or the illustration. But even these qualities can hardly be deemed defects, when treating of such themes as Italian art and Italian scenery. Here, the most curious and brightly-pictured expressions, and the ripest fancy, seem at home; they breathe the spirit of that land which inspired Petrarch and Boccaccio, and sometimes softened even the stern genius of the great poet of Florence.

Mr. Hillard has judged wisely in not thowing his observations into the form of a journal. He says very little, indeed, of his personal adventures, and makes no complaint of hard fare, bad inns, or cheating landlords. True, the times are changed in this respect, since travellers used to tell so dolorous a story of the annoyances and discomforts that they suffered while exploring the remains of Roman grandeur, or feasting on Italian art. The vast influx of foreigners into Italy has introduced foreign fashions and foreign comforts; and one can now journey from Milan to Naples about as easily as from Boston to New York. Our author refers all persons who are curious about such particulars to that invaluable *vade mecum*, Murray's Guide Book; and contents himself with giving a series of descriptive sketches of the most remarkable objects of nature and art. His work conveys very faithfully, we think, the general impressions which these objects make on the mind of a well-informed traveller, of refined taste and a lively sensibility. Though imbued with the best fruits of thorough and extensive scholarship, it is singularly free from any touch of pedantry. It contains hardly a Latin quotation or a poetical extract from beginning to end. But all the information necessary to understand the picture, the statue, or the ruin, is given incidentally and without effort, from the stores of an overflowing mind. Three chapters, at the close of the second volume, give an agreeable and critical account of the most noteworthy books that have been written about Italy, from the time of Petrarch to the present day. Here will be found some useful hints for persons who desire to qualify themselves for a journey in the peninsula by studying the works of those who have preceded them. We are a little surprised not to find, upon our author's list, the interesting volumes of Mr. Whiteside, a distinguished Irish lawyer, who was travelling in Italy at about the same time with Mr. Hillard; or the amusing and instructive work of Mrs. Hamilton Gray, upon the sepulchres of Etruria. It does not appear, however, that the catalogue was designed to be complete.

We must not part from Mr. Hillard's work without giving some ex-

tract from it, which shall be a fair specimen of his manner. The following eloquent passage upon the Coliseum, (which we prefer to spell as Gibbon did,) will answer this purpose: —

"If as a building the Colosseum was open to criticism, as a ruin it is perfect. The work of decay has stopped short at the exact point required by taste and sentiment. The monotonous ring of the outer wall is everywhere broken, and, instead of formal curves and perpendicular lines, the eye rests upon those interruptions and unexpected turns, which are the essential elements of the picturesque, as distinguished from the beautiful and the sublime; and yet so much of the original structure is left, that the fancy can without effort piece out the rents and chasms of time, and line the interior with living forms. When a building is abandoned to decay, it is given over to the dominion of Nature, whose works are never uniform. When the Colosseum was complete, vast as it was, it must have left upon the mind a monotonous impression of sameness, from the architectural repetitions which its plan included; but now that it is a vast ruin, it has all that variety of form and outline which we admire in a Gothic cathedral. Not by rule and measure have the huge stones been clipped and broken. No contriving mind has told what masses should be loosened from the wall, or where they should lie when fallen. No hand of man has trained the climbing plants in the way they should go. All has been left to the will of time and chance, and the result is, that, though there is everywhere resemblance, there is nowhere identity. A little more or a little less of decay, — a chasm more or less deep, — a fissure more or less prolonged, — a drapery of verdure more or less flowing, — give to each square yard of the Colosseum its own peculiar expression. It is a wilderness of ruin, in which no two fragments are exactly alike.

"The material of which the Colosseum was built is exactly fitted to the purposes of a great ruin. It is travertine, of a rich, dark, warm color, deepened and mellowed by time. There is nothing glaring, harsh, or abrupt in the harmony of tints. The blue sky above, and the green earth beneath, are in unison with a tone of coloring not unlike the brown of one of our own early winter landscapes. The travertine is also of a coarse grain and porous texture, not splintering into points and edges, but gradually corroding by natural decay. Stone of such a texture everywhere opens laps and nooks for the reception and formation of soil. Every grain of dust that is borne through the air by the lazy breeze of summer, instead of sliding from a glassy surface, is held where it falls. The rocks themselves crumble and decompose, and thus turn into a fertile mould. Thus, the Colosseum is throughout crowned and draped with a covering of earth, in many places of considerable depth. Trailing plants clasp the stones with arms of verdure: wild flowers bloom in their seasons, and long grass nods and waves on the airy battlements. Life has everywhere sprouted from the trunk of death. Insects hum and sport in the sunshine: the burnished lizard darts like a tongue of green flame along the walls, and birds make the hollow quarry overflow with their songs. There is something beautiful and impressive in the contrast between luxuriant life, and the rigid skeleton upon which it rests. Nature seems to have been busy

in binding up, with gentle hand, the wounds and bruises of time. She has covered the rents and chasms of decay with that drapery which the touch of every spring renews. She has peopled the solitude and the silence with forms and voices. She has clothed the nakedness of desolation, and crowned the majesty of ruin. She has softened the stern aspect of the scene with the hues of undying youth, and brightened the shadows of dead centuries with the living light of vines and flowers.

"As a matter of course, everybody goes to see the Colosseum by moonlight. The great charm of the ruin under this condition is, that the imagination is substituted for sight; and the mind for the eye. The essential character of moonlight is hard, rather than soft. The line between light and shadow is sharply defined, and there is no gradation of color. Blocks and walls of silver are bordered by, and spring out of chasms of blackness. But moonlight shrouds the Colosseum in mystery. It opens deep vaults of gloom where the eye meets only an ebon wall, but upon which the fancy paints innumerable pictures, in solemn, splendid, and tragic colors. Shadowy forms of emperor and lictor, and vestal virgin and gladiator and martyr, come out of the darkness, and pass before us in long and silent procession. The breezes which blow through the broken arches are changed into voices, and recall the shouts and cries of a vast audience. By day, the Colosseum is an impressive fact; by night, it is a stately vision. By day, it is a lifeless form; by night, a vital thought.

"The Colosseum should, by all means, be seen by a bright starlight, or under the growing sickle of a young moon. The fainter ray and deeper gloom bring out more strongly its visionary and ideal character. When the full moon has blotted out the stars, it fills the vast gulf of the building with a flood of spectral light, which falls with a chilling touch upon the spirit; for then the ruin is like a 'corpse in its shroud of snow,' and the moon is a pale watcher by its side. But when the walls, veiled in deep shadow, seem a part of the darkness in which they are lost, — when the stars are seen through their chasms and breaks, and sparkle along the broken line of the battlements, — the scene becomes another, though the same; more indistinct, yet not so mournful; contracting the sphere of sight, but enlarging that of thought; less burdening, but more suggestive."

"But, under all aspects, — in the blaze of noon, at sunset, by the light of the moon or stars, — the Colosseum stands alone and unapproached. It is the monarch of ruins. It is a great tragedy in stone, and it softens and subdues the mind like a drama of Æschylus or Shakespeare. It is a colossal type of those struggles of humanity against an irresistible destiny, in which the tragic poet finds the elements of his art. The calamities which crushed the house of Atreus, are symbolized in its broken arches and shattered walls. Built of indestructible materials, and seemingly for eternity, — of a size, material, and form, to defy the 'strong hours' which conquer all, it has bowed its head to their touch, and passed into the inevitable cycle of decay. 'And this too shall pass away,' — which the Eastern monarch engraved upon his signet-ring, — is carved upon these Cyclopean blocks. The stones of the Colosseum were once water; and they are now turning into dust. Such is

ever the circle of nature. The solid is changing into the fluid, and the fluid into the solid; and that which is unseen is alone indestructible. He does not see the Colosseum aright, who carries away from it no other impressions than those of form, size, and hue. It speaks an intelligible language to the wiser mind. It rebukes the peevish, and consoles the patient. It teaches us that there are misfortunes which are clothed with dignity, and sorrows that are crowned with grandeur. As the same blue sky smiles upon the ruin which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence bends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers." Vol. i. pp. 305 – 310.

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2. *Free Blacks and Slaves. Would Immediate Abolition be a Blessing? A Letter to the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Advocate.* By a Cambridge Man. London and Liverpool. 1853.

Among the many recent publications in England upon the subject of slavery is a modest pamphlet bearing the title given above, which deserves special notice. It is marked by the good sense and moderation with which it treats this most difficult of the questions that perplex our times. It is quite free from the cant, extravagance, and invidiousness which have too often exhibited themselves in the discussion both here and abroad. A man deserves credit who can think and speak calmly in the midst of so much passion, — and still more, if he do so wisely.

The Anti-Slavery Advocate is the organ of that party in England, who are eager to bring about the immediate abolition of slavery in this country. The author of this letter to its editor, having travelled in the United States, and inquired into the condition of the free blacks and of the slaves, has come to the conclusion that immediate abolition, even if it were possible, would be undesirable, and states the grounds of his opinion in a clear, concise, and forcible manner. The facts from which he draws his conclusion are, for the most part, well known in this country; but the close of the letter contains a suggestion which is as new * as it is simple and important.

"Admitting," he says, "the impossibility of abolishing Slavery in the extreme Southern States till the European races are acclimatized, or the Asiatic

* The suggestion is anticipated, however, in the article in our present number on "The Possible Amelioration of Slavery," which was written without any knowledge of the existence of the pamphlet here mentioned. It is proper to state, also, that this article, and the present brief notice of the pamphlet by a Cambridge Man, were furnished by two contributors without any concert with each other.

ones introduced, it is yet hard to understand why, alone of all American institutions, Slavery has never been modified or improved upon: — why, in a country whose characteristic is a generous growth and progress, there is one fearful and peculiar existence, which never changes with the changing times, nor, year by year, becomes less vile and loathsome. There is much that might be done with little trouble, with no risk, with the certainty of weakening the arguments of the abolitionists by striking from them their most effective weapon — tales of horror and cruelty.

"Slave-owners, however excellent themselves, must wilfully shut their eyes, or they must be well aware that, though exaggerated by the opposite party, cruelties are not all unknown; and though by no means common, Haleys and Legrees are not quite extinct. Now, what prevents the slave-owners of America, men, many of them, with as good hearts as the 'South Carolinian,' whose letter, reprinted in Frazer, you have doubtless seen, — what prevents the inhabitants of the South, who do not see their way clear to abolition, forming in their separate States a 'Slavery Modification Society,' or some such thing, whose members should take upon themselves reforms which would not affect the stability of their 'property,' but which would show before God and man that they were really anxious to vindicate themselves from the reproach of conniving at grossest oppression and injustice. Let them examine into the condition of slaves in their own State, and appeal to their State Legislature to assist their endeavors to improve and raise it.

"Among the reforms which would at once suggest themselves to such a band of high-hearted Southerners would be, —

"1. The observance of the marriage tie for the black man as for the white.

"2. The abolition of the internal slave-trade between different States.

"3. The appointment of commissioners to examine into the state of the different plantations.

"4. The better regulation of auctions."

Other reforms might, as the "Cambridge Man" adds, be easily suggested. But the special objects and the plan of operation of such associations as those proposed may best be left to be determined upon and worked out by those who are best acquainted with what ought to be done.

A project like this seems to afford room for the exercise on a broad field of those qualities which are so often found among slaveholders, — the result of their full appreciation of the responsibilities of their position as masters, and of their sincere desire to perform their duties faithfully to their slaves. A Southern plantation may be the scene of the most thoughtful kindness and complete self-devotion of the master to his slave. Virtues which are rarely to be found elsewhere are there called into action. To make these virtues the rule by which the treatment of slaves should be regulated, to raise public opinion up to the highest standard of principle, not to allow it to be regulated by interest

or passion, to check by an authoritative expression of sentiment all violence, wantonness and cruelty, to make this sentiment powerful in action, — it seems as if there were little needed beyond the combination of right-minded slave-owners, wherever they are to be found, in support of each other and of their common principles. The duties of a Christian master are not limited to his plantation.

Associations such as those proposed in this pamphlet would be attended with indirect benefits hardly less marked than their direct effects. They would save the South from the sweeping condemnation in which she is involved by the deeds of a wretched minority of her population; they would afford her, what she has long wanted, an internal defence against the pressure of opinion from without; and their increasing strength would insure the weakness of all foreign interference.

Note to Article I., on the Society of the Cincinnati.

It is a curious fact, which should have been noticed in our brief sketch of the attempts to create institutions of knighthood in America, that the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, (commonly known as the Knights Hospitallers, or the Knights of Malta,) once endeavored to establish themselves in this western world. In 1651, this renowned Order purchased of the first French West India Company the four islands of St. Christopher, St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, and St. Croix, being nearly the whole of the Lesser Antilles, for the sum of 120,000 livres tournois, or about $24,000, and held them until 1665. They sent out some of their knights thither, and the islands were governed by a brother of the Order, with the title of Bailly, appointed by the Grand Master at Valetta. There seems to have been a sort of feudal dependency on the King of France, to whom a crown of gold, of the value of $1200, was to be rendered on his accession. From all we can learn, however, there was not much of the spirit of chivalry in the motives that actuated the Order in making this novel acquisition. The spirit of commercial adventure and emolument, which was so universal at that period in Europe in regard to the Eastern and Western Indies, appears to have infected their minds, and they probably went into the matter as a sort of speculation. Finding that the large profits hoped for did not come in, they sold out, in 1665, to the new West India Company, for 500,000 livres tournois, or about $100,000; and that is the last we hear of the Order of St. John in America.

Note to Article VI. on Canals in India.

Since the article upon "Canals of Irrigation in India" was written, we have met with a book recently published, of which the title is as follows: "The White Slaves of England. Compiled from Official Documents, with twelve spirited illustrations. By John C. Cobden. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 1853." One chapter, occupying about fifty pages of this thick duodecimo volume, is devoted to what the author calls "Slavery in India." From this chapter we have thought it well to make a few extracts, that they may be put in immediate apposition with the statements contained in our article. Our readers will find them curious.

Mr. Cobden begins with the assertion that —

"The extensive, populous, and wealthy peninsula of Hindostan has suffered greatly from the crushing effect of the British slave system."

After a few sentences he goes on:—

"There the fat of the land has been garnered up for the luxury of the conquerors, while famine has destroyed the people by thousands. There, indeed, has the British aristocracy displayed its most malignant propensities — rioting in robbery and bloodshed — setting all religion at defiance, while upholding the Christian standard — and earning to the full the continued execration of mankind." p. 441.

Our readers are quite competent to judge of the manner in which this terrible display has been made, and to bestow the due share of execration upon the members of that "British aristocracy" who have been engaged in it.

A few pages further on, the author states that—

"The destruction of local organizations, and the centralization of authority, which is always attended with the increase of slavery, have been the aims of English efforts. The principle that the government is the sole proprietor of the land, and therefore entitled to a large share of the produce, has been established, and slavery, to escape famine and misery, has become necessary to the Hindoos." p. 449.

A striking illustration of the mode in which, according to Mr. John C. Cobden, the English have thus endeavored to destroy the local organizations, is to be found in the Revenue Settlement of the North-Western Provinces, to which we have referred in our article, by which the limits of about 80,000 villages have been determined, the village administrations preserved, and the rights of each separate community, as of each individual proprietor, carefully established. The statement

that the government is "the sole proprietor of the land" is not true without essential modification; and it is to be remarked, that, whatever be the rights of the government in the land, so far are the English from having, as Mr. Cobden implies, introduced any new principle in relation to them, that they have, on the contrary, adopted that of their Hindoo and Mahommedan predecessors, which seems to have had its origin in the remotest antiquity.

But let us go on.

"The kind of slavery," says this veracious writer, "which the British have imposed on the great mass of their East Indian subjects, is infinitely more oppressive and inhuman than chattel slavery."....."The object is to take the fruits of the laborer's toil without providing for him at all." p. 459.

These are strong words, but the author is obviously incapable of understanding their force.

Another of the assertions made by this Mr. Cobden bears directly on the subject of our article. He declares that, "famines (always frightfully destructive in India) have become more numerous than ever, under the blighting rule of the British aristocrats."

And again, three pages afterward, he says, "We have only to add, that, whatever may be found in the climate or character of the country that expose (sic) the people to the frequency of want, the conquerors have done their best to aggravate natural evils." p. 466.

Are the canals to be regarded only as gigantic instruments for wasting the waters of the land and producing a universal malaria? After going on to enumerate a long list of the crimes of the British in India, the chapter is closed by Mr. Cobden in the following words.

"The Hindoos are the victims of conquerors, slower, indeed, in their movements, than Tamerlane or Genghis Khan, but more destructive and more criminal than either of those great barbarian invaders." p. 488.

Is Mr. Cobden sure that he is right? — Conquerors more destructive than Tamerlane, who left pyramids of skulls to mark the course of his army through Asia? — Than Genghis Khan, the victims of whose massacres were numbered by millions?

Our readers have had a sufficient specimen of this chapter. Such a display of ignorance, pretension, and folly would be as ludicrous as it is contemptible, were it not for one serious reflection. The book is intended for popular reading. It is made attractive to the vulgar taste by ordinary, but, as the title-page says, "spirited" woodcuts, representing some of the horrors detailed in the text. It is addressed to a low popular prejudice. It is written with the design of exciting ill-feeling against England, and of serving at the same time as a sidelong defence

of slavery in this country. The principles of the author are of the same quality as his statements.

We have no disposition to enter upon the defence of the English in India. The history of their rule exhibits, like every other history, a mingling of good and bad. One page bears the record of frequent mistakes and crimes in the acquisition and government of the country; the other, of as frequent, sincere, and often successful efforts to raise the character and improve the condition of its people. Nor would such a book as that before us deserve even the notice we have given to it, were it not that it is one of a class which has become too prevalent of late, and against which a strong protest should be made. It belongs to that base class of books which form what may be called the literature of recrimination, — a literature which is opposed to good sense, right-feeling, and patriotism; and which is at once the disgrace of its authors, and of that public with whom it finds favor.

Note to the Article on M. Libri's Case, in No. CLIX.

It is seldom very agreeable to any one to have to acknowledge the commission of an error; but in the present instance, we can sincerely say that we take a genuine pleasure in correcting a most disagreeable blunder into which we fell in the article upon M. Libri's Case, in the April number of our last volume.

It is unnecessary for us here to state the causes of our mistake. They were certainly, however, sufficient to justify us in making the statement which we did, viz.; that M. Libri was no more. As the least expiation in our power for this act of involuntary manslaughter, we beg to declare, as notoriously as we can, that M. Libri is publicly and actively living, and to express the hope that so he may long continue to remain.

One word more as to the merits of the prosecution of which he has been the victim. Since the publication of the article in question, our attention has been more than once called to the facts of the case, and we have no hesitation in re-asserting, with a full conviction of their fidelity to truth, every statement we therein made in favor of M. Libri. If we committed an error, it consisted in not sufficiently insisting upon his perfect and entire innocence of all the charges brought against him. The truth seems to be, that the French authorities, in their natural attempt to strike a blow at M. Guizot, in the person of one of his *protegés*, so entirely overshot the mark as to render a dignified retreat

impossible. Either a public repentance and restitution must have taken place, or an unblushing persistence in the course of persecution that had been adopted. The latter alternative was, unfortunately for all parties, fixed upon. In vain has M. Libri, in vain have his respectable and distinguished friends in England, solicited that he should be allowed to return to Paris upon bail, and to have time there to prepare his defence before he should be brought up for trial. Every one knows, who knows any thing about the case, that his defence would in that event be most triumphant, let the result of the trial be what it might. Deprived of his papers, his property, his books themselves, his statement, prepared in exile, has carried conviction to the minds of every one; — and how much stronger would be that feeling, if he were suffered to avail himself of the ordinary material and tools employed on similar occasions? Therefore we can perfectly comprehend how a government like that of France, as at present constituted, should refuse to put such a weapon in the hands of those who would be but too ready to use it. But nothing can stifle the voice of sympathy and indignation throughout the literary world, at the whole history of this matter; and so far as it can be any consolation to M. Libri to know that his innocence is much more manifest to those who, like ourselves, know him only by name, than if it were at last declared from the mouths of such an ignorant and vindictive body as that which has already pronounced his guilt; we have great pleasure in tendering to him every assurance of our confidence in his integrity and veracity.

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